THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly
Founded Aº Dº 1728 by Benj. Franklin

OCT. 24, 1914 — 5cts. THE COPY

COBB'S STORY OF THE WAR

The Headline Attraction

in the Smartest Stores is Famous

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Reg. U. S. Pat. Office, 1906
Carl Freschl

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FOR MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN

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Holeproof Hosiery Co. of Canada, Ltd., London, Canada **Holeproof Hosiery Co., 10 Church Alley, Liverpool, England**

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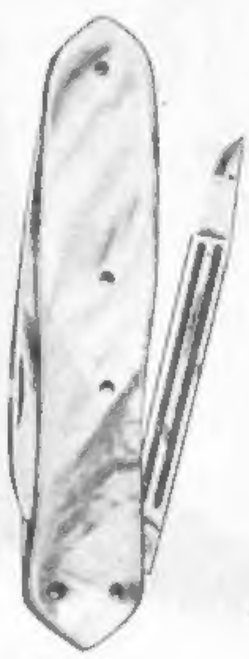

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THE CAUSE OF FRANCE

By Georges Clemenceau, Former French Premier

DECORATIONS BY JAMES M. PRESTON

THE importance Wilhelm II attaches to the opinion of the United States regarding the present war is certainly not due to the similarity of the political and social régimes of the two countries; for the basic ideas of their political and social establishments are radically different.

Germany boasts that she is an ancient, a very ancient, country—older politically even than Roman civilization. The great American Republic is, by definition, a new country—new in her political establishment, new in respect to the ideas she has set at work—ideas that inspire one to predict for her an extraordinary development in days to come.

The reason the Kaiser needs American public opinion to support him in his warlike undertakings is that Europe is in the very act of slipping away from him.

Even in the Triple Alliance, of which only two of the contracting parties are engaged in the present war, he sees Italian public opinion alertly on guard against his military undertakings.

The Italian people are anti-Austrian *par excellence*. It is Austria that Italy has had to push back in order to live and to expand. It is Austria that she must crowd back still farther in order to spread out and to regain possession of the territory which is hers by right. The Government of the Quirinal is by no means, as one might suppose, under German political vassalage. The Italian statesmen, who were not willing to take sides against France—conformably with diplomatic obligations previously assumed—declared the neutrality of Italy, but with the mental reservation that they will profit by every opportunity afforded them to take a long-deferred revenge on Austria. And at whatever moment Austria appears about to be checked, from that time on we may expect to see Italy throw her neutrality to the winds.

In any event, from now on, Italian opinion—especially her popular opinion—will be very far from being favorable to Wilhelm II. A vigorous campaign in behalf of Germany has been organized by him in every independent country. Spain views the arrival of his agents with supreme indifference, for every one knows that both the King and his people are unswervingly sympathetic to the cause of France.

Why the Kaiser is Courting American Sympathy

NO MEANS of influencing foreign opinion will be spared. Have we not already seen the Berliner-Tageblatt published at Rome in Italian? Even in Switzerland, which is in so many respects a country where the German spirit is dominant, people dread the military aggression that seems to threaten their own independence. Basel, indeed, is under the very guns of the German Empire, and the Federal Council was not afraid to permit this powerful neighboring empire to have a railroad station in the center of the city. But, judging from what had been said by the press of Berlin, Swiss neutrality could be violated just as easily as that of Belgium was; and the whole Swiss nation is much exercised over the matter.

At the moment in which I write Switzerland is mobilized, but certainly not against France. Bristling with bayonets and cannon, she simply does not intend to permit her own country to become a victim of a new breach of the law of nations such as Belgium has already suffered.

In these circumstances Wilhelm II, having been abandoned by the Old World, quite naturally turns for sympathy toward the New—a distant world; a world he hopes is perhaps not well informed, but whose judgment, if it should prove favorable to him, would, he hopes, offset in some measure the judgment of Europe. Americans say they are fond of fair play. The Declaration of Independence declares that they are striving and that they will continue to strive for a Government founded on justice and liberty. Without doubt, in my opinion, it sometimes happens that America shows even less interest than she should in this old Continent of Europe, which to her seems played out.

Old Nations Plead Their Cause in the New World

AMERICA, however, must recognize that she is bound to this Old World and to her wonderful history by roots that are too deep to be torn out; and that, since blood is thicker than water, no grave calamity could disturb the balance of Europe, to the detriment of a régime of law and liberty, without the American Republic's being exposed to it and being compelled to share its consequences.

America has fought England and has even beaten her; yet I am not afraid to say that she is proud to be of the same blood. France fought shoulder to shoulder with her in those brilliant battles in which George Washington, Lafayette and Rochambeau wrote pages of noble history, not only for the benefit of America but for the greater good of humanity itself.

Being what she is, then, the great American Republic is an upright judge, before whom it is an honor to plead; and, for my part, I am so certain of her verdict that I am resolved in these few pages, in which I am to defend the cause of my country, not to utter one single word of blame against those of German blood—not even a word of praise for the people of France.

Let the facts speak for themselves. The history of the two nations, in which merit and demerit strike a balance, is an open book which anyone may read. My cause is so good that I am not obliged to attack anyone in order to make it clear that right and justice are on the side of France.

Let us consider the facts:

In 1870 Napoleon III, in a moment of folly, declared war on Germany without having even the excuse of being in a state of military preparedness. No true Frenchman has ever hesitated to admit that the wrongs of that day were committed by our side. Dearly we paid for them! If, for example, Japan should take the state of California the American people could realize the feelings of Frenchmen in regard to Alsace-Lorraine.

Dearly we have paid; and Germany also—we, by the loss of a province attached to us by every tie of tenderness; Germany, by the curse of that spirit of conquest which has permeated her very being. We have had, since then, the Europe of Bismarck, the Europe of German dominance; which, after having crushed Denmark in the Schleswig-Holstein transaction, expelling Austria from the Germanic Confederation at Sadowa, began to ask herself whether the whole Continent of Europe could suffice for the fulfillment of her ambition.

Russia, eager for revenge on account of the Treaty of Paris, had by her abstention aided Germany against us. England, indifferent, had pursued the policy of *laissez faire*, despite the fact that her leading statesmen had begun to see where a new danger was about to spring up.

It was a very disagreeable surprise for Prince Bismarck when, in 1875, he realized that France, drained of her last drop of blood, without men and without money, was beginning to regain her strength and would soon again be in a position to cut some figure in the world.

Every one knows with what swiftness of decision he cast aside every consideration of political morality and decided to finish us once and for all. But then independent Europe—I mean England and Russia—took a hand in the game. We have not forgotten the admirable letter of protest addressed by Queen Victoria to Wilhelm I any more than the letter of Emperor Alexander II, who by a single word ended the dream of Bismarck which Wilhelm I, be it said to his credit, flatly refused to allow to become reality.

The situation, however, remained the same. France wished to live, and live she did. Solely by reason of the fact that she was not utterly destroyed, an array of independent forces began to take form. Foreign views of German dominance caused the government at Berlin to wish to nip those forces in the bud.

Without stopping to repeat a story that is known to every one, it should be said that during the last forty-four years France has five times been threatened with war by the German Government—the attempt of 1875, of which I have spoken; the Schnaebelé episode, in which Emperor Wilhelm personally intervened in our behalf when he realized that Germany was in the wrong; the great Algeciras misunderstanding, in which the United States, through the mediation of its excellent ambassador, my friend Henry White, intervened so effectively in favor of the maintenance of peace; the Casablanca incident, in which a German consul was convicted of having violently assaulted French officials, and in which, when, in my capacity as head of the French Government, I had accepted the arbitration of The Hague Tribunal, Wilhelm II was not afraid to demand apologies from us before appearing before the judges. I refused flatly; and at this time it was Emperor Francis Joseph who intervened with Wilhelm II to bring him to reason; and finally the Agadir episode, which is such recent history that it need not be spoken of in detail.

Theories of Peace and Practices of War

IT SHOULD be said that these frequent threats against France, and through her against all independent Europe, did not prevent Wilhelm II from making very friendly overtures, and even conciliatory offers, more or less flattering to the French people.

It was whispered to us: "If you like we two can be masters of the world!" But we, who had not the least idea of being masters of the world, remained silent; and our silence was taken with bad grace. As a matter of fact the intention was to persuade France to model her conduct on that of Austria after Sadowa. Conquered Austria had become resigned to serve—to serve her conqueror. France would have preferred to disappear from the face of the earth. This is indicative of the difference in temper of the two nations.

Since that time it can fairly be said that all Europe has lived under the threat of a general European war, the tremendous proportions of which have staggered every government in the world.

Depending on a formidable army, marvelously well organized and disciplined, in which every soldier by instinct carries himself like a doughty military automaton, the Kaiser, on every occasion, used to speak of keeping his *powder dry and his sword sharp*—making himself, in private life, the most amiable of sovereigns in his relations with Frenchmen as well as with Americans. Thus he made many friends in the ranks of highly distinguished men who recall with pleasure the imperial attentions of which they were the objects.

I had the honor of meeting Mr. Carnegie when he came to the Ministry to place at my disposal an important fund for the furtherance of a fine humanitarian movement. I can, therefore, have only feelings of respect for him. But he will permit me to express my surprise that a man who has taken so great a part in the work of The Hague Tribunal, and who would naturally put justice ahead of every other consideration, asks explanations from the German Emperor before expressing an opinion on the horrors of which Belgium has just been the theater.

Far be it from me to deny the Emperor the right to be heard. He ought to speak. Indeed, he has spoken; and what he has said has only confirmed, for once and for all, the verdict of guilty that history has been swift to pronounce against him.

I have promised myself not to utter here a single intemperate word. Truly the bare facts speak loudly enough. What are the armies of Germany doing in Belgium? Why are they there? In the name of what cause and for what motive? For the sole reason that the strategy of the General Staff at Berlin required Belgian territory in order to invade France. There was, to be sure, a treaty of neutrality—a treaty at the bottom of which appeared the signature of the King of Prussia, written with his own hand.

That treaty Wilhelm II deliberately tore up.

What, let me ask, is to become of all the magnificent theories of The Hague when it comes to be understood that even the pledges of sovereigns count for nothing? Let your judges and your lawyers be sent home. Let the Palace of The Hague Tribunal be razed to the ground. Let it be understood that might alone rules the world. That conclusion the excellent Mr. Carnegie certainly does not admit; and he it is, therefore, who pronounces the final verdict against the German Emperor.

Oh, I know that Wilhelm II has attempted to clear himself in the sight of so great a Chief Executive and lawyer as President Wilson; but his very defense serves as proof positive to condemn him for all time.

I am told that some Belgians have been in America bearing documents to establish the truth in respect to the frightful scenes of savagery from which Belgium is still in a daze. What crime did she commit? What crime, except to defend the treaty rights that were guaranteed to her by the signature of the invader himself? The city of Louvain, in ashes, will speak loudly enough in history; but the atrocities of which the noncombatants in Belgium and in France were the victims tell a tale that is more frightful still. Americans are not afraid of traveling. Let them come and judge for themselves!

What does the Kaiser answer?

He says all this was "*inevitable*" because young Belgian girls went round putting out the eyes of the wounded on the field of battle; and that one family, having asked some German officers to dinner, shot them while dessert was being served. When a man makes charges like these he should prove them. Give us the names of the persons involved.

Tell us the place and the time, and call witnesses. The Belgians and the French will bring theirs; and for one German who may have been mistreated—as necessarily happens on both sides in every war—we will bring forward an incalculable number of cases, with proof to support them, of noncombatant women and old men shot and done to death in cold blood after battles were over.

It should further be said that these atrocities cannot be accounted for on the score of the overexcitement of battle. They were committed in cold blood, after the premeditated fashion by which the Germans intend to strike terror into the hearts of civil populations, to the end that they may be thrown into a daze of fear and so be unable to offer any resistance.

Am I deliberately inventing this motive in order to charge them with it? Indeed no! If you will open the standard military work entitled La Nation Armée, by Marshal Von der Goltz, now the German Governor of Belgium, you will read there that in war nothing must be spared; every voice of pity must be silenced, and that by sheer force of harshness it will be possible to shorten the duration of hostilities *in the interests of humanity*.

By a most significant accident it is this very man who to-day holds expiring Belgium in his iron hand. It should be added that Germany, as a matter of principle, has always denied to inhabitants of nonmilitary states the right of defending their own country. In the Department of the Aisne, in 1870, the Germans shot three unfortunate schoolmasters who had taken up arms against them. In the public square of the village in which this outrage took place a monument in honor of its victims still stands.

To-day, if we wished to honor in like manner all those citizens who have fallen before the firing platoons charged with military executions—not because they defended their country, but merely because they were suspected of it—a whole city of monuments would have to be built. If such a city should arise I confess that I should like to see Emperor Wilhelm riding up and down its avenues.

A Triple Alliance With a Single Purpose

AND now let us come to the direct motives for this war. These motives, I need hardly point out, are the same that existed in 1875; the same that were behind the Schnaebelé incident; the same that appeared at Algeciras, at Casablanca, at Agadir. France cuts too great a figure in the world. The same is true of England. Russia seems like a weak, unwieldy body, whose enmity Germany has not hitherto feared. But England cannot be assailed until France has first been wiped off the map. The Triple Alliance is the Emperor Wilhelm II. Inarticulate Austria, in which no less than seventeen tongues are spoken, is merely an organism that is quite out of joint. We have seen what a pitiable figure she has so far cut on the field of battle.

Italy, as can be seen from her proclamation of neutrality, is of the Triple Alliance without being in it. It is a recognized fact among her statesmen that Italy either must maintain an alliance with Austria or must immediately make war on her.

In these circumstances Wilhelm II alone is to be held responsible for the whole affair. When, after the deplorable Sarajevo affair, we saw Austria address to Servia, which was not responsible for the outrage, an ultimatum that no other people could have accepted—well; Servia accepted that impossible ultimatum. She had just passed through two wars, in which her strength had been exhausted and her finances depleted. She submitted, only asking that The Hague Tribunal should define the conditions under which Austrian officials should be allowed to take a hand in the administration of justice in Servia. This appears incredible; but it is true none the less.

It was on account of this timid reservation, in regard to which an understanding could have been reached by a quarter of an hour's parley, that Austria declared war at the pleasure of Wilhelm II. Everyone knows what followed.

(Concluded on Page 65)

A CARD TO THE PUBLIC

From the Rev. Roscoe T. Fibble, D.D.—By Irvin S. Cobb

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

IT IS with a feeling of the utmost reluctance, amounting—if I may use so strong a word—to distress, that I take my pen in hand to indite the exceedingly painful account which follows; yet I feel I owe it not only to myself and the parishioners of St. Barnabas', but to the community at large, to explain in amplified detail why I have withdrawn suddenly, automatically as it were, from the organization of youthful forest rangers of which I was, during its brief existence, the actuating spirit, and simultaneously have resigned my charge to seek a field of congenial endeavor elsewhere.

My first inclination was to remain silent; to treat with dignified silence the grossly exaggerated statements that lately obtained circulation, and, I fear me, credence, in some quarters, regarding the circumstances which have inspired me in taking the above steps. Inasmuch, however, as there has crept into the public prints hereabout a so-called item or article purporting to describe divers of my recent lamentable experiences—an item I am constrained to believe the author thereof regarded as being of a humorous character, but in which no right-minded person could possibly see aught to provoke mirth—I have abandoned my original resolution and shall now lay bare the true facts.

In part my motive for so doing is based on personal grounds, for I have indeed endured grievously both laceration of the tenderest sensibilities and anguish of the corporeal body; but I feel also that I have a public duty to perform. If this unhappy recital but serves to put others on their guard against a too-ready acceptance of certain specious literature dealing with the fancied delights—I say fancied advisedly and for greater emphasis repeat the whole phrase—against the fancied delights of life in the greenwood, then in such case my own poignant pangs shall not have entirely been in vain.

I Veritably Believe That, Had I Not Grown Slightly Dizzy, These Brave Boys Would Have Kept Me Revolving There for an Hour

With these introductory remarks I shall now proceed to a calm, temperate and dispassionate narration of the various occurrences leading up to a climax that left me for a measurable space prone on the bed of affliction, and from which I have but newly risen, though still much shaken.

When I came to St. Barnabas' as assistant to the Reverend Doctor Tubley my personal inclination, I own, was for parish work among our female members. I felt that, both by natural leanings and by training, I was especially equipped to be of aid and comfort here. Instinctively, as it were, I have ever been drawn toward the other and gentler sex; but my superior felt that my best opportunities for service lay with the males of a tender and susceptible age.

He recommended that, for the time being at least, I devote my energies to the youthful masculine individuals within the parish fold; that I make myself as one with them if not one of them; that I take the lead in uniting them into helpful bands and associations. He felt that the youth of St. Barnabas' had been left rather too much to their own devices—which devices, though doubtlessly innocent enough in character, were hardly calculated to guide them into the higher pathways. I am endeavoring to repeat here the Reverend Doctor Tubley's words as exactly as may be.

Continuing, he said he felt that our boys had been in a measure neglected by him. He had heard no complaint on this score from the lads themselves. Indeed, I gathered from the tenor of his remarks they had rather resented his efforts to get on a footing of comradeship with them. This, he thought, might be due to the natural diffidence of the adolescent youth, or perhaps to the disparity in age, he being then in his seventy-third year and they ranging in age from nine to fifteen.

Nevertheless, his conscience had at times reproached him. With these words, or words to this effect, he committed the boys to my especial care, adding the suggestion that I begin my services by putting myself actively in touch with them in their various sports, pursuits and pastimes.

In this connection the Boy Scout movement at once occurred to me, but promptly I put it from me. From a cursory investigation I gleaned that no distinctions of social caste were drawn among the Boy Scouts; that almost any boy of a given age, regardless of the social status of his parents, might aspire to membership, or even to office, providing he but complied with certain other tests—in short, that the Boy Scouts as at present constituted were, as the saying goes, mixed.

Very naturally I desired to restrict my activities to boys coming from homes of the utmost culture and refinement, where principles of undoubted gentility were implanted from the cradle up. Yet it would seem that the germ of the thought touching on the Boy Scouts lingered within that marvelous human organism, the brain, resulting finally in consequences of an actually direful character. Of that, however, more anon in its proper place.

Pondering over the problem after evensong in the privacy of my study, I repaired on the day following to Doctor Tubley with a plan for a course of Nature Study for boys, to be prosecuted indoors. I made a point of the advantages to be derived by carrying on our investigations beside the student lamp during the long evenings of early spring, which were then on us. What, I said, could be more inspiring, more uplifting, more stimulating in its effects on the impressionable mind of a boy than at the knee of some older person to while away the happy hours learning of the budding of the leaflet, the blossoming of the floweret, the upspringing of the shootlet, and, through the medium of informative volumes on the subject by qualified authorities, to make friends at first hand, so to speak, with the wild things—notably the birdling, the rabbit, the squirrel? Yes, even to make friends with the insects, particularly such insects as the bee and the ant—creatures the habits of industry of which have been frequently remarked—besides other insects too numerous to mention.

And, finally, what could better serve to round out an evening so replete with fruitful thought and gentle mental excitement than a reading by some member of the happy group of an appropriate selection culled from the works of one of our standard authors—Wordsworth, Longfellow or Tennyson, for example? What, indeed?

To my surprise this plan, even though set forth with all the unstudied eloquence at my command, did not appear to appeal deeply to Doctor Tubley. I surmised that he had attempted some such undertaking at a previous period and had met with but indifferent success. He said that for some mysterious reason the nature of the growing boy seemed to demand action. My own observation subsequently was such as to confirm this judgment.

In passing I may say that this attribute remains to me one of the most unfathomable aspects of the complex juvenile mentality as commonly encountered at present. Though still a comparatively young man—thirty-seven on Michaelmas Day last past—I cannot conceive that as a lad I was ever animated with the restless, and I may even say mischievous, spirit that appears to dominate the waking hours of the youth of an oncoming generation.

For proof of this assertion I would point to the fact that a great-aunt of mine, living at an advanced age in the city of Hartford, Connecticut, continues even now to treasure a handsomely illustrated and fitly inscribed copy of Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress, complete in one volume, which was publicly bestowed on me in my twelfth year for having committed to memory and correctly repeated two thousand separate quotations from the Old Testament—an achievement that brought on an attack resembling brain fever. I do not record this achievement in a spirit of boastfulness or vanity of the flesh, but merely to show that from a very early stage of my mundane existence I was by nature studious and ever mindful of the admonitions of my elders. Indeed, I do not recall a time when I did not prefer the companionship of cherished and helpful gift books to the boisterous and ofttimes rough sports of my youthful acquaintances.

But I digress; let us revert: Abandoning my scheme for a series of indoor Nature studies, since it did not meet with the approval of my superior, I set myself resolutely to the task of winning the undivided affection and admiration of the lads about me. On meeting one in the public highway or elsewhere I made a point of addressing him as "My fine fellow!" or "My bright lad!" of patting him on the head and gently ruffling his hair or twitching the lobe of his ear in a friendly way, and of asking him, first, what his age might be, and, second, how he was doing at his books.

These questions being satisfactorily answered in the order named I would then say to him: "Ah, what a large sturdy lad we are becoming, to be sure!" or "Heigho, then, soon we shall be ready to don long trousers, shall we not?" And I would also be particular to inquire regarding the health and well-being of his parents, and so on, and to ascertain how many little brothers and little sisters he had, if any; usually coupling these passing pleasantries with some quotation aimed to inspire him to thoughtful reflections and worthy deeds. Yet to me it seemed that the lads actually sought to avoid these casual intercourses.

Attributing this to the excusable timidity of the young, I persisted, being determined to put myself on a footing of complete understanding with them. I sought them out in their hours of relaxation, there being a large vacant lot or inclosure adjacent to the parish house where they were wont to meet and mingle freely in their customary physical exercises and recreations. Here again, from time to time, I proffered certain timely hints and admonitions for their better guidance.

For example, I sought to discourage the habit so prevalent among them of indulging in shrill, indiscriminate outcry when moved by the excitement of the moment. Repeatedly I advised them to practice in concert three hearty cheers, these to be immediately followed, should the exuberance of the occasion warrant, by a ringing tiger. This I recall was the invariable habit of the playfellows described in such works as Sandford and Merton and Thomas Brown's Schooldays. I also urged on them the substitution of the fine old English game of cricket for baseball, to which I found them generally addicted. It is true I had never found either opportunity or inclination for perfecting myself in one or both of these games; but the pictured representations of cricket games, as depicted in books or prints,

showing the participants dotted about over a smooth greensward, all attired in neat white flannels and all in graceful attitudes, convinced me it must be a much more orderly and consequently a more alluring pastime than the other.

To me, if I may venture to say so, baseball has ever seemed most untidy. Personally I can imagine few things more unseemly than the act of sliding through the dust in order the more expeditiously to attain a given base or station; and even more objectionable, because so exceedingly unhygienic, is the custom, common among these youthful devotees, of expectorating on the outer surface of the ball before delivering the same in the direction of the batsman.

I succeeded in inducing my young friends to allow me to drill them in the choraled cheer. As I remarked repeatedly to them: "Why noise at all, young gentlemen? But if we must have noise let us have it in an orderly fashion and in accordance with the best traditions of the Anglo-Saxon race, from which all of us have or have not sprung as the case may be—to wit, as follows: Huzza! Huzza! Huzza! Tiger!" But, with the exception of one or two lads of a docile demeanor, I made no noticeable headway in my project for substituting cricket for baseball.

It Was While I Was So Engaged That My Housekeeper, Mrs. Henrietta Dorcas, Came Into My Room Without Knocking

Nor did my recommendation of the adoption of a uniform attire for all the lads attending the private school maintained by St. Barnabas' meet with any more favorable reception. Personally I was greatly attracted to the costume provided at Eton. It impressed me that the short, close-buttoned jacket, exposing the sturdy legs, and so on, the neat linen collar and cuffs, and the becoming black tie, the whole being surmounted by the high hat, with its air of dignity, all combined to form ideal apparel for the growing lad. Some of the mothers to whom I broached the thought viewed it with considerable enthusiasm, but among the boys themselves an unaccountable opposition immediately developed.

The male parents likewise were practically united in their objections. One husband and father, whose name I shall purposely withhold, actually sent me word he would swear out an injunction against me should I undertake to dress his innocent offspring up as a monkey-on-a-stick—the objectionable phraseology being his, not mine. In all charity I was constrained to believe that this gentleman's nature was of a coarse fiber. Had he, I asked myself dispassionately, had he no veneration for the hallowed memories and customs of a great English institution of learning? I was impelled to answer in the negative.

Thus time wore on until the beginning of the mid-year vacation drew near apace. It was at this juncture that the idea of an organization similar in character to the Boy Scouts occurred to me. I decided to borrow the plan, with certain modifications, confining the membership exclusively to our best families.

Accordingly, on the first Saturday afternoon in the month of May I called a chosen group of lads together and explained to them my purpose, finding to my gratification that they welcomed it with the utmost enthusiasm. Possibly my manner of setting forth the project of an outing appealed to them even more than the project itself. I recall that, in part, I spoke as follows:

"With me as your leader, your guide, your mentor, we shall go forth into the open, to seek out the bosky dell; to pierce the wildwood tangle; to penetrate the trackless wilderness. Our tents shall be spread alongside the purling brook, hard by some larger body of water. There, in my mind's eye, I see us as we practice archery and the use of the singlestick, both noble sports and much favored by the early Britons. There we cull the flowers of the field and the forest glade, weaving them into garlands, building them into nosegays. By kindness and patience we tame the wild creatures. We learn to know the calls of the wildwood warblers, which I am credibly informed are many and varied in character; and by imitating those calls we charm the feathered minstrels to leave their accustomed haunts on the sheltering bough and to come and perch on our outstretched hands.

"We lave our limbs in the pellucid waters of the lake or large body of water just referred to. We briskly project ourselves to and fro in a swing of Nature's own contriving, namely, the tendrils of the wild grapevine. We glean the coy berry from its hiding place beneath the sheltering leafage. We entice from their native element the finny denizens of the brawling stream and the murmuring brook. We go quickly hither and yon. We throb with health and energy. We become bronzed and hardy; our muscles harden to iron; our lungs expand freely and also contract with the same freedom, thus fulfilling their natural function.

"We find the day all too short, too fleeting. And by night about the crackling camp fire our happy voices, all united, are uplifted in song and roundelay. So, at length, wearied but happy, we seek repose in refreshing slumber until the rising sun or orb of day summons us to fresh delights, new discoveries, added experiences!"

My imaginative picturing of the prospect had its desired results. Without loss of time all present, they being twelve in number, enrolled as members. From the minutes of this, our first meeting, as kept by me in a neatly lined book, which I had bethought me to provide for that purpose, I herewith enumerate the roster: Master Pope, Master Stickney, Master Worthington, Master MacMonnies, Master E. Smith and Master H. Smith—brothers, Master Odell, Master French, Master Horrigan, Master Ferguson, Master Dunworthy, and Master W. Smyth—nowise related to the foregoing Masters Smith, the name being spelled, as will be noted, with a y.

I was particularly pleased that Master Percival Pope should be included in our little band, for he was one to whom instinctively I had been attracted by reason of the gentle and almost seraphic expression of his mild blue eyes, his soft voice and his great politeness of manner.

Next in order there arose for consideration two very important matters—the selection of a title or cognomen and the choice of a suitable costume. Charging myself with the working out of an appropriate costume design I invited suggestions for a club name, at the same time proffering several ideas of my own. Among those that were tendered I recall the following: The Young Gentlemen Forest Rangers, the Chevalier Bayard Wildwood League, the Rollo Boys, the Juvenile Ivanhoes, the Buffalo Bill Kiddos, the Young Buffaloes of the Wild West, the Junior Scalp Hunters, the Desperate Dozen, and the Johnnies-on-the-Spot.

I deem it well-nigh unnecessary to state that the first four suggestions emanated from my pen: the remaining five being fruitage of the inventive fancies of my young friends.

We spent some time canvassing over the proposed cognomens, rejecting this one for one reason, that one for another reason. None seemed to give general satisfaction. Those which especially pleased me—such, for instance, as the Rollo Boys—met with small approbation from my young compatriots, and vice versa.

At length, in the interests of harmony, I proposed that each member should confer with his parents, his guardian or his kind teacher, with a view to striking on a suitable choice, always bearing in mind that the proposed name should carry with it a thought of the woody glade, the craggy slope, the pebbly beach—in short, should remind one of Nature's choicest offerings. As I said: "Not infrequently two heads are better than one; how much more desirable then to enlist the aid of a large number of heads?" So saying, I gave the signal for adjournment until the following Monday evening at the hour of eight-thirty of the clock.

Pursuant to adjournment we met at the appointed hour and speedily arrived at a solution of our problem. One of our group—which one I shall not state, since he was the son of that same gentleman who had used such unwarranted and inconsiderate language regarding my Eton suit plan—presented a slip of paper bearing a line in the handwriting of his father. I opened and read it.

In brief the writer's idea was that we should call our organization the Young Nuts of America, and that the leader, master or commander should be known as Chief Nut or Principal Nut. Coming from a gentleman who had expressed himself so adversely regarding a former project that had been close to my heart this manifestation of interest on his part touched me profoundly. Moreover, his suggestion appeared to my conceptions to be both timely and effective, carrying with it, as it did, a thought of the opening of the burs, of the descent of autumn on the vernal forest, of the rich meatiness of the kernel; a thought of the delectable filbert, the luscious pecan and the succulent walnut—the latter, however, having a tendency to produce cramping sensations when partaken of to excess.

These sentiments my youthful adherents appeared to share with me, for on my reading the paper aloud there followed an outburst of cheering, not unmixed with happy laughter. Checking them with a mild reminder that this was not a laughing matter I put the proposition to a vote, and it was decided unanimously that we should be known as the Young Nuts of America and that my official title should be Chief Nut.

Master Pope then moved, seconded by Master Horrigan, that for the time being we should keep the name of our club a secret among ourselves. To me there seemed no valid reason for this and I so stated; but appreciating their boyish fancy for creating an air of pleasant and innocent mystery about whatever undertaking in which they might be engaged, I soon waived my objection and it was so ordered by acclamation.

In this connection I desire to make a statement which may come as a surprise to many, and that is this: I have but lately—within the past few days, in fact—been informed that among persons addicted to the vice of slang the term nut is occasionally applied to other persons whom they suspect of being mentally incapable or, in short, deranged.

Personally I see no possible connection between a nut, either of some wild species or of a domesticated variety, and one who, alas, is bereft of reason. I trust, furthermore, that I am not of a suspicious nature, and assuredly I am loath to impugn sinister motives to any fellow creature; but, in view of this, to me, astonishing disclosure, I am impelled to believe either that the gentleman in question was himself ignorant of the double meaning of the word or that he deliberately conspired within himself to cast ridicule not only on me but on the band of which his own son was a devoted adherent.

Be that as it may, our next meeting was set for that evening one week thence, at which time I promised my youthful followers I would appear before them with color plates of the costume selected by me for wear on our outings; and also that I would bring all requisite information regarding the proper methods of marching, camping, and so on.

Herein I practiced some small measure of deceit, for the costume itself was already fully designed and a copy of it, intended for my own use, was nearing completion in competent hands; but I purposely withheld that information, intending to come before them properly accoutered as a happy surprise, as it were.

In my hours of leisure I had given no little thought to this matter, and finally enlisted the assistance of Miss Dorothea Peebles, who is well known as a member of our parish, and also does plain sewing and dressmaking. I called on Miss Peebles and explained to her the situation; and after an hour spent in conference we devised a garb that seemed to both of us eminently suited to the needs to which it would be put.

At the outset of our interview certain small differences of opinion asserted themselves. Miss Peebles' original suggestion of a modification of what she called the Little Lord Fauntleroy suit, to be constructed of black velvet with a flowing sash and lace cuffs, hardly seemed adapted

to our purpose. I was also impelled gently to veto her next notion, which was for a replica of the apparel commonly attributed to the personage known as Robin Hood and his deluded adherents. As I was at some pains to elucidate for her understanding, I could never countenance any recognition, however remote, of an individual of the type of Robin Hood, who, however noble and generous he may have been in certain aspects, was beyond peradventure a person of uncertain moral character.

Furthermore, the color favored by her—hunter's green—though of a harmonious tint as regards the prevalent tone of the forest glades wherein we counted on roaming in a care-free manner, was by reason of its very name inappropriate, since in a carnal sense we should not be hunters at all, meaning to woo the wild creatures by acts of kindness rather than to slay them with lethal weapons.

The costume finally agreed on combined a number of distinctive touches. The headdress was a red Scotch cap—tam-o'-shanter I believe is its common appellation—to be ornamented with a feather or a tuft of simple field flowers. There was to be a loose white blouse with a soft rolling collar such as sailors wear, marked on the sleeve with any desirable insignia, and joined or attached to the nether garments by means of a broad leather belt, set with a buckle. It was my own conception that the nether garments should be in hue blue, and should end just above the knees; also, that the stockings should be rolled down on the limbs, thus leaving the knees bare, after the custom followed by the hardy Tyrolese and the natives of the Highlands. We agreed that the matter of outer coats or woven jackets—I dislike the word sweater—for further protection in inclement atmospheric conditions, should be left to the dictates of the individual. I deplored this, however, as tending to mar the general effect.

All this having been arranged, Miss Peebles volunteered to construct a costume for me according to measurements that, for the sake of the proprieties, I made myself and sent to her by mail. With my mind relieved of this duty I set diligently about the task of acquainting myself fully with the duties of my position. I procured a number of helpful works, including among others: Who's Who Among the Plants, Flowers, Herbs and Shoots; How to Know the Poison Ivy—a Brochure; Archery in All Its Branches; The Complete Boy Camper, by a Mr. Hough; and a standard work on swimming and diving. To the last-named volume I applied myself with all intensity. I felt that a thorough knowledge of swimming was essential to my position as guide and instructor to these young minds.

In my youth I never learned to swim; in fact, I went swimming but once. On that occasion the water was unpleasantly chilly; and on my venturing out waist-deep there was a sensation—a delusion if you will—that all the important vital organs had become detached from their customary alignments and were crowding up into the throat, impeding utterance and distracting the thoughts from the work in hand.

Also, on emerging from the pool I found my young companions in a spirit of mistaken pleasantry had tied my garments into quite hard knots. This inconsiderate and thoughtless act so disturbed me that I did not repeat the experiment. Besides, on my returning home and repeating the entire incident in the family circle my mother admonished me that the downfall of countless youths properly dated from the day when they first went swimming with idle comrades without having previously procured the consent of their parents—a thing which from that hour forth I never thought of doing.

In order to acquire proficiency at swimming it was imperative on me, therefore, to start at the beginning. Fortunately the book on this subject was very explicit in text and contained many charts and diagrams showing the correct evolutions. With this book open before me at the proper place I lay prone on the floor, striking out with my arms and legs according to the printed instructions, and breathing deeply through the nostrils. It was while I was so engaged that my housekeeper, Mrs. Henrietta Dorcas, came into my room without knocking; for a moment the situation became mutually embarrassing.

Thereafter when prosecuting my studies I took the precaution to lock my bedroom door, thus insuring privacy. The result was, within four days I could compliment myself with the reflection that I had completely mastered the art of swimming, being entirely familiar with the various strokes, including the breast stroke, the trudgen stroke, the Australian crawl stroke, and others of an even quainter nomenclature.

To the best of my present recollection it was on a Friday evening—Friday, the twenty-first ultimo—that Miss Peebles sent to me by messenger my completed uniform, done up in a paper parcel. Having by telephone notified the twelve charter members to attend a special called meeting that evening at the parish house, I repaired to my rooms immediately after tea and proceeded to attire myself in the costume, standing meantime before my mirror to study the effect. In the main Miss Peebles had adhered to the original design, except that the nether garments or knickerbockers were of rather a light and conspicuous shade of blue—I believe this color tone is known vernacularly as robin blue—and she had seen fit to garnish their outer seams and the cuffs of the blouse with rows of white buttons of a pearl-like material and rather augmented size, which added a decorative but perhaps unnecessary touch of adornment.

Also, if I may so express myself, there was a feeling of undue publicity about the throat, this being due to the open collar, and in the vicinity of the knees. I am somewhat slender of form, though not too slender, I take it, for my height, standing, as I do, five feet six inches in my half hose, and I trust I am free from the sin of personal vanity; but I confess that at the moment, contemplating my likeness in the mirror, I could have wished my knees had not been quite so prominently conspicuous, and that the projection of the thyroid cartilage of the larynx, called vulgarly Adam's apple, had been perhaps a trifle less obtrusive.

To my slenderness I also attribute a feeling as though all was not well in the vicinity of the waistline, even though I tightened and retightened my belt so snugly as to cause some difficulty in respiring properly. From the time when I ceased to wear short trousers, which buttoned on, I have ever had recourse to braces or suspenders; and the lack of these useful but perhaps not beautiful adjuncts to a wardrobe gave a sensation of insecurity which, for the nonce, proved disconcerting in the extreme.

Emotions that at this moment I find it hard to interpret in words actuated me to leave the house in a quiet and unostentatious fashion—by the back door, in fact—and to proceed on my way to the parish house, two blocks distant, along a rather obscure side street. I was perhaps halfway there when through the falling dusk I discerned, approaching from the opposite direction, three of my parishioners—a Mr. G. W. Pottinger, whom from our first acquaintance I suspected of having an undue sense of humor, and his daughters, the Misses Mildred and Mabel Pottinger.

For the moment I was possessed by a mental condition I may define as being akin to embarrassment. Involuntarily I turned into the nearest doorway. My object was to avoid a meeting; I tell you this frankly. Immediately, however, I noted that the door I was about to enter was the door of a tobacco dealer's shop. As though frozen into marble, I halted with my hand on the latch. I have never had recourse to that noxious weed, tobacco, in any form whatsoever, except on one occasion when, in the absence of camphor, I employed it in a crumbled state for the purpose of protecting certain woolen undergarments from the ravages of the common moth.

Indeed, my attitude in regard to tobacco is as firm as that of the youth Robert Reed, whose noble and inspiring words on this subject, embodied in verse form, I have frequently quoted to the growing youth about me. I realized instantly that to be seen in the apparent act of leaving or entering the establishment of a tobacconist would, in a sense, be compromising; so I retreated to the sidewalk just as Mr. Pottinger and the Misses Pottinger arrived at that precise point.

In the gloaming I fain would have passed them with dignified yet hurried movement; but they put themselves directly in my path, and as recognition was now inevitable I halted, removing my cap with my right hand while with my left I continued, as I had been doing ever since leaving my lodgings, to retain a firm grasp on my waistline.

"Good evening!" I said. "Is it not a pleasant evening since the cool of evening set in? Good evening! Good-by!" And so I would have continued on my way.

Mr. Pottinger somehow barred the way. I heard Miss Mildred Pottinger give voice to a species of gasp, while Miss Mabel, the younger sister, a young girl and much addicted I fear to levity, began uttering a gurgling, choking sound that somewhat to my subconscious annoyance continued unabated during the interview that followed.

"Good evening!" said Mr. Pottinger, clearing his throat. "I beg your pardon, Doctor Fibble, but may I ask—Mabel, please be quiet!—may I ask whether you are going to a fancy-dress party somewhere?"

"By no means," I replied. "I am en route, sir, to attend a special or called meeting of our newly formed boys' outing club. These are the habiliments designed for club use."

"Oh!" he said. "Oh, I see! Mabel, child, kindly restrain yourself. Don't you see Doctor Fibble and I are talking? Ahem! And is anyone besides yourself going to wear this—er—er—regalia in public?"

Having no sons of his own Mr. Pottinger naturally would be unacquainted with the aims and objects of my present activities. Therefore I could well understand his ignorance.

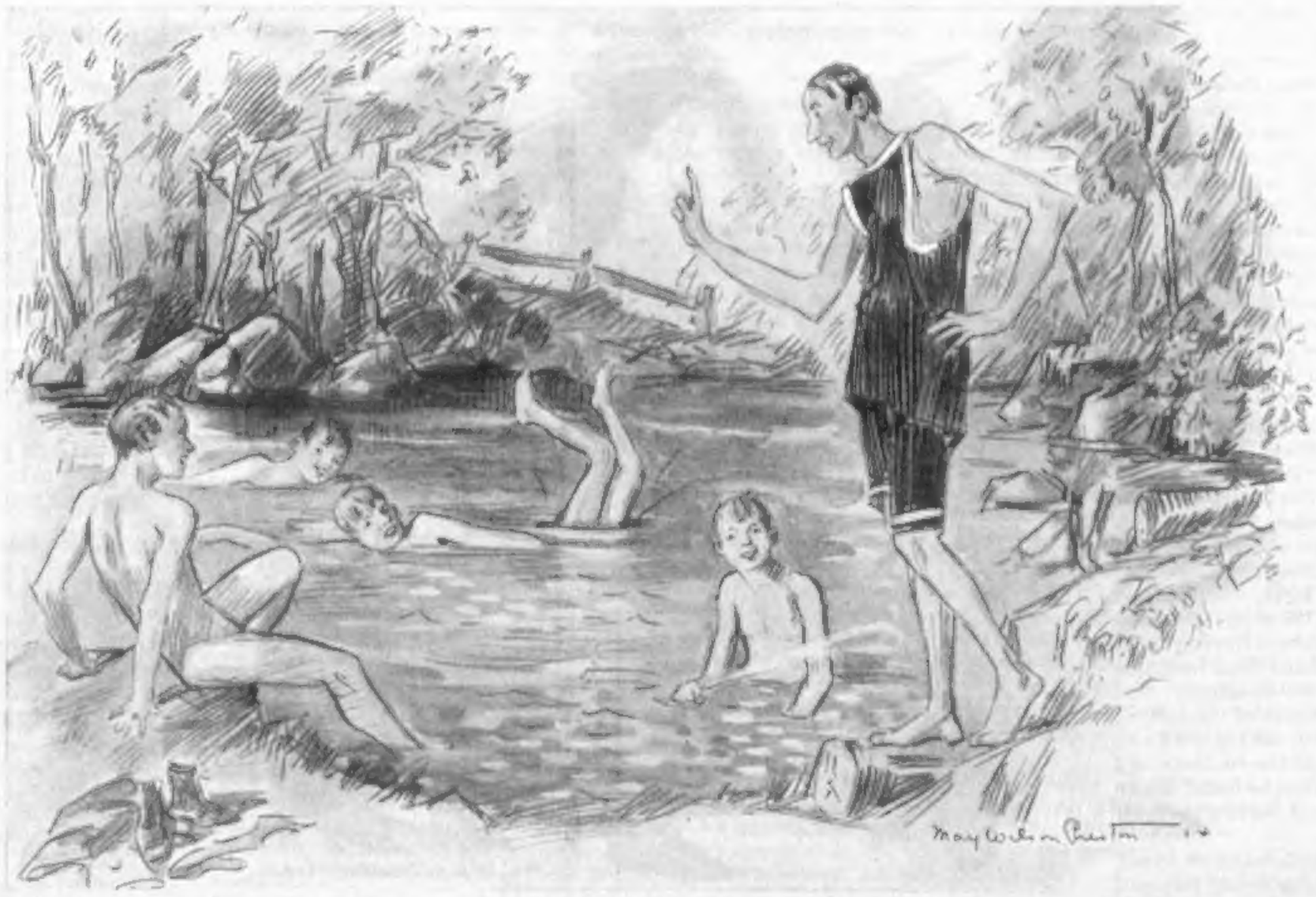
"Oh, yes, indeed," was my answer; "all of our members are to wear it."

"What will you bet?" Such was his astonishing rejoinder—I say astonishing, because nothing had been said regarding a wager and certainly nothing had been farther from my own thoughts.

"What will I bet?" I echoed, for the instant nonplused. Then consciousness of what I had just said came to me with a shock. Releasing my waistband I clasped both my hands before me in an attitude to which I am much given when desirous of signifying unwonted intensity of feeling. "Mr. Pottinger," I said gravely, "I never bet. I regard it as a reprehensible practice. I am bitterly opposed under all circumstances to the hazard of chance."

"All right! Excuse me," he said; "only it seems to me you're taking one now. Well, good evening, doctor, and good luck to you! Er—you don't mind my complimenting you on your gameness, do you?"

And so he departed, continuing as long as he remained in my



"Hold, Young Gentlemen—Hold! By Actual Demonstration I Shall Now Instruct You in the Rudiments of This Graceful Art"

hearing to reprehend his younger daughter concerning her unseemly and ill-timed outbursts.

This episode, trifling though it was, served rather to increase than to diminish my nervousness; but upon my entering the assembly hall, where my young friends were gathered together awaiting my coming, all sense of trepidation vanished, so spontaneous and uproarious was their greeting. The chorus of lusty young voices raised in instantaneous cheering was to me sufficient reward for all the pains to which I had been put. One and all, they manifested the deepest interest in the new uniform.

At the request of Master Pope—he to whom I have already referred in terms of high praise—I, standing on the small raised platform, turned round and round slowly, in order that he and his fellows might better study the effect, the enthusiasm increasing all the time until the sound was really quite deafening in volume. It was, indeed, a refreshing experience, following so closely on the Pottinger incident; and I veritably believe that, had I not grown slightly dizzy, those brave boys would have kept me revolving there for an hour.

"Now, then, my fine fellows," I said when the noise had died down, "I shall distribute among you twelve water-color drawings, done by your leader's own hand, showing the general plan and color scheme to be followed in executing this costume. Master Pope, will you kindly pass out these copies to your mates?"

This done and the members being warned to have their uniforms speedily ready, I announced that on the following Thursday we should embark on our first invasion of the forest primeval, going for a camping expedition of three days to the shores of Hatcher's Lake, a body of water situate, as I had previously ascertained, a distance of forty miles by rail from the city and four miles more from the station of Hatchersville, a small village.

"We shall proceed to this obscure hamlet on the steam cars," I explained, "and thence to our appointed place afoot, bearing our camp baggage and other accouterments with us."

With an uplifted hand I checked the outburst that was about to follow this announcement.

"Remember, please, the proprieties!" I said. "Now then, all together, after me: Huzza! Huzza! Huzza!—Tiger!"

As the echoes died away Master Horrigan spoke:

"How about tents?" he said.

"How about a cook?" This came from Master E. Smith, the stouter of the two Smiths with an i.

"How about cots?" This last speaker, as I recall, was Master MacMonnies.

Other questions of a similar tenor volleyed on me from all quarters.

For a space of time measurable by minutes I was quite taken aback. So engrossed had I been with the costume, with acquiring skill at swimming, and with ordering from St. Louis a genuine English yew bow and a sheaf of arrows, that until this moment these lesser details had entirely escaped my attention; but at once my mind was at work on the situation.

I recalled that in the work by Mr. Hough, entitled The Complete Boy Camper, of which, as I have remarked before, I already had a copy by me, there was a chapter describing how a balmy couch, far superior to any ordinary bed, might be constructed of the boughs of the spruce, the hemlock, the cedar, or other evergreen growths indigenous to our latitude; and also a chapter describing methods of cooking without pots or pans over a wood fire. The author went so far as to say that bacon was never so delicious as when broiled on a pointed stick above the glowing coals in the open air, thus preserving the racy tang of the woods; while it was stated that the ideal manner of preparing any small game or fish for human consumption was to roll it in a ball of wet clay and then roast it in the glowing ashes.

It was set forth that the person in charge of the cooking should never pluck or skin the game, or even open its interior for the purpose for which I believe such interiors are opened in similar cases; but that when the fire had died down and the ball had assumed a bricklike consistency, one had but to rake the latter forth, whereupon it would split apart; that the skin, feathers or scales, as the case might be, adhering to the inner surfaces of the dried clay, would be removed, so to speak, automatically; and that the innermost contents of the animal, bird or fish—I hesitate to use the word employed in the book—that the contents, as I shall call them, would then be found drawn up into a small, hard knot, leaving the meat ready to be eaten.

The author of the book went on to say that when in the woods he rarely prepared his food after any other fashion, and that so cooked, with the addition of a little salt, it was invariably deliciously flavored—in short, a dish fit for a king.

Recalling these things, I told the lads they need not concern themselves with such matters as cots and culinary utensils—that I would take those matters in hand. I realize now, in the light of subsequent events, that I spoke o'erhastily; but, inspired with confidence by my readings, I felt no doubt whatever regarding my ability to master such emergencies as might arise.

As for tents, I said that with the aid of a small ax I could within a few minutes, by following certain directions given in The Complete Boy Camper, construct commodious and comfortable lean-forwards. The work in question had spoken of these edifices as lean-tos, but I preferred the word "lean-forwards" as being more grammatical and more euphonious as well.

With a few parting admonitions from me concerning the costume, personal toilet appendages, the hour of leaving, and so on, the meeting then broke up, the boys scattering into the darkness with ringing halloos of unalloyed happiness, all very refreshing to hear, while I wended my homeward way filled with not unpleasing reflections of the prospect before me.

However, these thoughts were soon dissipated, for the intervening days were so filled with labor that I preserve but an indistinct and blurred recollection of them. Just when I was sure that every imaginable contingency had been provided for, some other item, unforeseen until then, would crop up. I was kept busy revising and enlarging my list of needful articles and scurrying about here and there among tradespeople, finally staggering home at twilight laden with parcels and quite on the verge of exhaustion. Really, it was very annoying.

Even with the coming of night there was no surcease, for such was my sense of my own responsibilities that my sleep was much broken. I would wake with a start from troubled slumber to remember something of importance that I had until that moment entirely forgotten. I developed a severe headache and became so distraught that to the simplest questions I made strangely incongruous answers. Once, at eventide, on Mrs. Dorcas' coming into my study to inquire what I would have for breakfast the ensuing morning, I mechanically answered, to the no small astonishment of that worthy person: "Spruce boughs!"

Nevertheless, the day of departure found me quite prepared. At least I fancied I was amply prepared for all situations; but who can forestall the emergencies that may confront one when one, leaving one's accustomed mode of life, plunges one's self headlong into another sphere, of an entirely dissimilar aspect? Who, I repeat, can foretell these?

I had meant to proceed afoot to the station, carrying my impedimenta, as an example of hardihood and endurance for the benefit of my young adherents; but such was the number of parcels and their awkwardness of shape and bulk that at the final moment, after I had painfully strained my arms in an effort to raise the largest pack to my back, and after I had been repeatedly tripped by the handle of my woodsman's ax, which I wore in my belt, I suffered Mrs. Dorcas to summon a hired hack or conveyance. Seated on the rear seat of this vehicle, carrying some of my equipage in my lap and having the rest piled about me, I was conveyed to the station.

Seemingly tidings of our excursion had spread, for an unusually large crowd was gathered on the platform as I drove up. Again, if I must own it, the old feeling of conspicuousness in regard to my throat and knees assailed me. Possibly this emotion was accentuated by a trifling circumstance that eventuated as I sought to alight from the hack. Hampered by my belongings I stumbled on the handle of my ax, which persistently trailed between my limbs, and was thrown headlong between the wheels, while many of my dislodged parcels descended on me, retarding my efforts to regain my equilibrium.

Having been assisted to my feet by several bystanders I lost no time in entering the waiting room, where, noting that I was apparently the object of some quite unnecessary curiosity on the part of those present, I remained in a corner surrounded by my bundles and with my handkerchief fanning my face, which felt quite warm, until the moment for departure drew near. Several times during this interval I caught myself regretting that I had arrived so early; half an hour or more elapsed before my young followers began to appear, straggling in one by one.

To my great surprise and no less disappointment I discovered that of all our number I alone was properly clad and accoutered for this, our very first outing. In the main the members who appeared were attired merely in their customary garments. Each in turn explained that for various reasons he had been unable to secure his completed costume in proper time. Four of the lads, as I learned at secondhand, through the diligence of their mothers, had acquired the prescribed apparel; but all four, strange to say, had been taken ill that very morning and now sent their excuses, expressing deep regret at being unable to join us. Really, when I recall what was to occur in my own instance it would almost seem to one superstitiously inclined that a sort of fatality attached to the wearing of the garb.

At the last moment Master Dunworthy, our youngest member, arrived in charge of his mother; and he, I was rejoiced to behold, was properly appareled in the regulation red cap, white blouse and light blue nether garments. A diffidence, with which I could in a measure sympathize, induced Master Dunworthy to walk closely behind his mother; in fact it might almost be said he came forward unwillingly, impelled by the firm grip of the maternal hand on his collar. He was also sobbing audibly, presumably from homesickness.

With a view to assuaging his distress I made him color bearer on the spot and conferred on him the compliment of bearing our flag—white, with a red border and a design of a large blue filbert in the center—a banner of my own designing and worked out by Miss Peebles. I could have wished the filbert had looked more like a filbert and less like a melon; but the general effect, I flattered myself, was excellent. Yet the bestowal of this honor failed to revive the despondent spirits of Master Dunworthy.

Up to the moment of leaving I cherished the hope that some of the absentees would appear, but that was not to be. When with infinite difficulty I had marshaled my charges aboard the train, amid the friendly laughter and cheering of the crowd, I found that we were, all told, but seven in number; and but a moment after we were reduced to six, since Master Dunworthy unaccountably vanished, leaving the flag behind him.

So engaged was I in the task of bestowing our seemingly innumerable trappings properly that the train was actually in motion before I became cognizant of his disappearance. Convinced that he had been left behind by accident I entreated the conductor to return for our color bearer; but this the conductor refused to do, saying it was enough to be running a circus train without having to back up every time one of the animals got lost, strayed or stolen. This I took to be a veiled thrust at our little band and as such I treated it with dignified silence.

We were presently rolling away through the peaceful, sunlit countryside at an exhilarating speed, and I, little dreaming of what was in store for me and believing all our troubles were now behind us, felt tempted to indulge myself in the luxury of drawing several deep breaths of relief. However, fresh distractions occurred. I was much annoyed to discern among the remaining lads a romping and disorderly spirit, which I was at pains to discourage, at first by shakes of the head and frowns, and ultimately by expressions of open reproof, such as "Tut! Tut!" and "Pray be done, young gentlemen! I beseech you to be done."

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"Mr. Pottinger, I Never Bet. I Regard It as a Reprehensible Practice"

Crushing the People for War Money—By Albert W. Atwood

When You Have to Live on Less Than $2.00 a Week It is No Droll or Comic Matter to Pay 23.8 Cents to the Nation

DO YOU know how many eggs your chickens lay? If the United States had to make the same preparation for war that the great European powers are making you actually would be furnishing that information to the Government. While people have been trying to figure out how much this great war will cost in blood and treasure, we already know how the mere getting ready for it has ground down the poor of Europe into ever-harder privation and goaded the rich into annually greater fury.

There is no escaping taxation abroad. It is driven right into the vitals of the people, rich and poor alike. Like death, it has to be. In the last twenty-five years the six great military nations, England, France, Germany, Austria, Italy and Russia, have spent about $40,000,000,000 to get ready to fight one another. None of them has had a single war with any of its neighbors during that time.

Just stop and think what $40,000,000,000 means. The farms of the United States are worth only $40,000,000,000. The total wealth of England is only about $60,000,000,000. Forty billions is approximately three times all the money in the world. Yet every dollar has been spent merely getting ready for a war that good people really thought would never come. It did come more swiftly, suddenly and murderously than the wildest jingo had conceived possible, and it is going to cost something too.

Now you can't raise $40,000,000,000 without going after it hard. A great statesman, describing the tax collectors of Europe to the French Chamber of Deputies, said: "They have been obliged to resort to an intolerable espionage and a degrading system of informers. They question caterers, neighbors, servants, children; they keep account of dinners that are given and the cigars that are offered to guests."

How Nations Have Mortgaged the Future

THERE is no limit to the financial resources of a European power, because there is no form of wealth that is left intact. It may be only a little annoying and mostly amusing to the American tourist to have a quarter of a cent added to his hotel bill to help out the government in whose boundaries he happens to be. But there is nothing funny about the burden of militarism to the very rich Continental who in some cases pays over a fifth of his income to the government.

If you had to live on an income of $100 a year you would hardly care to pay taxes, and yet in Saxony, for example, an income of more than 400 marks is taxed. True, the income tax is only one mark—23.8 cents—until your income exceeds $125 a year; but when you have to live on less than $2.00 a week and pay local taxes as well it is no droll or comic matter to pay 23.8 cents to the nation, especially as the government uses something like two-thirds of your mark either to pay interest on debts incurred for past wars—in which quite likely your grandfather was killed—or to keep up an army which you will have to join in any case when your ruler decides to make you fight again—and perhaps be killed or wounded.

Even in the most absolute monarchies it is impossible to throw a million armed men against an enemy on a few days' notice without some financial forethought. The treasure hoards and the mysterious war chests come right out of everybody's pockets. The European governments leave no penny unaccounted for. In one parish of Belgium a farmer was asked by the tax collectors:

"How many cows have you got, and how much milk and butter does each give? How many chickens do you own? How much hay is consumed by your own cattle and how much do you sell? What is the value of the fruit, vegetables and other farm produce that your own family consumed last year?"

In another place a drummer was asked: "How much do you spend for amusements on your trips? How much for tips?" A petty tradesman was required to tell if he used his telephone for private errands as well as for business matters. He answered "No," but lived to rue the day, because the authorities discovered by some underground channel that he had once telephoned to a theater for a box, and they levied upon him an additional assessment.

In Germany it is said to be only the air that is not taxed. In France they charge you a good round sum for each window and door in your house. A famous Italian statesman, who happened to be temporarily out of office, in denouncing the party in power for the imposition of fresh burdens cried out: "The Italian taxpayer is the most patient human animal known to history." But when the ex-premier came into power again he had to put the torture screws on as hard as his predecessor.

In England each new tax is greeted with a flood of letters to the editor of the Times. Opposition newspapers run headlines such as "More Income Tax Abuses—Inquisitorial Ingenuity and Oppressive Assessment." One letter to the Times became so heated as to say: "This is the most dishonorable and humiliating tax ever put upon a willing and generous nation."

The French are less reticent. In the Chamber of Deputies an excited orator rises to declare: "We are in a period of anarchy," and Jacques on the street when he hears of a new *impôt* satisfies himself with saying "Dogs! Swine!"

But meanwhile the steam roller moves on over every objection. It presses from rich and poor alike a golden stream to pay for wars almost forgotten and battleships long ago thrown upon the scrap heap, as well as for up-to-the-minute readiness for future wars. One of the very largest items in the expense account of every European power is the interest on its public debt, and that public debt—four-fifths of it at least—represents wars that the younger generation considers ancient history.

Government bonds are really nothing but pawn tickets for wars already fought and guns and battleships that are out of date. There is only one way to pay interest on government bonds and that is to raise the money from taxpayers. When the war began the five larger combatants, England, France, Russia, Germany and Austria, had bonds outstanding amounting to something more than $25,000,000,000, on which they had to pay $1,000,000,000 a year interest. These nations had mortgaged the future for approximately two times all the money in the world in order to pay for dead armies. And they do not pretend to pay off these bonds any more. Indeed British consols are known as "perpetual interest-bearing funds." What the present war will add to this $1,000,000,000-a-year bill, who can say?

France has the biggest debt of all, and it goes way back to the extravagant excesses of the monarchs before the French Revolution and their constant warfares large and small. When Louis XIV bought a thirtieth or fortieth additional set of gold plate in the year 1661 he made it that much harder for the peasant to pay his window tax in 1914. In 1800 France had a debt of only $250,000,000 despite the orgies and constant state of petty warfare of its long line of mostly incompetent monarchs. But despite Napoleon's efforts to pay as he went along his country had managed to accumulate a permanent debt of more than $1,000,000,000 by 1815. When the war broke out in August of this year France staggered under a permanent debt of $6,346,129,000, or $160.24 for every man, woman and tiny baby within its boundaries.

Every inhabitant of France bears the burden of sixteen times as much perpetual national debt as does an inhabitant of the United States.

A People That Has Gone Tax Mad

IS IT any wonder that Monsieur Caillaux, former minister of finance, concluded his most stirring speech in the French Chamber of Deputies by declaring that if the nation must have still more "blood contributions"—the almost universal French way of describing a larger army—"wealth must pay its share"? Americans could not understand the hysterical demonstrations and outbursts of strange passions that went with the trial of Madame Caillaux for the murder of Monsieur Calmette, editor of the Figaro. We lightly dismissed that remarkable trial as another evidence of the excitable French nature.

But anyone who has followed the debates and discussions over taxation in France in the last generation, and especially since the Balkan War, would realize how natural it was that Caillaux—the most skillful advocate of the income tax that France ever had—or anyone connected with him should become the center of stormy demonstrations. France has actually been tax mad for years. Nothing else has been discussed. Each fresh increase in the German army has driven the finance ministers of France to despair because, rich as their country is, she has fallen far behind her enemy in population, with a decreasing birth rate. To meet Germany's recent new peace footing of 800,000 men France had to squeeze the very dregs of its available male population. An outspoken newspaper printed a cartoon showing cripples and hunchbacks drilling for the army.

Any number of cabinets have risen because of their promises and fallen because of their failures to act on the three-year-military question. That question simply went back to the ways and means of financing three years of compulsory service. So frightened did owners of capital become at the threats of terrible new taxes that millions of dollars fled to Switzerland. The Swiss banks made a

regular business of sending alluring and persuasive letters to French investors. Coquelin, the great actor, is said to have sold his beloved pictures to escape confiscatory taxes.

The French people have had taxophobia, and their problem was made far more trying because they have always bitterly opposed an income tax. Curiously alone among European peoples they regard this most important of taxes, endured by the Germans and English for half a century and by the Italians for even longer, as an insult to their veracity and as an affront to French spirit. Year after year French ministries have fallen because of their fatal attempts to impose an income tax. The unwillingness of the farmers and small shopkeepers to permit any inquiry into their money affairs has long been notorious. Only the Socialists and other radicals wanted an income tax.

"A thousand thunders!" shouted one enraged citizen. "This Caillaux with his income-tax project! They have all tried their hands at it, everybody. Equality? A fine republic! Bah! I have to make a declaration of income, of my capital, eh? It is not I who will stop at a lie. My faith, is not my money my own? We shall see."

Even the language of prominent financiers was hardly less strong if more dignified. A leading economist crystallized in these words the wide protest—finally unavailing—against the government's policy in embarking upon legislation to meet interest on the great new war loans of the spring of 1914: "It is a sign of anarchy in any country when one class of taxpayers is required to pay an impost from which the other classes are exonerated. It is a flagrant contradiction of all principles of legal equality and unity. The generous ambition of the revolution of 1789 was to destroy all privileges. A democracy which would reestablish them is traitor to its own principles."

But late in July against every protest the income-tax bill became law. The tax will hit all incomes above $1000 a year, however obtained, although generous exemptions are made for children. The rate begins at 2 per cent and rises as the income grows. The tax does not apply to incomes from real estate, but on the other hand is added to instead of replacing, as was originally contemplated and fondly hoped by rich Frenchmen, certain other imposts.

France would not groan so under this new burden if her people were not already levied upon in countless other ways. There is a tax upon lands and buildings, 3.20 per cent upon the rental value of buildings. There is a personal-habitation tax varying from 30 cents to a dollar, but much more strictly enforced than our corresponding poll tax. Then every occupant of a furnished house pays a fixed proportion of its rental value to the government. A tribute is laid upon every door and window in every dwelling, according to the populousness of the district; and every professional man, banker, manufacturer, wholesaler and storekeeper pays a license. For every horse, mule, carriage and bicycle another fee is paid, and all users of weights and measures turn over a tidy little sum to the government for verifying their accuracy. On salt, sugar, railroad traffic—both goods and passenger—indirect duties are paid. There is a levy on all stock exchange transactions and 4 per cent of the dividends and interest received on nearly all securities; a government monopoly of tobacco, matches and gunpowder; and lastly what are called registration duties, such as stamps on sales of mortgages, bank checks, and so on. From these latter items alone $100,000,000 a year is received. And these are not war taxes such as we have had occasionally in this country, but the regular normal means of raising revenue in times of peace!

Then of course France has an inheritance tax which for relations no farther distant than nephews and nieces ranges from 10 per cent to 15.50 per cent on the total bequest. Early this year statesmen were figuring on an extra raid on all property in addition to existing burdens. It was proposed to compel all owners of more than $6000, no matter what form their property took, to contribute a fixed sum for military purposes in addition to all other taxes.

It may be shrewdly suspected that the Frenchman's real objection to the income tax lies in the fact that it really hits the particular form of wealth in which he rolls—investments in bonds and stocks. France is a rich country, but her wealth consists not so much of natural resources as it does of gold, foreign investments, banking power, and those qualities of human nature that make these possible—economy and thrift. There are many millionaires in France. Chocolate, oil, vermuth, benedictine, brandy, perfume—these have been the foundation of many a fortune. But her real wealth lies in the small investments. Nearly 1,600,000 persons receive an income each of $4 a year or less from government bonds. Three million persons receive less than $60 a year each from the same source. Hardly less impressive than the number of peasant investors is the

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GETTING FOREIGN TRADE

By WILL PAYNE

THE idea that as a result of the European war a great amount of foreign trade would fall into our lap like ripe fruit from a shaken tree has no doubt been thoroughly exploded by this time. The first effect of the war will be loss. Whatever ultimate gains we make will be a matter of time, skill and energy.

Europe is the great market for our exports, both raw and manufactured. That market certainly is seriously restricted. To the countries now at war we export more than twelve hundred million dollars of goods yearly, or about half our total exports. Certainly they will buy less of us this year than they did last year. The first international trade fact that war presents to the United States is, therefore, loss of an important part of this business.

Germany and Austria-Hungary alone normally buy more than three hundred and fifty million dollars of American goods yearly. Our trade with those countries virtually ceased with the declaration of war and will surely be reduced to comparatively small proportions while hostilities last. Say we lose half of it. That half amounts to more than all our trade to all South America. France last year bought a hundred and sixty million dollars of our goods, which exceeds our total sales to South America.

England—meaning the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland—bought six hundred million dollars of our goods last year, or roughly a quarter of our total exports. That her ability to buy our merchandise will be considerably impaired by the war is quite certain. Already, for example, a decrease in her cotton purchases—which amounted to nearly a quarter of a billion dollars last year—is a foregone conclusion. Suppose her purchases of American goods should fall off one-fifth this year. That fifth would come to more than all the United States' trade with Asia.

If we could increase our sales to Europe by ten per cent we should gain as much trade as though we doubled our sales to South America; and this war, with its interruptions to commerce, its demoralization of finance and its destruction of purchasing power, will surely decrease our sales to Europe. So the first fact we have to face is loss of business in our best market. True, that makes it all the more incumbent upon us to push for business in other markets, particularly in South America. But with all the energy and ingenuity we can muster in the way of drumming up new trade it will be surprising if our exports for the fiscal year that began with July equal those of the preceding year.

In all foreign-trade talk we hear a great deal about Central America and South America, Asia, Oceanica and even Africa—so much about them in fact that we might be led to imagine that the future of our foreign trade lay in those fields. But taken all together—in regard both to the present and to the future so far as any nonprophetic human eye can see it—all of those fields are quite insignificant when compared with Europe and Canada. We hear so little, relatively speaking, about our really great markets that many people no doubt miss their importance, and in thinking of trade expansion look to China or Brazil rather than to Germany or Canada.

Take the two items that comprise our exports of manufactures—those partly finished and those ready for consumption. From 1907 to 1913 sales to Europe increased by a hundred and forty-eight million dollars, or about forty per cent, and this increase in our sales to Europe in six years amounts to more than our total sales to South America. Of manufactures ready for use our sales to North America—mainly Canada—amount to far more than our sales to all the rest of the world, excepting Europe, put together. No doubt selling American goods in Siam and Chile sounds more romantic than selling them in Surrey or Ontario, but it doesn't come to more money.

True, about half our sales to Europe are of raw materials—cotton, foodstuffs and copper being the big items—but we have those materials to sell somewhere, and so long as we have a surplus, losing the market for them may be a more serious matter for us than losing the market for a manufactured article, as is strikingly illustrated just now by the plight of Southern cotton growers. And the other half of our sales to Europe, exceeding seven hundred million dollars in value, consists of articles that have gone through some manufacturing process.

The point is finally that in foreign-trade talk generally, and especially in that provoked by this war, the tremendous importance of the European market is often overlooked. It is in Europe, more than in any newer, farther region, that we want to hold trade and gain trade. We are like, say, a New England manufacturer with a flourishing business along the Atlantic seaboard, who is establishing agencies out in Utah and Arizona. The new field is more exciting and he talks about it continually, but its importance is really small as compared with the trade of Connecticut and New Jersey.

Another fact is that, for us, all foreign trade is relatively unimportant. We sell abroad two and a half billion dollars of goods. What we sell at home nobody knows, but the annual output of our factories is valued at twenty billion dollars, and a large part of that output is turned over several times before it gets to an ultimate consumer. There is the output of farms and mines to be turned over many times in the domestic market. Our railroads charge on the average three-quarters of a cent for hauling a ton of goods one mile, and the average haul is about one hundred and forty miles. From charges so based they derive a freight revenue of two billion dollars a year, which gives one a suggestion of the enormous quantity and value of goods moved on the railroads, mostly for the domestic market. It has been calculated that while the total foreign trade of the United States—both exports and imports—amounts to about forty dollars a head, "domestic business probably reaches the amazing figure of between six and seven hundred dollars for each man, woman and child in the United States." Naturally then an event which reacted unfavorably upon the domestic market, by impairing credit, causing financial stringency and so on, would spell no gain for us even though some increase in foreign trade came in its wake.

True, the European war has, so far, had rather little effect on the domestic market. In the first week of September, for example, bank clearings in the United States, outside of New York City, were only two-tenths of one per cent smaller than in the corresponding week of 1913. There was a rather sharp decrease in the South, due to the virtual embargo on cotton, and a smaller relative decrease in New England; but the whole West, where grain was moving to market at a lively rate and at high prices, showed gains.

I didn't set out with the intention of writing a calamity howl; but against the early and facile assumption that war must bring us a lot of new business we ought to set the sobering fact that first of all it will bring us loss. So far as our foreign-trade outlook goes there is nothing now in sight in the world that could take the place of a ruined Germany or a prostrate England. It is assumed sometimes that a certain volume of international trade having once been established must continue automatically; that Brazil, to illustrate, having once reached the point of buying three hundred million dollars of foreign goods a year must continue at that point. There is, of course, no warrant for such an assumption. International trade is almost wholly a development of the last hundred years. There was comparatively so little of it in Napoleon's time that he thought—mistakenly—he could juggle it round to suit himself by issuing decrees. In its present volume and importance, in fact, it is mostly a development of the last fifty years of peace in Europe and America.

The total foreign trade of the world in the twelve months that preceded Germany's declaration of war against Russia was probably not much short of forty billion dollars. In 1912 it was thirty-five billions. But as late as 1900 it amounted to only twenty billion dollars. In other words, in fourteen years of the twentieth century a volume of buying and selling across national boundaries was built up which equaled in value all the international trade that had developed from the Dark Ages down to the end of the nineteenth century. In this field the world moved about as far in the last fourteen years as it had moved in the preceding ten centuries.

Of course the world's increase in population since 1900 has been utterly insignificant in comparison with this immense increase in international trade. It wasn't numbers that did it, but civilization—peace, prosperity, invention, organization, freer intercourse among peoples of different races. War is the antithesis of all those things and it would be entirely possible for war to undo what they have done. Because England, Germany, France lose foreign trade it doesn't necessarily follow that it will come to us. It may simply disappear.

Taking up details of our sales to the nations now at war, far and away the biggest item is raw cotton, amounting last year to more than half a billion dollars. A great decrease in that item this year is fairly certain. The cotton trade figures that the market for about four million bales has been cut off by the war. On the basis of the price that

obtained the last of July this would represent a trade loss of over a quarter of a billion dollars.

The next largest item on the list is foodstuffs, amounting to a hundred and seventy-six million dollars, of which England took a hundred and eighteen millions. She is buying wheat very liberally now and at high prices. We have much more wheat to spare than we had a year ago, so that a decided increase in foodstuff exports is very probable, but there is no likelihood that it will offset the prospective decrease in cotton exports.

The third largest item is copper, amounting to over a hundred million dollars, nearly half of it going to Germany for consumption in her immense electrical industry, the finished products of which are sold in all parts of the world. Since war began our trade with Germany has practically ceased, and our exports of copper in August amounted to less than twenty thousand tons against nearly thirty-five thousand tons in the corresponding month last year. Naturally the copper market here was weak and a number of copper-mining companies reduced or suspended dividends. About half our copper is sold abroad and used mainly in arts of peace that are much demoralized by the war, so an important loss of trade on that item is quite certain.

The fourth largest item is oil—petroleum and its products—amounting last year to forty-nine million dollars, of which twenty-six millions went to France, Belgium and Germany. The export trade in oil was seriously interrupted by the war and a considerable loss in that item during the year is very probable.

Russia and Germany took nearly ten million dollars of our farm implements last year and that trade is badly handicapped now. The warring countries bought last year about twenty-three million dollars' worth of our timber and lumber, the exports consisting largely of Southern yellow pine. It was figured that there would be an increased demand for timber for ammunition boxes, as happened during the Balkan War. But timber for ammunition boxes would be contraband of war, so that a shipment to one belligerent country might be seized by the war vessels of another, and the demand for that purpose was trivial when compared with the demand for peaceful purposes which the war would certainly decrease. In September, in fact, lumber exports from Southern ports had virtually ceased. Last year we sold thirty million dollars' worth of tobacco to the warring nations. That we shall sell less this year is quite certain.

Filling the Hole in Our Foreign Trade

SO GOING all through the list of our sales to the countries now at war—comprising about one-half of our total exports—it is only in the item of foodstuffs that any important increase appears probable. Almost everywhere else there is certainty, or strong probability, of loss; and in the aggregate the losses will surely exceed the gains. There is another very important item in our trade with England, France and Germany which does not appear in the official returns. We import capital from them. Those countries, with Holland and Belgium, probably hold at least four billion dollars of American securities at this time. They have furnished us, in other words, with that amount of capital for the development of transportation, manufacturing, and so on, in this country. As a concrete illustration, the city of New York some time ago was able to borrow eighty million dollars in London and Paris on terms better than any that could have been obtained at home. Of course if we can borrow a million dollars over there at four per cent and make it produce five per cent here, that is as profitable as selling a bill of goods in Chile, and this trade in capital has been absolutely suspended by the war.

We face then a big hole in our foreign trade and the immediate problem is how to fill it up. Set down the figure fifteen. That roughly represents our sales of goods to Europe. Then set down the figure six. That represents our sales to North America, mainly Canada. Then set down one and a half. That represents our sales to South America. One and a quarter represents our sales to Asia. Another one and a quarter represents our sales to Oceanica and Africa. These figures foot up twenty-five, and twenty-five hundred million dollars is roughly the sum of our total foreign sales. The hole occurs in the European market, represented by the figure fifteen. To fill it up we turn first of all to South America, represented by the figure one and a half—or, in other words, where our sales are one-tenth those to Europe.

For many years our comparatively poor showing in South American trade has been considered a national reproach. We are a little nearer to that market than England and Germany are. For almost a century we have exercised a sort of political guardianship over the southern half of this hemisphere. We ought to get the bulk of the trade there, it is said, but we don't. Moreover, we buy from South America much more than South America buys from us. In 1913 we bought two hundred and eighteen million dollars of South American goods while that continent bought only a hundred and forty-six millions of our goods. By far the greater part of our trade there is with three countries—Argentina, Brazil and Chile. From those countries we bought a hundred and seventy-four million dollars; to them we sold a hundred and twelve millions. Our trade with the remainder of the continent is not much more important than that with Africa.

Now South America buys roughly a billion dollars of foreign goods yearly, and in spite of some geographical advantage only about one-eighth comes from this country. Certainly we ought to sell more. A great part of the remaining seven-eighths comes from countries now crippled or paralyzed by war, and there is trade enough to fill a very big hole; but the difficulties in the way of getting it are considerable.

South America is mainly an agricultural country, with comparatively little manufacturing and scanty capital. A primary need has been of capital to build railroads, docks, trolley lines, and so on. England, Germany and France have supplied the capital. An eminent British economist calculates that in seven years ending with 1913 Great Britain supplied Argentina with nearly six hundred million dollars of capital for developments; Brazil with four hundred and forty million dollars; Chile and other South American countries with nearly a quarter of a billion. Total British investment in South America he reckons at about three billion dollars. Germany and France also have supplied large sums.

This means in effect that for many years Great Britain, and latterly Germany, has been selling goods to South America and investing a considerable part of the purchase price down there. It is something like an opulent merchant selling a farmer dry goods and implements over a long term of years and taking a first mortgage on the farm for part of the bill. To a new, developing country with scanty capital the arrangement presents obvious advantages. Argentina, for example, could buy materials for a railroad or an electrical plant in England or Germany and pay for them with an issue of bonds.

Very often, where capital has been supplied for large undertakings it has been stipulated that materials must be purchased in the country that has furnished the money. But even where there was no express stipulation, that trade would tend powerfully to go where the money came from is evident enough, and it is improbable that we can capture—and hold—England's or Germany's present trade with South America except upon substantially the same terms that those nations granted; in fact it is partly the foreign investment of capital that enables South America to buy foreign goods. Without the railroads, docks, trolleys and other improvements that have been built largely with foreign capital there would be comparatively little South American trade for anybody to capture. The trade is a sort of product of the investment.

In spite of rapid development in recent years South America for a long time to come will continue to need foreign capital. One question, therefore, is whether we are able and willing to furnish it. We ourselves are a debtor nation—that is, a borrower of foreign capital. If we furnish a large amount of capital to South America we ourselves will have to borrow more abroad or else reduce the use of capital in this country. Turn back to the case of the merchant who furnishes a farmer with supplies over a term of years and takes a mortgage on the farm in part payment. If that merchant has a surplus of investable capital accumulating year after year the arrangement may be profitable for him. On the other hand, if he has to borrow money in order to extend long credit to the farmer the arrangement might be unprofitable. The merchant in the first case would be in the position of England and Germany. In the second case he would be in the position of the United States. It is by no means certain that it would have been profitable for us in the past to get South America's trade on the same terms that England and Germany got it—that is, by supplying a great amount of capital for permanent investment there.

Can We Step Into Europe's Shoes?

IT IS true that South America's supply of European capital is cut off by the war and will be either stopped or greatly diminished for some time to come. But unless we step into the breach by supplying capital, South America's purchases of foreign goods will simply fall off by that much. If she cannot float an issue of railroad bonds for the purpose of building a branch line, the line will simply not be built and she will buy that much less of rails, locomotives and cars. If she cannot borrow the money abroad to build an electrical power plant, no plant will be built, and the electrical apparatus that Germany sold her last year, by taking her bonds, neither Germany nor any other country will sell to her this year.

In short, because South America bought a billion dollars of foreign goods last year it by no means follows she will buy that much this year. If she is unable to borrow foreign capital a part of her foreign trade will simply disappear. England and Germany will lose it, but we shall not gain it. That we are in no position to supply South America with capital at this writing goes without saying. Unless we get into that position—other sources of supply of foreign capital remaining cut off—the building of permanent improvements will be greatly curtailed and purchases of foreign goods will decline correspondingly.

Next to investments comes the question of current credits. South America buys mainly on long time, which involves careful scrutiny of credits, and that again involves an organization with thorough knowledge of local conditions. Anybody can sell goods if he isn't at all particular as to whether he is going to get paid for them. A considerable

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SOAP WRAPPERS—By Ida M. Evans

ALL departmental managers of Schottchild's department store, except one lone, taciturn, undersized, tow-haired gentleman named Monners, employed bushels of money and brains, blueprints, billboards, photogravures and Sunday-edition double pages to stuff a knowledge of their wares' desirability down a bored public's throat.

In jetty, inch-high type the grocery department swore that Pure Food belonged to it alone. The furniture department went to much trouble planting model cottages, apartments and domestic art galleries round in its aisles, so that folks would stumble over them and immediately be reminded of home's defects. The millinery department semiannually engaged the bridal suite on the biggest liner in order that its buyer might be temperamentally and advertisingly prepared to pluck the choicest plumes from Europe's broad millinery back. The coat-and-suit section hired handsome, haughty ex-chorus ladies to parade up and down its green-velvet-carpeted aisles in coats and suits that would make any hard-working Venetian sunset sit up and bleat with envy, and were colorfully calculated to dazzle open purses against the judgment of those purses' owners. The manager of the silks spent his days in a blue funk and his nights in a hot sweat, concocting alluring invitation notes that, enveloped fastidiously in expensive pale blue linen bond, caused many thousands of matrons fortnightly to exclaim—the light of pleased anticipation departing from their eyes: "Oh, fudge! Another ad! I don't understand why the post office allows this nuisance."

Her Best Friend's Looks Were to Her Own as a Mauve Orchid to a Sallow Zinnia

But Jeremiah Monners, the taciturn, undersized, tow-haired manager of the cosmetics section, wasted neither money nor ideas, black type nor midnight sweat, over the profit and loss of his department. He didn't have to. Myra Maloney behind the counter was worth a truckload of Sunday-edition double pages. She was an invitation, a challenge, and an advertisement. Among the porcelain jars of unguent, cream and bleach, the beribboned and befrilled bottles of perfume and lotion, the exotic-tinted boxes of powder and soap, she drew dollars faster than a favorite pitcher can draw fans.

Rich old women, tripping by, halted as though they had run bang into a cement wall. With hawklike hunger they eyed the rose-pink curve of her cheek, the rose-red fullness of her lips, and said greedily: "Give me six boxes of the rouge that you use. Please!"

Beneficently Myra stretched a shapely hand to the handiest brand.

Tawdry, poor young girls, giggling by, halted in their tracks as though a foreman had yelled "Stop!" Awedly they gaped at the white velvet of Myra's neck, and appealed, "Say, is it very expensive—the liquid powder that you use?"

Myra's smile at them was a triple entente of friendliness, patronage and wisdom. "Not very," she confided. "Girls, did you ever try this Creek Lily Lotion at nineteen cents?"

Plaintive, tired old girls, poor, rich, and private secretaries, wavered as they passed, looked back at the white satin sheen of Myra's forehead, and, like Lot's wife, could not proceed. So they sidled back, their eyes sharp with the youth-lust a woman never quite loses, and besought: "These furrows at the sides of the mouth—what's good for them? And do you rub across—or up and down?"

Horrifiedly Myra threw up her pretty hands: "Never rub! Rubbing loosens the undertissues and causes the skin to sag! Pat very gently twenty minutes at night"—whipping forth a high white porcelain jar—"with this Crème Comtesse. One dollar. And ten minutes mornings"—whipping forth a high pink jar—"with this Banana Blossom Emulsion. A dollar and a half, please. And twice a day, dash this"—a gay, glass-stoppered bottle of silvery fluid—"over face and neck to give tone to the flesh. Seventy-five cents."

And across the aisle Luella Waley, a thin, unhandsome young woman in charge of the laces, disconsolately propped thin, unsymmetrical elbows in bargain heaps of Cluny and shadow, her light blue eyes as bitter as the oil of bitter almonds, and sneered: "The fools! And they believe her!"

Middle-aged matrons, in chinchilla or ready-made black serge, paused in passing to ask wistfully: "What takes wrinkles out soonest?"

Said Myra instantly and sympathetically: "This."

For chinchilla, "this" was price-tagged two dollars in a cerise-labeled jar. For ready-made serge, it was forty-nine cents in a mauve jar.

And when they came back, wailing, "This is no good! I rubbed—and rubbed ——"

"Too hard, I dare say," condemned Myra. "I told you! But maybe," meditatively, "this has an excess of lanolin for your skin." "Your" was inflected tenderly. "Suppose you try this other—yes, two-fifty—and be sure to let me know how it acts." Myra's eyes were as solicitous as they were turquoise, and they were as turquoise as a June sky washed sweetly clean by June rains and burnished by a June sun. Myra's skin was of that rose-petalish tint and texture which every daughter of Adam sullenly believes to be her own birthright, out of which an Esauish fate has cheated her. And if any other daughter of Adam has it, why, the woman got it by some secret process which she may be induced to tell you!

The other jar, at two dollars and a half, was taken eight times out of nine. And likewise the perfumed, lithograph-wrapped cake which Myra held out, saying earnestly, "Or perhaps your facial soap is a wee bit alkaline! Some skins are so sensitive. Now, I can vouch for this cucumber-and-meal ——"

Oh, lying Myra!

"Just listen to her!" Across the way Luella tried to laugh. But the laugh was marred by the involuntary gritting of Luella's teeth.

For she lived with Myra and knew the truth. Meeting in the crammed loneliness of a cafeteria, each had been attracted by the other. So they added one hall bedroom to the other, subtracted from the two one iron bed and a chiffonier, eliminated a corner by means of a bargain fumed-oak screen, bracketed a one-burner gas stove, skillet and coffee pot with the screen, multiplied one rocking-chair by three, and so solved two unpleasant quantities of rooming-house into that elusive result called home.

And in the intimacy thus engendered Luella had learned that Nature alone, that grand old beauty doctor—who can also be a most devilish quack and practical joker—had creamed and bleached and smoothed and rouged Myra Maloney's lovely face; that the yellow fineness of her hair was a heritage and knew not oil-dressing and scarcely brushing; that the exquisite purple shadows under her turquoise eyes were limned by the same Hand that painted the rainbow; that the white velvet of her neck came from no jar or rotary movement, but, like Topsy, "just growed." Nightly Luella saw Myra toss shoes, hose and petticoat in an untidy heap on the floor, and immediately scramble into bed with a fretful: "I s'pose I ought to wash my face—and neck—but—I'm—too dog-goned—sleepy!"

And every morning she saw Myra get leisurely out of bed, remove the previous day's grime with a quart of lukewarm water and a cake of any old soap—sometimes even the yellow laundry bar—and evolve as whitely and pinkily sweet-complexioned as a Baltimore Rose.

Whereas Luella herself, who nightly laved her face with purest Castile suds, hardened it with ice water, softened it with almond paste, bleached it with milk of benzoin, patted it with plumping cream, strengthening cream, toning cream, and smoothing cream; dabbed an unguent in brows and lashes to promote a growth that Nature had spitefully neglected; religiously gave her unthick black hair one hundred brush-strokes; practiced deep breathing to enlarge the bust—for twelve arduous minutes; swallowed a sulphur tablet as side aid to the bleaching process; and spent twenty strenuous minutes manipulating a gill of cocoa butter into her shoulders, getting up early mornings to repeat the process briefly—Luella Waley evolved the same unroselike young woman that she was in the beginning

Her eyebrows lay sleek from weight of unguent, and perhaps had an added tinge of down. Perhaps they were half a shade darker. Her hair was smooth and clean. Perhaps her thin shoulders took on a fiftieth of an inch of the desired plumpness. But that was all.

Her light blue eyes still looked forth from a face neither dazzling brunet nor rose-petal blond. Her neck continued to be merely a needed prop for her discontented head. In the bottom of her heart she sadly knew that not all the oil from Africa's palm trees or Messina's entire lemon crop could transform it into a white velvet pillar.

But, although she naturally grieved—what woman wouldn't?—because her best friend's looks were to her own as a lovely mauve orchid to a sallow zinnia, she had not grieved bitterly until Ruddy Wickers attached himself to Schottchild's drug department. Myra had traits that apologized for her face. She would cheerfully lend you her only pair of white silk stockings. And since her own yellow hair was naturally curly and so needed only a hasty twist-up mornings to be presentable for the store, she was amiably willing to make the coffee and poach the eggs while her roommate toiled for pulchritude. However, Luella did not often take advantage of this willingness. Myra's coffee was usually underdone, while her poached eggs emerged hard-boiled three times out of five. But you couldn't dislike a girl with that disposition. At least, Luella couldn't, until Ruddy Wickers beamed over the horizon of acquaintanceship. Then Luella forgot entirely that Myra had a disposition, and remembered only her complexion.

Luella saw him first. It was the morning of his arrival. She had to get court-plaster for a cut finger. He waited on her without looking at her. Most men did. She on her part was indifferent, observing only that the new clerk's coarse brown hair needed brushing. The cut on her finger was painful, and she was afraid that dye from a bolt of cotton had rubbed into it.

Later in that same day Leny, the runtiest cashgirl, snickered: "Say, that new guy in the drugs just got called down something fierce by Hucks! He was tryin' to give Miss Maloney the glad eye and an old man in army blue a box of pills at the same time, and the old gent got rosewater instead ——"

"Yes, yes—run along," said Miss Waley abstractedly as she added the day's sales. The news was not exciting. Most every new male clerk got a reprimand sooner or later from Hucks, the floor manager, on account of Myra Maloney.

Two days later, over supper of macaroni and pie à la delicatessen, Myra announced that the new chap in the drugs was calling that evening.

"Is he?" said Luella carelessly, scooping up a spoonful of cheesed dough. Nearly every new male clerk at Schottchild's called sooner or later on Myra and—since she roomed with Myra—on herself

Myra received each with impartial hospitality. "Because," as she

"The Only Time I Can Really Endure George Bunsen Is When He Is Paying a Waiter"

candidly explained, "a man is like a cold cream. You never like one so well but what there might be another you'd like better."

"George coming too?" Luella asked presently. "Because if he is and he glowers like he usually does, I'm going out to a nickel show."

"I don't think so," said Myra, scooping up the remaining dough. "He's busy this week. An adding machine refused to add. And he's got a cold. And a grouch. And he's broke."

Had Myra been anyone but her own likable self the glance that flickered in Luella's eyes would have been condemnatory.

"Oh!" dryly. "Of course he couldn't come while he's broke."

"Of course not," said Myra placidly. "This new chap's from Arkansas."

"His hair looks it," carelessly.

"It does," agreed Myra. "Will you make some sandwiches? And he'll say," giggling softly, "how good they are. And I'll say what delicious ones are served at the Edelmarck Garden. And he'll have to say that we'll have to go there some evening. And I'll say casually we have nothing to do to-morrow evening ——"

Luella laughed.

Some bright people can take a silver chafing dish, a peck of imported pecans, a lobster, some brandied cherries, mayonnaise sauce, Roquefort cheese, French rolls, whipped cream and real Mocha, and put forth a tasteful meal. Others can take two dill pickles from the nearest delicatessen shop, a nickel's worth of American yellow cheese, a loaf of rye bread, three wilted lettuce leaves and some scraps of stale cold ham, and the result discounts your grandmother's Thanksgiving dinners. Luella belonged to the latter class. In the following five days Ruddy Wickers called on the two girls four times and was called down by Hucks six times. And Luella came to dislike actively Myra's complexion.

Now in the past, in spite of thin shoulders and eyes of that unlovely light blue shade that milliners and men dislike, Luella had not gone wholly unwooed. There had been a portly, polite-tongued floorwalker who liked her obedient ways. But the polite tongue spent nine of every ten minutes in discussion of the floorwalker. That monologue for life? Luella decided not.

Then there had been a customer—a middle-aged widower sent in by his daughter to match some delft-blue filet. He lingered over the errand, liking Luella's courteous though crisp voice. He came back—and back. And finally offered to take the housekeeping reins from that daughter. But his middle-aged hair was untidy and he talked discursively and boringly of some important gentlemen named Shaw and Chesterton. Luella liked a man to have trim hair.

There had been a lace salesman, Percy by name, who made her presents of his choicest lace samples and said often that he was darned sick of hotel cooking. He was tolerably good-looking in a scrawny way. But he chewed toothpicks a large part of the time. Luella loathed that sound of crunched splinters. So she gave him back his lace samples, even a modish point d'Alençon stock that spread an illusion of plumpness about her thin neck.

Still farther back in the past there had been an assured youth who wore his hat on the back of his head, smoked cigarettes incessantly and gulped two sandwiches while he was removing that hat, saying blandly to Myra: "Don't talk to me about what you get at the Edelmarck. These suit yours truly!" And insinuatingly to Luella: "I'll be making eighteen-fifty, kiddo, as soon as I get raised that high. And you could keep on working till the furniture was paid for."

"Thanks, no," said Luella. Her unkind glance included cigarette stubs, hat and empty sandwich plate. "When I marry, the furniture'll be paid for beforehand."

And the fourth evening that Ruddy Wickers departed, his hat as usual on the back of his untidy head, an empty sandwich plate and a tray of cigarette ends behind him, Myra, unbuttoning her shoes, said sleepily:

"Don't he talk a terrible lot about himself? I couldn't get a word in edgewise."

"He talks very interestingly, I think," said Luella decidedly from in front of the chiffonier, where she was applying the brush to her hair for the nineteenth time.

"He ate every sandwich," grumbled Myra. "Not one left to take to the store to-morrow," tossing shoes and petticoat in a heap on the floor.

"I didn't make hardly enough," said Luella contritely.

"And then he chewed toothpicks," criticized Myra, "as though he was still hungry."

"We're out of toothpicks," said Luella absently. "Remind me to buy a box to-morrow."

"Who are those chaps named Bernard and Gilbert that he told that story about?" yawned Myra. "I didn't get the point."

"To-morrow at noon hour I'm going over to the public library and read up on 'em," said Luella abstractedly. She was kneading lanolin into her neck. "And it's like kneading dew into a sponge!" she suddenly wailed. "Darn it! I get so mad when I hear you telling folks that steady work will surely bring results."

From Myra's pillow came a sleepy giggle. "To-day a woman whose forehead was plaited like a peg-top skirt wanted something to take 'em out in two nights. And a rouge that nobody'd know was rouge. Said she had to hurry because there was a man, and the other woman had a good complexion."

Luella's kneading fingers stiffened. Then a white porcelain jar was chucked into the top drawer of the chiffonier and the drawer closed with a bang. "Simpleton!" Luella observed bitterly.

"Wasn't she?" drowsily.

"Oh—her!" The silence was punctuated only by Myra's breathing and the crash of a replaced glass stopper.

Myra Maloney Behind the Counter Was Worth a Truckload of Sunday Edition Double Pages

Presently Luella spoke again, and there was a certain warring resoluteness in her voice: "Myra!"

"W—what?" sleepily.

"You haven't seen George Bunson for a week?" It was accusation as well as query.

"So I haven't," drowsily. "I s'pose he's still got a grouch."

"Or still broke," dryly. "It's a long time for him to stay angry."

"So it is." Speculation rifted the drowsiness of tone as the sun rifts a cloud. "He must be working evenings this week."

"Maybe he is angry for good."

"Think so?" Amused scorn streaked the speculation of Myra's voice as lightning streaks the sky. "I should worry if the lemon crop rolls away."

The next morning Luella had to pass through the department where George Bunson kept Schottchild's adding machines and bookkeepers in toilsome harmony. At least she was on the ninth floor, where that department was harbored, and she passed through it, and so by the desk where sat George Bunson, a short plump young man whose plushy black pompadour was redolent of white rose extract and whose full, cream-hued face was as covered with rancor as a limousine in the vicinity of the Wabash round April is covered with mud.

"Oh—hello, George," said Luella blithely as she passed.

"Hello," said George as sadly as a hurdy-gurdy fractured internally says the Miserere.

Five steps past tripped Luella. Then she paused, stood undecided, stepped on slowly, then backstepped six.

"I haven't seen you for some time, George!"

"No, you haven't," glumly agreed George. And immediately, with belligerence, he cast forth the reason: "And I guess nobody'd die of grief if they didn't see me for a whole lot more time. Boy"—loudly—"where's the carbon copy of that invoice?"

Luella looked at George. Then she looked past him. She teetered her weight from one slim foot to the other. She bit her lower lip. She tapped a kid toe on the floor. She gave every indication of a lady who wants to say something, and doesn't want to say it, and cannot decide which want predominates.

But finally, as though impulse had warred with discretion and laid discretion flat in the center of the ring, she blurted determinedly:

"I don't know as I ought to meddle, George, but I hate to see folks fretted ——"

"Speak on," said George coldly. "You couldn't hurt my feelings if you run a red-hot darning needle through 'em. I saw she didn't care whether I hung round or not. So"—proudly—"I quit hanging!"

Luella laughed. "Maybe," amusedly, "you think Myra"—an almost imperceptible pause—"doesn't"—a perceptible pause—"like you, George?"

Grumpily Mr. Bunson acknowledged that he had a large idea Miss Maloney liked him about as well as a kitten likes potato parings, which comes near being no liking at all.

Luella laughed. "Oh, my!"

Mr. Bunson remarked proudly that he could not see where the "Oh my!" came in.

Luella regarded him with eyes as gay as light blue eyes can be. She leaned toward him kindly. Confidentially she said to him:

"Now, you won't ever let on to Myra that I told you ——"

"Shan't likely see her to tell her," coldly, whirling round in his chair. "If that boy don't hurry, I'll kill him! You boy!" he roared.

"Last night," Luella softly confided, "after Myra'd been in bed half an hour—and I supposed she was asleep, she'd been quiet so long with her face buried in her pillow—she said something in a queer, muffled tone about not seeing you for over a week."

"She did?" coldly. "Say, bo-o-o-y! Honest, I'll put him in a hospital!"

"And then she said you must be working evenings ——"

"I s'pose," haughtily, "she thinks nothing but work could chain me away from her! Well, she's got another think coming! Boy! So help me heaven, I'll thrash that youngster when he comes back! I might have been daffy over her once, but by Jiminy, I ain't any more! You can tell her so!"

"And she went on to say, in that same muffled voice, that maybe you were still angry at her ——"

"Yes!" sneered Mr. Bunson. "And I bet she snickered when she said it, and added she should worry if a lemon turned sour. Boy, you bring me that carbon, or I'll wallop you!"

Luella leaned closer. "And I said to her, 'Maybe he's so angry he'll never bother you again' ——"

"What she say?" quickly. "Darn that slow boy!"

But Luella drew back. "No, George," firmly. "I won't tell you. It would not be fair to Myra to tell you that! She'd never forgive me."

George looked skeptical. "Last week she told me," glumly, "that I reminded her of an overripe cucumber, and cucumbers never did agree with her."

"Oh, George, you know Myra!"

"I ought to," gloomily. It might have been by chance that his hands fumbled emptily in his coat pockets while he gloomed forth this testimonial of acquaintance. "Say," wriggling round, "I'll tell that boy something ——"

"Why, Myra's so used to turning the truth inside-out that half the time she don't know she's doing it. Only this morning I heard her vow to an old society war horse that Pink-satin Effluvium was her own pet complexion dope. The old dame—she was threescore and ten and wore pink pearl earrings—simpered out with ten jars, looking as happy as though she'd found the pot of gold at the foot of the rainbow. And you know as well as I do, George," amusedly, "that Myra's complexion has no more connection with the dope she sells than daisies have with canned salmon."

"I—I ought to," sheepishly. "It—it don't rub off," grinning. Mildly: "Couldn't you find it, boy?"

"She's just got the habit of pretending," mused Luella as though to herself.

"Maybe she has," George conceded weakly. "Never mind, sonny. I guess I can worry along without the copy."

Luella turned away. "I told Myra I had a hunch you'd be up to-night," she threw back meaningly.

"I—I did have an idea of dropping round," said George. "I ——" He suddenly reverted to his former huff. "But I guess she wouldn't be lonesome if I don't! I guess she's —— I heard she'd had company!"

Luella laughed. "So she has," frankly. "Mr. Wickers, from the drugs. A nice chap too," candidly. "Even Mr. Hucks says so—says he's one of the most industrious and persevering young fellows he has seen in a long while."

(Continued on Page 36)

Being a Guest of the German Kaiser

By IRVIN S. COBB

DECORATIONS BY JAMES M. PRESTON

IN ORDER that the reader of this article may understand how I came to be the guest of the Kaiser, away down yonder by the French frontier, and how subsequently I traveled—still as his guest—aboard a private train, personally conducted by the German army, clear across Belgium from its French side to its German side, it is best, perhaps, that he should first hear as briefly as may be of the series of circumstances that landed us at the head of the invading column, within hellolng distance of the Franco-Belgian frontier.

Incidentally I might add my belief that we stayed longer with the German troops and went farther with them than any individual correspondent or any other group of correspondents.

If you have read sundry preceding articles of this series you perhaps know how four of us blundered into the German lines east of Brussels at Louvain; and how, getting out of Louvain after three days and back to Brussels, we undertook, in less than twenty-four hours thereafter, to trail the main forces then shoving steadily southward with no other goal before them but Paris.

First by hired hack, as we used to say when writing accounts of funerals down in Paducah, then afoot through the dust, and finally, with an equipment consisting of a butcher's superannuated dogcart, an elderly mare emeritus and two bicycles, we made our zigzagging way downward through Belgium.

We knew that our credentials were, for German purposes, of most dubious and uncertain value. We knew that the Germans were permitting no correspondents—not even German correspondents—to accompany them. We knew that any alien caught in the German front was liable to death on the spot, without investigation of his motives. We knew all these things; and the knowledge of them gave a fellow tingling sensations in the tips of his toes when he permitted himself to think about his situation. But, after the first few hours, we took heart unto ourselves; for everywhere we met only kindness and courtesy at the hands of the Kaiser's soldiers, men and officers alike.

The Language of the Automatic

THERE was, it is true, the single small instance of the excited noncom. who poked a large, unwholesome-looking automatic pistol into my shrinking diaphragm when he wanted me to get off the running board of a military automobile into which I had climbed, half a minute before, by invitation of the private who steered it. I gathered his meaning right away, even though he uttered only guttural German and that at the top of his voice; a pointed revolver speaks with a tongue which is understood by all peoples. Besides, he had the distinct advantage in repartee; and so, with no extended argument, I got down from there and he put up his hardware. I regarded the incident as being closed and was perfectly willing that it should remain closed.

That, however, though of consuming interest to me at the moment, was but a detail—an exception to prove the standing rule. One place we dined with a *Rittmeister's* mess; and while we sat, eating of their midday ration of thick pea soup with sliced sausages in it, some of the younger officers stood; also they let us stretch our wearied legs on their mattresses, which were ranged seven in a row on the parlor floor of a Belgian house, where from a corner a plaster statue of Joan of Arc gazed at us with her plaster eyes.

Common soldiers offered repeatedly to share their rye-bread sandwiches and bottled beer with us. Not once, but a dozen times, officers of various rank let us look at their maps and use their field glasses; and they gave us advice for reaching the zone of actual fighting and swapped gossip with us, and frequently regretted that they had no spare mounts or spare automobiles to loan us.

We attributed a good deal of this to the inherent kindliness of the German gentleman's nature; but more of it we attributed to a newborn desire on the part of these men to have disinterested journalists see with their own eyes the scope and result of the German operations, in the hope that the truth regarding alleged German atrocities might reach the outside world and particularly might reach America.

I take it that right here is a good opportunity for me to say what I have hinted at before, and what I shall have reason to refer to hereafter at greater length; which is that, in the course of over a hundred miles of travel through Belgium, immediately with or immediately behind the German troops, I did not personally witness a single case of brutality on the part of the Germans toward any peaceable Belgian noncombatant, or toward any prisoner in their hands. Nor was I able—though I tried hard enough—to confirm by reasonably reliable evidence any of the stories of murder and pillage that reached me at second or third hand.

Of the waste and wreckage of war; of desolated homes and shattered villages; of the ruthless, relentless, punitive exactness with which the Germans punished not only those civilians they accused of firing on them but those they suspected of giving harbor or aid to the offenders; of widows and orphans; of families of innocent sufferers, without a roof to shelter them or a bite to stay them; of fair lands plowed by cannon balls, and harrowed with rifle bullets, and sown with dead men's bones; of men horribly maimed and mangled by lead and steel; of long mud trenches where the killed lay thick under the fresh clods—of all this and more I have seen enough to cure any man of the delusion that war is a beautiful, glorious, inspiring thing, and to make him know it for what it is—altogether hideous and unalterably awful.

As for uhlans spearing babies on their lances, and officers sabering their own men, and soldiers murdering and mutilating and torturing at will—I have seen nothing. I know of these tales only from having read them in the dispatches sent from the Continent to England, and from there cabled to American papers.

Even so, I hold no brief for the Germans; or for the reasons that inspired them in waging this war; or for the fashion after which they are waging it. I am only trying to tell what I see with my own eyes and hear with my own ears.

Be all that as it may, we straggled into Beaumont—five of us—on the evening of the third day out from Brussels, without baggage or equipment, barring only what we wore on our several tired and drooping backs. As in the case of our other trip to Louvain, a simple sight-seeing ride had resolved itself into an expeditionary campaign; and so there we were, bearing, as proof of our good faith and professional intentions, only our American passports, our passes issued by General von Jarotzky, at Brussels, and—most potent of all for winning confidence from the casual eye—a little frayed silk American flag with a hole burned in it by a careless cigar butt, which was knotted to the front rail of our creaking dogcart.

Immediately after passing the ruined and deserted village of Montignies-St.-Christophe, we came at dusk to a place where a company of German infantrymen were in camp about a big graystone farmhouse. They were cooking supper over big trench fires and, as usual, were singing. The light shone up into the faces of the cooks, bringing out in ruddy relief their florid skins and yellow beards. A yearling bull calf was tied to a supply-wagon wheel, bellowing his indignation. I imagine he quit bellowing shortly thereafter.

An officer came to the edge of the road and, peering sharply at us over a broken hedge, made as if to stop us; then changed his mind and permitted us to go unchallenged. Entering the town we proceeded, winding our way among pack trains and stalled motor trucks, to the town square. Our little cavalcade halted to the accompaniment of good-natured titterings from many soldiers in front of the town house of the Prince de Caraman-Chimay.

The Hospitality of the Absent Prince

BY MOST Americans the prince is remembered as having been one of the husbands of the much-married Clara Ward, of Detroit; but at this moment, though absent, he had particularly endeared himself to the Germans through the circumstance of his having left behind, in his wine cellars, twenty thousand bottles of rare vintages. Wine, I believe, is contraband of war. Certainly in this instance it was. As we speedily discovered, it was a very unlucky common soldier who did not have a swig of rare Burgundy or ancient claret to wash down his black bread and sausage that night at supper.

Unwittingly we had bumped into the headquarters of the whole army—not of a single corps, but of an army. In the thickening twilight on the little square gorgeous staff officers came and went, afoot, on horseback and in automobiles; and through an open window we caught a glimpse of a splendid-looking general, sitting booted and sword-belted at a table in the Prince de Caraman-Chimay's library, with hunting trophies—skin and horn and claw—looking down at him from the high-paneled oak wainscotings, and spick-and-span aides waiting to take his orders and discharge his commissions.

It dawned on us that, having accidentally slipped through a hole in the German rear guard, we had reached a point close to the front of operations. We felt uncomfortable. It was not at all likely that a Herr Over-Commander would expedite us with the graciousness that had marked his underlings back along the line of communication. We remarked as much to one another; and it was a true prophecy. A staff officer—a colonel who spoke good English—received us at the door of the villa and examined our papers in the light which streamed over his shoulder from a fine big hallway behind him. In everything, both then and thereafter, he was most polite.

"I do not understand how you came here, you gentlemen," he said at length. "We have no correspondents with our army."

"You have now," said one of us, seeking to brighten the growing embarrassment of the situation with a small jape.

Perhaps he did not understand. Perhaps it is against the regulations for a colonel, in full caparison of sword and shoulder straps, to laugh at a joke from a dusty, wayworn, shabby stranger in a dented straw hat and a wrinkled Yankee-made coat. At any rate this colonel did not laugh.

"You did quite right to report yourselves here and explain your purposes," he continued gravely; "but it is impossible that you may proceed. To-morrow morning we shall give you escort and transportation back to Brussels. I anticipate"—here he glanced quizzically at our aged mare, drooping knee-sprung between the shafts of the lopsided dogcart—"I anticipate that you will return more speedily than you arrived.

"You will kindly report to me here in the morning at eleven. Meantime remember, gentlemen, that you are not prisoners—by no means, not. You may consider yourselves for the time being as—shall we say?—guests of the German Army, temporarily detained. You are at perfect liberty to come and go—only I should advise you not to go too far, because if you should try to leave town to-night our soldiers would certainly shoot you quite dead. It is not agreeable to be shot; and, besides, your great Government might object. So then, I shall have the pleasure of seeing you in the morning, shall I not? Yes? Good night, gentlemen!"

He clicked his neat heels so that his spurs jangled, and bowed us out into the dark. The question of securing lodgings loomed large and imminent before us. Officers filled the few small inns and hotels; soldiers, as we could see, were quartered thickly in all the houses in sight; and already the inhabitants were locking their doors and dousing their lights in accordance with an order from a source that was not to be disobeyed.

Nine out of ten houses about the square were now but black oblongs rising against the gray sky. We had nowhere to go; and yet if we did not go somewhere, and that pretty soon, the patrols would undoubtedly take unpleasant cognizance of our presence. Besides, the searching chill of a Belgian night was making us stiff.

Scouting up a narrow winding alley, one of the party who spoke German found a courtyard behind a schoolhouse called imposingly L' École Moyenne de Beaumont, where he obtained permission from a German sergeant to stable our mare for the night in the aristocratic company of a troop of officers' horses. Through another streak of luck we preempted a room in the schoolhouse and held it against all comers by right of squatter sovereignty. There my friends and I slept on the stone floor, with a scanty amount of hay under us for a bed and our coats for coverlets. But before we slept we dined.

We dined on hard-boiled eggs and stale cheese—which we had saved from midday—in a big, bare study hall full of lancers. They gave us rye bread and some of the Prince de Chimay's wine to go with the provender we had brought, and they made room for us at the long benches that ran lengthwise of the room. Afterward one of them—a master musician, for all his soiled gray uniform and grimed fingers—played a piano that was in the corner, while all the rest sang.

It was a strange picture they made there. On the wall, on a row of hooks, still hung the small umbrellas and book-satchels of the pupils. Presumably at the coming of the Germans they had run home in such a panic that they left their school-traps behind. There were sums in chalk, half erased, on the blackboard; and one of the troopers took a scrap of chalk and wrote "On to Paris!" in big letters here and there.

A sleepy parrot, looking like a bundle of rumpled green feathers, squatted on its perch in a cage behind the master's desk, occasionally emitting a loud squawk as though protesting against this intrusion on its privacy.

We See Royalty in Action

WHEN their wine had warmed them our soldier-hosts sang and sang unendingly. They had been on the march all day, and next day would probably march half the day and fight the other half, for the French and English were just ahead; but now they sprawled over the school benches and pounded on the boards with their fists and feet, and sang at the tops of their voices. They sang their favorite marching songs—Die Wacht am Rhein, of course; and Deutschland, Deutschland, Uber Alles! which has a fine, sonorous cathedral swing to it; and God Save the King!—with different words to the air, be it said; and Haltet Aus!

Also, for variety, they sang Tannenbaum—with the same tune as Maryland, My Maryland!—and Heil dir im Sieges-kranz; and snatches from various operas.

When Bennett asked for Heine's Lorelei they sang not one verse of it, or two, but twenty or more; and then, by way of compliment to the guests of the evening, they reared up on their feet and gave us The Star Spangled Banner, to German words. Suddenly two of them began dancing. In their big rawhide boots, with hobbled soles and steel-shod heels, they pounded back and forth, while the others whooped them on.

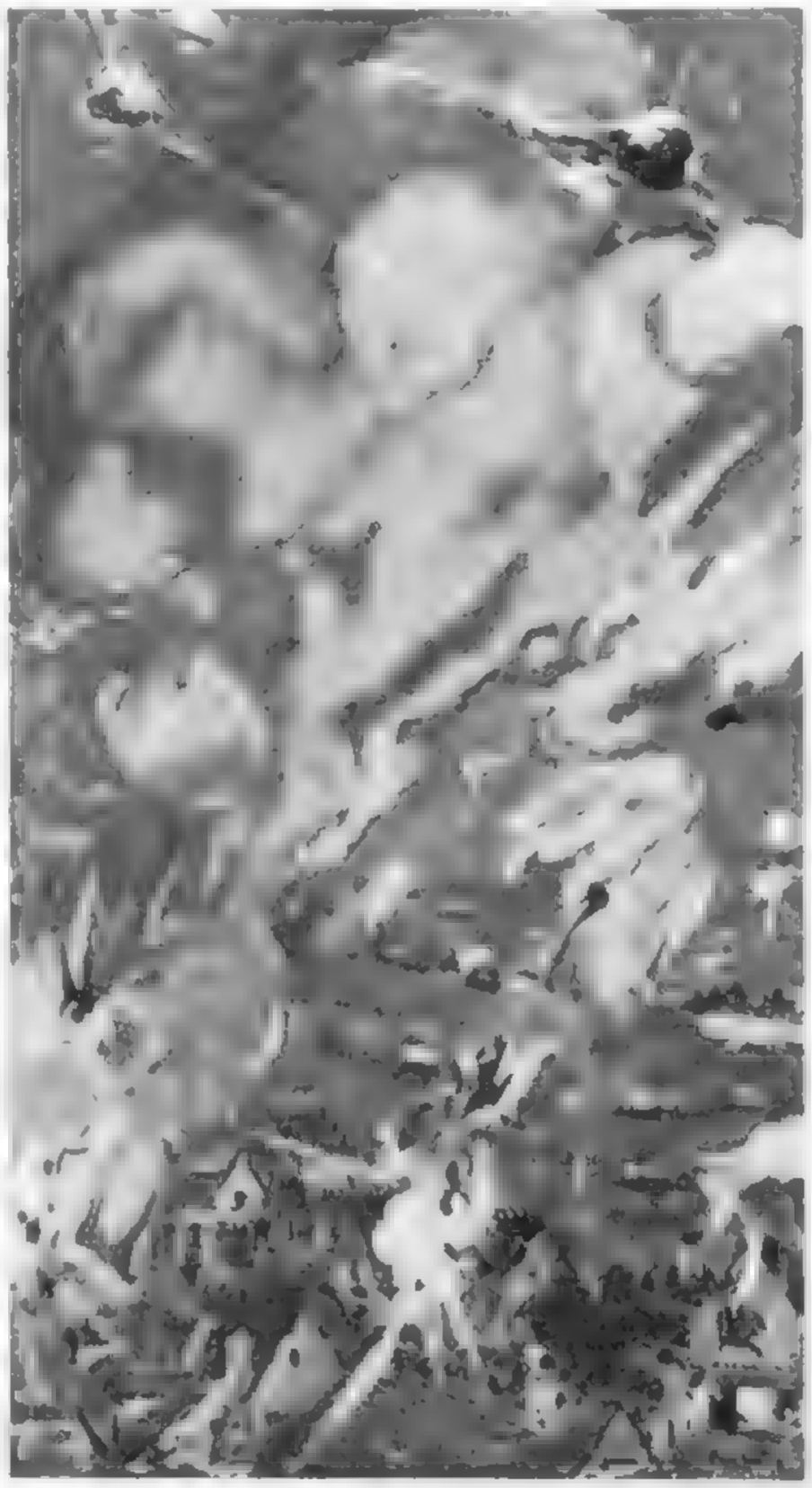
One of the dancers gave out presently; but the other seemed still unimpaired in wind and limb. He darted into an adjoining room and came back in a minute dragging a half-frightened, half-pleased little Belgian scullery maid and whirled her about to waltz music until she dropped for want of breath to carry her another turn; after which he did a solo—Teutonic version—of a darky breakdown, stopping only to join in the next song.

It was eleven o'clock and they were still singing when we left them and went groping through dark hallways to where our simple hay mattress awaited us.

I might add that we were indebted to a corporal of lancers for the hay, which he pilfered from the feed racks outside after somebody had stolen the two bundles of straw one of us had previously purchased. Except for his charity of heart we should have lain on the cold flagging.

The next morning was Thursday morning, and by Thursday night, at the very latest, we counted on being back in Brussels; but we were not destined to see Brussels again during this campaign. And, as I write these words, it is now highly probable we shall not see it again during this war. We breakfasted frugally on good bread and execrable coffee at a half-wrecked little café where soldiers had slept; and at eleven o'clock, when we had bestowed Bulotte, the ancient nag, and the dogcart on an accommodating youth—giving them to him as a gracious gift, since neither he nor anyone else would buy the outfit at any price—we repaired to the villa to report ourselves and start back to the place whence we had come so laboriously.

The commander and his staff were just leaving, and were in a big hurry. We knew the reason for their hurry, for since daylight the sound of heavy firing to the south and southwest, across the French border in the neighborhood of Maubeuge, had been plainly audible. Officers in long gray overcoats with facings of blue, green, yellow and four shades of red—depending on the branches of the service to which they belonged—were piling into automobiles and scooting away.



As we sat on a wooden bench before the prince's villa, waiting for further instructions from our friend of the night before—meaning by that the colonel who could not take a joke, but could make one of his own—a tall, slender young man of about twenty-four, with a little silky mustache and a long, vulpine nose, came striding across the square with long steps.

As nearly as we could tell, he wore a colonel's shoulder straps; and, aside from the fact that he seemed exceedingly youthful to be a colonel, we were astonished at the deference that was paid him by those of higher rank, who stood about waiting for their cars. Generals, and the like, even grizzled old generals with breasts full of decorations, bowed and clicked before him; and when he, smiling broadly, insisted on shaking hands with all of them, some of the group seemed overcome with gratification.

Presently a sort of family resemblance in his face to some one whose picture we had seen often somewhere began to impress itself on us, and we wondered who he was; but, being rather out of the setting ourselves, none of us cared to ask. This week, in Aix-la-Chapelle, I was passing a shop and saw his likeness in full uniform on a souvenir postcard in the window. It was Prince August Wilhelm, fourth son of the Kaiser; and we had seen him as he was about getting his first taste of being under fire by the enemy.

Hospitality in a Powder Magazine

PRETTY soon he was gone and our colonel was gone, and nearly everybody else was gone too. Companies of infantry and cavalry fell in and moved off, and a belated battery of field artillery rumbled out of sight up the twisting main street. The field post-office staff, the field telegraph staff, the Red Cross corps and the wagon trains followed in due turn, leaving behind only a small squad to hold the town—and us.

A tall young lieutenant was in charge of the handful who remained; and, by the same token, as was to transpire, he was also in charge of us. He was built for a football player, with shoulders like a Cyclops, and his family name was Mittendorfer. He never spoke to his men except to roar at them like a raging lion, and he never addressed us except to coo as softly as the mourning dove. It was interesting to listen as his voice changed from a bellow to a croon, and back again a moment later to a bellow. With training he might have made an opera singer—he had such a vocal range and such perfect control over it.

This Lieutenant Mittendorfer introduced himself to our attention by coming smartly up and saying there had been a delay about requisitioning an automobile for our use; but he thought the car would be along very shortly—and would the American gentlemen be so good as to wait? There being nothing else to do, we decided to do as he suggested.

We chose for our place of waiting a row of seats before a *taverne*, and there we sat, side by side, keeping count of the guns booming in the distance until it began to rain. A sergeant came up then and invited us to go with him, in order that we might escape a wetting. He waved us into the doorway of a house two doors from where we had been sitting, at the same time suggesting to us that we throw away our cigars and cigarettes. When we crossed the threshold we realized the good intention behind this advice, seeing that the room we entered, which had been a shop of sorts, was now an improvised powder magazine.

From the floor to the height of a man it was piled with explosive shells for field guns, cased in straw covers like wine bottles, and stacked in neat rows, with their noses all pointing one way. Our guide led us along an aisle of these deadly things, beckoned us through another doorway at the side, where a sentry stood with a bayonet fixed on his gun, and with a wave of his hand invited us to partake of the hospitalities of the place. We looked about us, and lo! we were hard-and-fast in jail!

I have been in pleasanter indoor retreats in my time, even on rainy afternoons. The room was bedded down ankle-deep in straw; and the straw, which had probably been fresh the day before, already gave off a strong musky odor—the smell of an animal cage in a zoo.

For furnishings, the place contained a bench and a large iron pot containing a meat stew, which had now gone cold, so that a rim of gray suet coated the upper half of the pot. But of human occupants there was an ample sufficiency, considering the cubic space available for breathing purposes. Sitting in melancholy array against the walls, with their legs half buried in the straw and their backs

(Continued on Page 48)

MR. GREX OF MONTE CARLO

By E. Phillips Oppenheim

ILLUSTRATED BY WILL GREFÉ

"I Tell You Hunterleys is the Most Dangerous Englishman Living"

IV

LADY WEYBOURNE was lunching with her brother on the terrace of Ciro's restaurant. She was small, dark and vivacious. Her friends, of whom she had thousands, all called her Flossie, and she was probably the most popular American woman who had ever married into the English peerage. Her brother, Richard Lane, on the other hand, was tall, very broad-shouldered, with a strong, clean-shaven face, and he was inclined by disposition to be taciturn. On this particular morning he had even less than usual to say, and although Lady Weybourne, who was a great chatterbox, was content as a rule to do most of the talking for herself, his inattention became at last a little too obvious. He glanced up eagerly as every newcomer appeared, and his answers to his sister's criticisms were sometimes almost at random.

"Dicky, I'm not at all sure that I'm liking you this morning," she observed finally, looking across at him with a critically questioning smile. "A certain amount of non-responsiveness to my advances I can put up with—from a brother; but this morning you are positively inattentive. Tell me your troubles at once. Has Harris been bothering you or did you lose a lot of money last night?"

Considering that the young man's income was derived from an exceedingly well-invested capital of nine million dollars, and that Harris was the all-too-perfect captain of his yacht lying then in the harbor, whose worst complaint was that he never had enough work to do, Lady Weybourne's inquiries might have been considered as merely tentative. Richard shook his head a little gloomily.

"Those things aren't likely to trouble me," he remarked. "Harris is all right, and I've promised him we'll make up a little party and go over to Cannes in a day or two."

"What a ripping idea!" Lady Weybourne declared, breaking up her thin toast between her fingers. "I'd love it and so would Harry. We could easily get together a delightful party. The Pelhams are here and simply dying for a change, and there's Captain Gardner and Frank Clowes and lots of nice girls. Couldn't we fix a date, Dick?"

"Not just yet," her brother replied.

"And why not?"

"I am waiting," he told her, "until I can ask the girl I want."

"And why can't you now?" she demanded with upraised eyebrows. "I'll be hostess and chaperon all in one."

"I can't ask her because I don't know her yet," the young man explained doggedly.

Lady Weybourne leaned back in her chair and laughed.

"So that's it!" she exclaimed. "Now I know why you're sitting there like an owl this morning! In love with a fair unknown, are you, Dick? Be careful! Monte Carlo is full of young ladies whom it would be just as well to know a little about before taking them yachting."

"This one isn't that sort," the young man said.

"How do you know that?" she asked, leaning across the table, her head resting on her clasped hands.

He looked at her almost contemptuously.

"How do I know!" he repeated. "There are just one or two things that happen in this world of which a man can be utterly and entirely sure. She is one of them. Say, Flossie," he added, the enthusiasm creeping at last into his tone, "you never saw anyone quite like her in all your life!"

"Do I know her, I wonder?" Lady Weybourne inquired.

"That's just what I've asked you here to find out," her brother replied ingenuously. "I heard her tell the man she was with this morning her father, I believe—about an hour ago that she would be at Ciro's at half past one. It's twenty minutes to two now."

Lady Weybourne laughed heartily.

"So that's why you dragged me out of bed and made me come to lunch with you! Dick, what a fraud you are! I was thinking what a dear, affectionate brother you were, and all the time you were just making use of me."

"Sorry," the young man said briskly, "but after all we needn't stand on ceremony, need we? I've always been your pal—gave you a leg-up with the old man, you know, when he wasn't keen on the British alliance."

She nodded.

"Oh, I'll do what I can for you," she promised. "If she's anyone in particular I expect I shall know her. What's happening, Dick?"

The young man's face was almost transformed. His eyes were bright and very fixed. His lips had come together in a firm, straight line, as though he were renewing some promise to himself. Lady Weybourne followed the direction of his gaze. A man and a girl had reached the entrance to the restaurant and were looking round them as though to select a table. The chief *maitre d'hôtel* had hastened out to receive them. They were without doubt people of importance. The man was of medium height, with iron gray hair and mustache and a small imperial. He wore light clothes of perfect cut, patent-leather shoes with white-linen gaiters, a black tie fastened with a pin of opals. He carried himself with an air that was unmistakable and convincing. The girl by his side was beautiful. She was simply dressed in a tailor-made gown of white serge. Her black hat was a miracle of smartness. Her hair was of a very light shade of golden brown, her complexion wonderfully fair. Lady Weybourne glanced at her shoes and gloves, at the bag she was carrying and at the handle of her parasol. Then she nodded approvingly.

"You don't know her?" Richard asked in a disappointed whisper.

She shook her head.

"Sorry," she admitted, "but I don't. They've probably only just arrived."

With great ceremony the newcomers were conducted to the best table upon the terrace. The man was evidently a habitué. He had scarcely taken his seat before, with a very low bow, the *sommelier* brought him a small wine glass filled with what seemed to be vermuth. While he sipped it he smoked a Russian cigarette and with a gold pencil wrote out the menu of his luncheon. In a few minutes the manager himself came hurrying out from the restaurant. His salute was almost reverential. When after a few moments' conversation he departed, he did so with the air of one taking leave of royalty. Lady Weybourne, who was an inquisitive little person, was puzzled.

"I don't know who they are, Dick," she confessed, "but I know the ways of this place well, and I can tell you one thing—they are people of importance. You can tell that by the way they are received. These restaurant people don't make mistakes."

"Of course they are people of importance," the young man declared. "Anyone can see that by a glance at the girl. I am sorry you don't know them," he went on, "but you've got to find out who they are, and pretty quickly too. Look here, Flossie, I am a bit useful to you now and then, am I not?"

"Without you, my dear Dick," she murmured, "I should never be able to manage those awful trustees. You are invaluable—a perfect jewel of a brother."

"Well, I'll give you that little electric coupé you were so keen on last time we were in London if you'll get me an introduction to that girl within twenty-four hours."

Lady Weybourne gasped.

"What a whirlwind!" she exclaimed. "Dicky, are you by any chance in earnest?"

"In earnest for the first time in my life," he assured her. "Something has got hold of me that I'm not going to part with."

She considered him reflectively. He was twenty-seven years of age, and notwithstanding the boundless opportunities of his youth and great wealth he had so far shown an almost singular indifference to the whole of the opposite sex, from the fascinating chorus girls of London and New York to the no less enterprising young women of his own order. As she sat there studying his features she felt a sensation almost of awe. There was something entirely different, something stronger in his face. She thought for a moment of their father as she had known him in her childhood, the founder of their fortunes, a man who had risen from a moderate position to immense wealth through sheer force of will, of pertinacity. For the first time she saw the same look upon her brother's face.

"She is Absolutely the Best Style of Anyone I've Seen in Monte Carlo"

"Well," she sighed, "I shall do my best to earn it. I only hope, Dick, that she is——"

"She is what?" he demanded, looking at her steadfastly.

"Oh, not engaged or anything, I mean," Lady Weybourne explained hastily. "I must admit, Dick, although I don't suppose any sister is particularly keen upon her brother's young women, that I think you've shown excellent taste. She is absolutely the best style of anyone I've seen since I've been in Monte Carlo."

"How are you going to manage that introduction?" he asked bluntly. "Have you made any plans?"

"I don't suppose it will be difficult," she assured him, shaking her head at the tray of liqueurs which the *sommelier* was offering. "Get me some cream for my coffee, Dick. Now I'll tell you," she continued as the waiter disappeared: "You will have to call that under *maître d'hôtel*. You had better give him a substantial tip and ask him quietly for their names. Then I'll see about the rest."

"That seems sensible enough," he admitted.

"And look here, Dick," she went on, "I know how impetuous you are. Don't do anything foolish. Remember, this isn't an ordinary adventure. If you go rushing in upon it you'll come to grief."

"I know," he answered shortly. "I was fool enough to hang about the flower shops and that milliner's this morning. I couldn't help it. I don't know whether she noticed. I believe she did. Once our eyes did meet and, although I'll swear she never changed her expression, I felt that the whole world didn't hold so small a creature as I. Here comes Charles. I'll ask him."

He beckoned to the *maître d'hôtel* and talked for a moment about the luncheon. Then he ordered a table for the next day, and slipping a louis into the man's hand leaned over and whispered in his ear:

"I want you to tell me the name of the gentleman and young lady who are sitting over there at the corner table."

The *maître d'hôtel* glanced covertly in the direction indicated. He did not at once reply. His face was perplexed, almost troubled.

"I am very sorry, sir," he said hesitatingly, "but our orders are very strict. Monsieur Ciro does not like anything in the way of gossip about our clients, and the gentleman is a very honored patron. The young lady is his daughter."

"Quite right," the young man agreed bluntly. "This isn't an ordinary case, Charles. You go over to the desk there, write down the name on a card and bring it to me, and there's a hundred-franc note waiting here for you. No need for the name to pass your lips."

The man bowed and retreated. In a few minutes he came back again and laid a small card upon the table.

"Monsieur will pardon my reminding him," he begged earnestly, "but if he will be so good as never to mention this little matter."

Richard nodded and waved him away.

"Sure!" he promised.

He took the card and looked at it in a puzzled manner. Then he passed it to his sister. Her expression, too, was blank.

"Who in the name of mischief," he exclaimed softly, "is Mr. Grex!"

V

LADY WEYBOURNE insisted, after a reasonable amount of time spent over their coffee, that her brother should pay the bill and leave the restaurant. They walked slowly across the square.

"What are you going to do about it?" he asked.

"There is only one thing to be done," she replied: "I shall speak to every one I meet this afternoon—I shall be, in fact, most sociable; and sooner or later in our conversation I shall ask every one if they know Mr. Grex and his daughter. When I arrive at some one who does, that will be the first step, won't it?"

"I wonder whether we shall see some one soon!" he grumbled, looking round. "Where are all the people?"

She laughed softly.

"Just a little impetuous, aren't you?"

"I should say so," he admitted. "I'd like to be introduced to her before four o'clock, propose to her this evening, and ——"

"And what?"

"Never mind," he concluded, marching on with his head turned toward the clouds. "Let's go and sit down upon the terrace and talk about her."

"But, my dear Dicky," his sister protested, "I don't want to sit upon the terrace. I am going to my dressmaker's across the way there, and afterward to try on some hats. Then I am going back to the hotel for an hour's rest and to prink, and afterward into the Sporting Club at four o'clock. That's my program. I shall be doing what I can the whole of the time. I shall make discreet inquiries of my dressmaker, who knows everybody, and I shan't let a single acquaintance go by. You will have to amuse yourself till four o'clock at any rate. There's Sir Henry Hunterleys over there having coffee. Go and talk to him. He may put you out of your misery. Thanks ever so much for my luncheon, and *au revoir!*"

She turned away with a little nod. Her brother, after a moment's hesitation, approached the table where Hunterleys was sitting alone.

"How do you do, Sir Henry?"

Hunterleys returned his greeting, a little blankly at first. Then he remembered the young man and held out his hand.

"Of course! You are Richard Lane, aren't you? Sit down and have some coffee. What are you doing here?"

"I've got a little boat in the harbor," Richard replied as he drew up a chair. "I've been at Algiers for a time with some friends and I've brought them on here. Just been lunching with my sister. Are you alone?"

Hunterleys hesitated. "Yes, I am alone."

"Mr. Draconmeyer, Do You Think There'd be Any Chance of My Getting an Introduction to the Young Lady?"

"Wonderful place," the young man went on. "Wonderful crowd of people here too. I suppose you know everybody?" he added, warming up as he approached his subject.

"On the contrary," Hunterleys answered, "I am almost a stranger here. I have been staying farther down the coast."

"Happen to know anyone of the name of Grex?" Lane asked with elaborate carelessness.

Hunterleys made no immediate reply. He seemed to be considering the name.

"Grex," he repeated, knocking the ashes from his cigarette. "Rather an uncommon name, isn't it? Why do you ask?"

"Oh, I've seen an elderly man and a young lady about once or twice," Lane explained. "Very interesting-looking people. Some one told me that their name was Grex."

"There is a person living under that name, I think," Hunterleys said, "who has taken the Villa Mimosa for the season."

"Do you know him personally?" the young man asked eagerly.

"Personally? No, I can scarcely say that I do."

Richard Lane sighed. It was disappointment number one. For some reason or other, too, Hunterleys seemed disposed to change the conversation.

"The young lady who is always with him," Richard persisted—"could that be his daughter?"

Hunterleys turned a little in his seat and surveyed his questioner. He had met Lane once or twice and rather liked him.

"Look here, young fellow," he said good-humoredly, "let me ask you a question for a change: What is the nature of these inquiries of yours?"

Lane hesitated. Something in Hunterleys' face and manner induced him to tell the truth.

"I have fallen head over heels in love with the young lady," he confessed. "Don't think I am a confounded jackass. I am not in the habit of doing such things. I am twenty-seven years old and I have never gone out of my way to meet a girl yet. This is something—different. I want to find out about them and get an introduction."

Hunterleys shook his head regretfully.

"I am afraid," he said, "that I can be of no use to you—no practical use, that is. I can only give you one little piece of advice."

"Well, what is it?" Richard asked eagerly.

"If you are in earnest," Hunterleys continued, "and I will do you the credit to believe that you are, you had better pack up your things, return to your yacht and take a cruise somewhere."

"Take a cruise somewhere!"

Hunterleys nodded.

"Get out of Monte Carlo as quickly as you can, and above all don't think anything more of that young lady. Get the idea out of your head as soon as possible."

The young man was sitting upright in his chair. His manner was half minatory.

"Say, what do you mean by this?" he demanded.

"Exactly what I said just now," Hunterleys rejoined. "If you are in earnest, and I have no doubt that you are, I should clear out."

"What is it you are trying to make me understand?" Richard asked bluntly.

"That you have about as much chance with that young lady," Hunterleys assured him, "as with that very graceful statue in the square yonder."

Richard sat for a moment with knitted brows.

"Then you know who she is anyway?"

"Whether I do or whether I do not," the older man said gravely, "so far as I am concerned the subject is exhausted. I have given you the best advice you ever had in your life. You'll do well to follow it."

Richard looked at him blankly.

"Well, you've got me puzzled," he confessed.

Hunterleys rose to his feet and summoning a waiter paid his bill.

"You'll excuse me, won't you?" he begged. "I have an appointment in a few minutes. If you are wise, young man," he added, patting Lane on the shoulder as he turned to go, "you will take my advice."

Left to himself Richard Lane strolled round the place toward the terrace. He had no fancy for the rooms and he found a seat as far removed as possible from the Tir du Pigeon. He sat there with folded arms, looking out across the sun-dappled sea. His matter-of-fact brain offered him but one explanation as to the meaning of Hunterleys' words, and against that explanation his whole being was in passionate revolt. He represented a type of young men who possess morals by reason of a certain unsuspected idealism, mingled with perfect physical sanity. It seemed to him, as he sat there, that he had been waiting for this day for years. The old nights in New York and Paris and London floated before his memory. He pushed them on one side with a shiver, and yet with a curious feeling of

exultation. He recalled a certain sensation that had been drawn through his life like a thin golden thread, a sensation that had a habit of especially asserting itself in the midst of these youthful orgies, a curious sense of waiting for something to happen, a sensation that had been responsible very often for what his friends had looked upon as eccentricity. He knew now that this thing had arrived, and everything else in life seemed to pale by the side of it. Hunterleys' words had thrown him temporarily into a strange turmoil. Solitude for a few moments he had felt to be entirely necessary. Yet directly he was alone, directly he was free to listen to his convictions, he could have laughed at that first mad surging of his blood, the fierce, instinctive rebellion against the conclusion to which Hunterleys' words seemed to point. Now that he was alone he was not even angry. No one else could possibly understand!

Before long he was once more upon his feet, starting out upon his quest with renewed energy. He had scarcely taken a dozen steps, however, when he came face to face with Lady Hunterleys and Mr. Draconmeyer. Quite oblivious of the fact that they seemed inclined to avoid him, he greeted them both with unusual warmth and cordiality.

"Saw your husband just now, Lady Hunterleys," he remarked, a little puzzled. "I fancied he said he was alone here."

She smiled.

"We did not come together," she explained; "in fact, our meeting was almost accidental. Henry has been at Bordighera and San Remo and I came out with Mr. and Mrs. Draconmeyer."

The young man nodded and turned toward Draconmeyer, who was standing a little to one side as though anxious to proceed.

"Mr. Draconmeyer doesn't remember me, perhaps. I met him at my sister's, Lady Weybourne's, just before Christmas."

"I remember you perfectly," Mr. Draconmeyer assured him courteously. "We have all been admiring your beautiful yacht in the harbor there."

"I was thinking of getting up a little cruise before long," Richard continued. "If so, I hope you'll all join us. Flossie is going to be hostess and the Montressors are passengers already."

They murmured something noncommittal. Lady Hunterleys seemed as though about to move on, but Lane blocked the way.

"I arrived only the other day from Algiers," he went on, making frantic efforts to continue the conversation. "I brought Freddy Montressor and his sister and Fothergill."

"Mr. Montressor has come to the Hôtel de Paris" Lady Hunterleys remarked. "What sort of weather did you have in Algiers?"

"Ripping!" the young man replied absently, entirely overlooking the fact that they had been driven away by incessant rain. "This place is much more fun though," he added with sudden inspiration. "Crowds of interesting people. I suppose you know every one."

Lady Hunterleys shook her head.

"Indeed I do not. Mr. Draconmeyer here is my guide. He is as good as a walking directory."

"I wonder if you know some people named Grex?" Richard asked with studious indifference.

Mr. Draconmeyer for the first time showed some signs of interest. He looked at their questioner steadfastly.

"Grex," he repeated. "A very uncommon name."

"Very uncommon-looking people," Richard declared. "The man is elderly and looks as though he took great care of himself—awfully well turned out and all that. The daughter is—good looking."

Mr. Draconmeyer took off his gold-rimmed spectacles and rubbed them with his handkerchief.

"What makes you ask that question?" he inquired. "Is it just curiosity?"

"Rather more than that," Richard said boldly. "It's interest."

Mr. Draconmeyer readjusted his spectacles.

"Mr. Grex," he announced, "is a gentleman of great wealth and illustrious birth, who has taken a very magnificent villa and desires for a time to lead a life of seclusion. That is as much as anyone knows."

"What about the young lady?" Richard persisted.

"The young lady," Mr. Draconmeyer answered, "is, as you surmised, his daughter. Shall we finish our promenade, Lady Hunterleys?"

Richard stood grudgingly a little on one side. "Mr. Draconmeyer," he said desperately, "do you think there'd be any chance of my getting an introduction to the young lady?"

Mr. Draconmeyer at first smiled and then began to laugh, as though something in the idea tickled him. He looked at the young man and Richard hated him.

"Not the slightest in the world, I should think," he declared. "Good afternoon!"

Lady Hunterleys joined in her companion's amusement as they continued their promenade.

"Is the young man in love, do you suppose?" she inquired lightly.

"If so," her companion replied, "he has made a somewhat unfortunate choice. However, it really doesn't matter. Love at his age is nothing more than a mood. It will pass as all moods pass."

She turned and looked at him.

"Do you mean," she asked incredulously, "that youth is incapable of love?"

They had paused for a moment, looking out across the bay toward the glittering white front of Bordighera. Mr. Draconmeyer took off his hat. Somehow, without it, in that clear light one realized that, notwithstanding his spectacles, his grizzled black beard of unfashionable shape, his overmassive forehead and shaggy eyebrows, his, too, was the face of one whose feet were not always upon the earth.

"Perhaps," he answered, "it is a matter of degree, yet I am almost tempted to answer your question absolutely. I do not believe that youth can love, because from the first youth misapprehends the meaning of the term. I believe that the gift of loving comes only to those who have reached the hills."

She looked at him a little surprised. Always thoughtful, always sympathetic, it was very seldom that she had heard him speak with so much real feeling. Suddenly he turned his head from the sea. His eyes seemed to challenge hers.

"Your question," he continued, "touches upon one of the great tragedies of life. Upon those who are free from their youth there is a great tax levied. Nature has decreed that they should feel something which they call love. They marry, and in this small world of ours they give a hostage as heavy as a millstone to their chances of happiness. For it is only in later life, when a man has knowledge as well as passion, when unless he is fortunate it is too late, that he can know what love is."

(Continued on Page 53

THE KRIS-GIRL

By Beatrice Grimshaw

ILLUSTRATED BY C. D. WILLIAMS

THE STORY OF MERMAID JANE

"He Said It Wasn't a Common Thief, Because Money Was Always Left"

WHEN you get to Australia you think you are there, and then you find out you are not, after all!" was Mrs. Ash's criticism of Torrestown. It is undeniably true that Australia, approached from the back door by way of Malaysia, is not the country known to the orthodox traveler along P. & O. routes. To me, however, it seemed likely to prove decidedly more interesting.

Torrestown—dusty, sandy, glaring, with hot salt-windy streets, mangoes and papaws growing in its back yards, goats sleeping on the footpath of its principal boulevard, and wild-looking, bearded Australian blacks riding about the suburbs on half-tamed horses—had certainly more local color about it than Sydney or Melbourne—or so I imagined, not having seen the latter.

Mrs. Ash had seen both cities after her own fashion—that is, she had journeyed conscientiously with Cristina through all the tourist sights, reading her gardening papers and knitting North Sea fishermen's waistcoats; through the Blue Mountains and the Jenolan Caves; sailing and steaming, woodenly unresponsive, among the world-famous splendors of Sydney Harbor. I think, nevertheless, she regretted Sydney and Melbourne, here in the wilds of tropical North Australia. The housewife who can make a successful fight against the dust of Queensland and the Northern Territory has yet to be born.

It was a matter of silent agreement that I should continue to journey with the party; and, in any case, Torrestown has few calling steamers. We refitted as best we could from the local shops, found quarters in a hotel that looked as though it had not seen a broom since it was built, and settled down to wait for the next Sydney boat.

Torrestown does a good deal of pearling, though not as much as Thursday Island or Broome, and we had a pleasant week or so—at least Cristina and I had—going out with the fleet and seeing the pearl-shell fishery. Mrs. Ash's comment on that industry was characteristic.

"I thought there couldn't be anything in the world dirtier than Malaysia," she said; "but there's one clean thing in Malaysia, and that's the Dutch. There isn't one clean thing of any sort in Torrestown, and pearling is the dirtiest and most disgusting job from Spitzbergen to King Edward VII Land."

Nevertheless, she continued to earn her salary, shedding the respectability that accompanied her three nodding black plumes over places that assuredly had never been so honored before.

Torrestown, like most places of tropical Australia, has a rather large proportion of scamps and ne'er-do-wells of both sexes among its population; it drinks more than a little, and Mrs. Grundy holds the reins of propriety with an uncertain hand.

Yet the people of Torrestown are kind-hearted in the main; generous to their own destruction; impulsively good-natured, on the whole, though impulsively bad-natured now and then. They partake of the nature of their own violent climate. If you offend a man of Torrestown he is your enemy until death; if you are his friend he will stay beside you and die of thirst with you in the wilderness, or jump in among the man-eating sharks to pull you out on a thousand-to-one chance for his life and yours.

There are worse people in the world than the specked and spotted folk of Torrestown. We had not been there

more than a few days when Cristina came up to me under the veranda of the biggest pearl store, where—I must admit—I was secretly pricing rings and comparing them with the size of a certain gold Chinese ring for which I had no liking.

"What do you think?" said the Kris-Girl, twirling her white umbrella round and round above her wide shade hat. "They're at it again here!"

By this time I had learned Cristina's elliptic form of language—enough of it, at least, to understand her, as a rule.

"They are, are they?" I said. "And what is the knot they want you to cut now?"

"Rather a curious one," answered Cristina. "Walk on, and we'll talk about it."

I left the pearl half-hoops behind and sauntered side by side with her along the dry, sandy main street of the town. They build, in these remote places, with a liberal sense of the future—a future that does not always arrive. It had not arrived for Torrestown, but the preparations remained—streets so wide that it was quite a little walk across them; spaces full of nothing but dust and sun and shining tin cans, waiting to be covered with government offices and lofty warehouses that assuredly no one would ever build; fine compounds about the houses, running back into jungle as fast as they could.

Four o'clock was the hour—usually a stirring time in tropical cities; but the population of the main street consisted on that afternoon of nine goats, two hobbled horses, an aboriginal, and a hospital nurse out for a walk. We sauntered aimlessly along, talking. Every one is aimless in Torrestown; every one talks.

"It was at church yesterday—Sunday," explained Cristina. "You didn't go; so you didn't see. When Ashie and I were coming out a queer little man stepped forward from the road and introduced himself to me. He said he was Belleville Hobbs, and that he followed the profession of mule driver for Torrestown and the surrounding country." Cristina exploded slightly; it seemed that Belleville Hobbs had made an impression. "He said he had been deputed by some of the other people of Torrestown to address me, because his profession was one that made a man fluent in his speech."

It was I who exploded now.

"Be quiet," ordered Cristina, "or I can't go on without laughing myself. Mr. Belleville Hobbs told me that they had heard of my celebrity and were anxious to take advantage of it concomitantly with my unexpected visit to Torrestown. He said things were being stolen ——"

"I hope you told him that you weren't a police detective," I said, rather indignantly, for I was growing very jealous of these public claims on the undoubted gifts of my Kris-Girl.

"I didn't tell him anything; it isn't so easy to stem the torrent of Mr. Belleville Hobbs' eloquence—remember all the practice he has on the mules! He said that nothing of any value was going, but small things were being taken from almost every house—half loaves of stale bread, pieces of cotton, knives, a tomahawk or two, fishlines, and so on. He said it wasn't an aboriginal, because books had been taken from time to time; and it wasn't a common thief, because money was always left. They had sat up and watched night after night; but whatever house was watched was always the one to be let alone, and they couldn't watch the whole town.

"And, of course, in such a climate as this there can be no question of shutting up your house. Nobody minded the small things that went, he said; but the 'impermeability of the whole matter' had got on the public mind, and people were even beginning to say that there was something supernatural about it—or, as Mr. Belleville Hobbs put it, that 'the whole thing was not dictated by any being of a contemporaneous kind.'"

"What do you think about it?" I asked.

"You know I never think about things of this kind," said Cristina, as though repelling an offensive insinuation. "I ask myself a question or two ——"

"Whom does it benefit?" I quoted.

"You're learning," said the Kris-Girl. "You've got as far as the point where the police begin—and end. Yes, you ask yourself that. And if there is no answer you shut your think and open your take-in, and just let things run along. You have to be careful not to think; it seems to shut the take-in door. And through that door, when you swing it wide open, come lots and lots of things—some of them of no use and some of them useful. And something in you stretches out a hand to the useful ones and says ——"

"Do you want your tea or do you not?" a voice suddenly interrupted.

It was Mrs. Ash. She had dropped behind for a minute or two—after a praiseworthy fashion she had acquired of late; but one was never left very long without her.

"Did You Never See a Fellow Down on His Luck Before?"

"I know you do, dear Ashie, and we'll go and get it at once," replied Cristina patiently, the curious light dying out of her face and leaving her just an ordinary pretty girl in an ordinary Torrestown muslin frock.

As for me, I lifted my hat and swung off by myself, mentally cursing Mrs. Ash's anxiety to earn her salary.

I wanted Cristina to come for a stroll in the moonlight after dinner, but she could not be moved from the drawing room of the hotel where, among the awful relics of mid-Victorian furniture that one finds cast away on the shores of these desolate upcountry hotels, she was sitting on a sofa surrounded by newspapers. A table drawn up before her was full of newspapers also, and there were more on the floor.

"Thank you, I want to read," was all the reply I got.

I took up some of the papers at random. Torrestown Weekly Courier, Torrestown Saturday Times, was what I read. Cristina was going through back numbers of the local press.

"But, Miss Raye," I said, "this thing is comparatively new; it has been happening only during the last few weeks, so far as I can gather. What is the good of going over all those old papers?"

Cristina flapped her handkerchief at me as though I was an intrusive chicken.

"Shoo!" she said.

I shooed. I went out into the immense, desolate main street of Torrestown under a moon of impossible silver brilliancy, and wandered up and down among the goats and tin cans, waiting until it should be time for bed. There were a few unhappy-looking coconut palms near the jetty; they shook in the wind that blew up from the Timor Sea.

A sudden sense of the map of Australia came into my mind, and I saw Torrestown cast away, as it were, on the endless, desert northern coast of this far-away continent. Where was the multitudinous brilliant East we had left but a day or two behind us? I think no traveler, with a mind above the level of the beasts that perish, could cross the mysterious sea frontier of Wallace's line without marveling over many things that he is not able to understand.

Mr. Belleville Hobbs, alone in the deserted street, went past me at five minutes after the eleven-o'clock closing time with a determinedly steady step. I knew him at once; there was something in the very cock of his cabbage-tree hat and the lines of his loose-belted shirt that advertised his profession, even though one had not noted the spurred feet and the high-heeled roughrider's boots.

He was not entirely sober. He jerked his head at me as he went by with an odd sort of defiance, and asked:

"Are you her bloke?"

Without waiting for an answer he went on. I found myself wondering at the number and variety of Cristina's victims; and then that wonderment died away in another: Was I her bloke?

The wind—the lonely wind of North Australia—hallooing among the palms beside the Timor Sea, had no reply for me.

Cristina hired a sloop next day, an unpleasant vessel with a cockpit cabin and one leg like a grasshopper's. I believe that is not the correct definition, but I can only describe the Colonel Burns—such was her inappropriate name—as she appeared to me.

We spent a not very happy morning in her. I do not enjoy the motion of small sailing boats, and Mrs. Ash, though unaffected by seasickness as apparently by all other weaknesses of humanity, did not seem to think that the owner and skipper was giving value for his employer's money.

"Don't tell me he can't go straighter than that if he likes!" she said bitterly, as we tacked and tacked against the trades on our way to a little island that Cristina had some fancy to visit. "You may say what you like about slants and boards; I only ask you: Are you paying by the hour or are you not? You are? Then don't talk to me!"

We visited quite a lot of small coral islands before luncheon time, having started early from the hotel. Torrestown, like most Northern Australia settlements, has a perfect constellation of these wonderful sea gems at her very gates. Each was more or less like the last, and yet each seemed lovelier than its fellows.

The soft sloping beaches of sand that looked like powdered sugar; the little green lawns—"those Paul and Virginia sort of places," as Cristina called them—running right down to the water's edge between high walls of leafage; the bare-branched flame trees, alight with vermilion flowers; the long, long fingers of convolvulus, reaching out to the water across the sand—these were the same in every island.

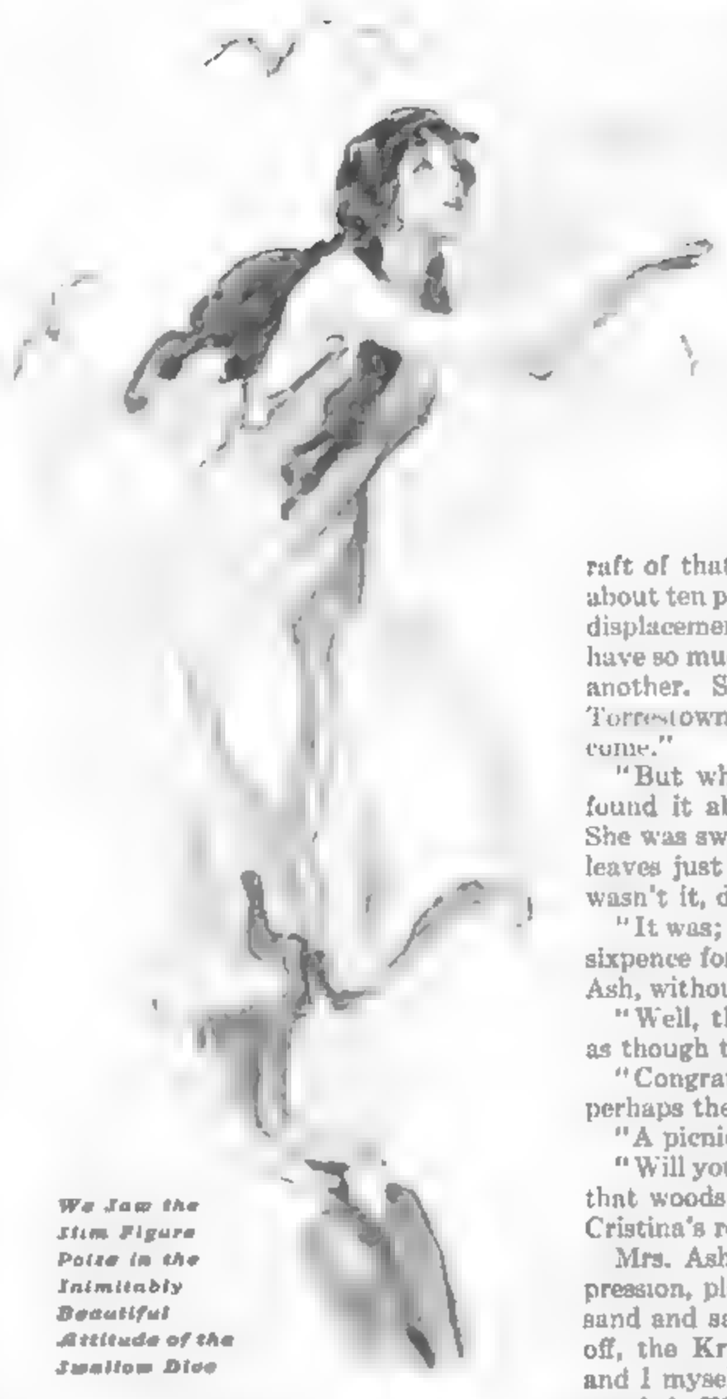
Some were round and solid, like plates, and others held an aquamarine-colored lagoon in the center, much larger than the slender wreath of island that surrounded it—these were atolls, Cristina said, and her favorites—while others were set in surrounding moats of wonderful pale-green water, breaking sharply off into the Prussian blue of the outer sea.

There was a wonderful, haunting fascination about them all—about their leaning ivory-stemmed palms, dropping colossal nuts from the far-up crowns; about the unexpected fairy glades, sown with strange flowers, that we found hidden in the arms of tangled forests; about the dead-white sands, unmarked by any foot save our own, where yellow wild oranges, pandanus fruit, lay undisturbed

on the wide, wave-penciled floor.

In the pullulating human ant hill called Malaysia, what does one know of the charm of island life? One must cross Wallace's sea frontier to feel it—at least that was how it seemed to me, Robert Garden, senior partner in the firm of Garden Brothers, Limited, wandering here in the East beyond the East, where I had no conceivable right to be.

Cristina seemed to be getting slightly dispirited by the time half the morning had worn away. I did not in the least know what she might be about; but, whatever it was, it was not prospering. We went over island after island, Mrs. Ash tramping with us determinedly, her impassive face regarding, with equal absence of interest, atoll, lagoon, green lawn and leaning palm.



We Saw the Slim Figure Poise in the Inimitably Beautiful Attitude of the Swallow Dive

We stopped at last on the beach of the last and largest island, which lay some four miles from Torrestown. We had inspected the place, had circled the edges of the dense thicket of hibiscus, cottonwood, wild fig and other trees, which filled the middle of the island; had looked at and admired the hundred-foot limestone crag that stood up like a spire above the green deeps of the lagoon; had tramped along the shore at high-water mark, looking for heaven knows what.

Cristina gave up at last, declared herself tired, and sat plump down on the sand. Mrs. Ash, as in duty bound, told her she would "take her death," and, finding her warning useless, began to pace back and forth on the beach, awaiting Cristina's pleasure to go.

I shared in the Kris-Girl's disappointment, though I did not know what it was about; and, further, I had certain worries of my own, which kept me from being uproariously cheerful at any time. So I stood near her, looking out at the blinding green of the lagoon and the blinding blue of the outer sea; listening to the dry patter of the palm leaves as the southeast trade wind shook their plumes, and thinking that there was, after all, something hard and heartless in these places of eternal summer.

On this Cristina burst out laughing, and I looked to see what the matter might be. The reader may believe me or not, but it is true that that housewifely person, Mrs. Ash, was tidying up the island—tidying up Michaelmas Island, the largest of the Dampier Group, off Torrestown, in the Timor Sea.

She was walking down the strand, a good way off, pushing loose palm leaves and streaks of weed away from the ivory smoothness of the low-water beach into the slowly retreating ripples. I do not think the good lady knew what she was about; doubtless her mind was far away in Kensington and the parks of smoky London, leaving her body to act mechanically after its accustomed way.

"Look!" said Cristina naughtily. "The dear thing is setting out to sweep the Timor Sea."

"It sounds like a pirate," I said, rather weakly, and then was conscious that I was speaking to myself alone. The Kris-Girl had suddenly risen and with that wonderful light speed of hers was running down the beach. I saw her pounce on something just as Mrs. Ash was about to sweep it into the sea.

"You builded better than you knew, dear chaperon," I heard her say. Naturally I had followed her.

Some women would have asked for an explanation. Mrs. Ash's fine contempt for what she did not understand never failed her.

"I suppose you will order the man to sail us back some time or other," she said. "You may not have noticed it, but they have a very inferior system of warming up food in that hotel."

Cristina made no answer; she was fingering what she had picked up. It did not look very interesting—a sort of toy raft, two or three feet long, apparently made by some child from the kind of material handy in the neighborhood of Torrestown—light, corky wood lashed together with strips of fibrous bark, and pointed fore and aft. A long bark cord trailed from what seemed to be the forward end.

"I suppose that's some kid's toy which has drifted over from the town," was my remark.

Cristina's face took on a mischievous sparkle.

"I congratulate you," she said. "It looks like that, doesn't it?"

"It couldn't be anything else," I said, encouraged. "You see, a raft of that size could not support more than about ten pounds' weight. I know a little about displacements," I explained apologetically; "we have so much shipping business of one kind and another. So, you see, it must be a toy, and Torrestown is the place from which it must have come."

"But what," asked Cristina, "if Mrs. Ash found it above high-water mark, as she did? She was sweeping away a bunch of dried palm leaves just there and the raft was under it—wasn't it, dear?"

"It was; they charge a minimum of two and sixpence for meals out of hours," replied Mrs. Ash, without a break.

"Well, then," I answered briskly, "it looks as though there had been a picnic here."

"Congratulations again! There has been, and perhaps there is," said Cristina.

"A picnic now?"

"Will you come and take another walk round that woods in the middle of the island?" was Cristina's reply.

Mrs. Ash, with a God-give-me-patience expression, placed the raft on a sloping bank of sand and sat down on it. Cristina and I went off, the Kris-Girl looking particularly bright, and I myself—I must confess—feeling a little puzzled. We began to circle the woods; but we had not gone more than a third round it before we heard steps—soft steps on the sand—behind us.

"I never saw an old lady with such a conscience!" I exclaimed, feeling a little sore at the constant shadowing.

"Oh, yes, you did!" replied Cristina. "I will bet you a—a sack of gum dammar"—I know I blushed at this—"that isn't Mrs. Ash at all."

"But who could it ——" I swung round and looked behind me.

Cristina turned after the deliberate fashion of one who knows what she is going to see.

"It's the picnic," she said, with a single glance.

It was a young man—a smallish young man of twenty or thereabout, dressed in a rough loose shirt and trousers some sizes too large for him. His feet were bare; he was badly sunburned, and he had very dark, defiant eyes.

There was something attractive about his face and yet something I did not like. He looked to me just the sort of young scamp one is apt to meet in out-of-the-way corners of the Empire—a lad who sticks at nothing, and yet contrives, by some worthless gift of personal charm, to evade most of the consequences of his own ill deeds.

However, whatever his ill deeds had been, if any, they did not seem to have prospered him much. Even his clothes were clearly not his own. What was he doing there, hidden on Michaelmas Island all by himself? And was he responsible for the thefts that had been disturbing the town? Just as likely as not.

"But how can you think that when he has no boat?" said Cristina at this point, answering the thought in my mind after a rather startling fashion.

The young man was coming nearer; it was plain he meant to speak to us.

"He might have a canoe," I said rather sulkily, for I felt I was being played with.

"They have had the shore watched for boats and canoes, of course; Mr. Belleville Hobbs said so," replied Cristina, and by this time the barefooted person in the misfit clothes was so close that we had to stop.

He looked at us boldly with his sharp black eyes—they were handsome eyes, too, and I did not like to see Cristina regarding him with the interest that she undoubtedly displayed—and said:

"Can you oblige me with a cigarette?"

"You look as though you fed on them; I know your kind," was my mental remark. Aloud I said merely: "Sorry; I smoke a pipe."

"I'll take some tobacco and a bit of paper then," he said coolly.

I gave them to him and he began rolling a cigarette with eager fingers. The skin was deeply bronzed, but not so much so that I could not see the stain of nicotine on one slight forefinger.

"Any matches?" he said.

I gave them, and he lit the cigarette and sucked it greedily. All this time Cristina was looking at him, and I—I must confess—was growing angrier and angrier at her obvious interest in the handsome young waster.

"Did you never see a fellow down on his luck before?" he said to her with a tone in his voice which made me feel that I would like to thrash him.

Cristina, oddly enough, did not avert her gaze. Not even when the young wretch deliberately winked at her did she turn away, and her calm, pale face showed no trace of a blush.

"Look here," said I; "I don't know what brings you here or what your confounded name is ——"

"Smith—John Smith," he interrupted, grinning.

"—— but I can tell you that if you don't behave more respectfully to this lady ——"

"Mr. Garden, I'm going home," interrupted Cristina; and I could see she was suppressing a laugh.

It occurred to me that the best and most modest of women has a streak of plain brass somewhere in her composition if you are unlucky enough to light on it.

"You are not staying on this island?" she threw out at the man.

"Got it in one," he nodded. "Staying over at the native village there, beyond Torrestown a good way. The confounded niggers were to have called to take me back in their canoe, but they haven't turned up yet."

"We can give you a seat as far as Torrestown in our sloop," offered Cristina. She was looking at Smith very closely, but I could not see what she was looking at.

"No, thanks; I don't want to go to that hole. The niggers for me!" replied the man.

He seemed to feel the roughness of his clothes a good deal—small wonder, in the case of such a dainty little lady as Cristina—and I thought that he actually winced under her look; but he carried it off with another wink and a "So long!" as we turned away. I felt my fingers tingling.

"Of all the confounded young cubs!" I said.

(Continued on Page 61)

"Poor Soul, She Is Brave! She Says She Will Let Us Take Her Away"

THE TAMING OF AMORETTE

By ANNE WARNER

ILLUSTRATED BY CLARENCE F. UNDERWOOD

XVII

EDGAR'S voice, asking if he might have a whisky and soda, broke the spell of Amorette's conjecture over the second message. "I really need it," he explained. "You can't appreciate what this means to me."

Amorette was instantly all sympathy again. "I do appreciate, Edgar," she assured him. "I raised your hopes only to cast them down. But I shall always be your friend just the same. I want you still to think of me as your good angel."

For a very brief moment he looked puzzled. Then he said: "It was Sprague who raised my hopes. You only knocked them from under me."

The truth was that the obtruding incident of the message had quite banished Edgar's financial affairs from her mind. To find that her recent disclosures concerning Sprague still held first place in his thoughts, that he had apparently already forgotten his mad desire to carry her off, was a cruel blow to her self-esteem.

"Oh," she exclaimed peevishly, "it was your miserable pounds, shillings and pence you were thinking of! And yet to read your letters and hear you talk a little while ago I might have believed that I was more to you than anything in the world. I truly have had a narrow escape."

"But you know as well as I do that I couldn't make you happy without money."

"Geoffrey Girard could make me happy with bread and cheese and kisses," was how she plunged the knife in and twisted it round.

At that Edgar sprang up in a rage. "Then why did you leave him?" he asked, stung beyond all bearing and irritated by her harping on love when he wished to learn all she knew of Sprague and his chicanery.

"Because I'm a selfish, perverse, unreasonable woman," she freely admitted.

"You certainly are," Carlisle agreed, turning to where the house telephone beckoned from the mantelshelf. "Otherwise you would have ordered that whisky for me long ago."

"Whisky isn't good for you," she declared.

"No more are disappointments," was his reply, "and you don't mind letting me have those by the jugful. Shall I order for myself?"

Instantly she was upon him, clutching his arm.

"Good heavens, no! Do you want to compromise me eternally? Fancy how that would sound in the divorce court—'The gentleman ordered whisky sent to the room where they were alone together.'"

"Then you order it," he yielded.

"That would be far worse. Do, please, Edgar, consider my position. You should never have come up here. You should have sent your card and I would have seen you in the *salon*."

"Then I'll go down now," he said. "I must have that drink."

"Go, then, by all means. First I'm secondary to your money; now I'm secondary to a whisky and soda. I haven't a shred of vanity left."

Edgar thrust his hands deep in his trousers pockets and stamped the floor in the floodtide of his annoyance. "You're most exasperating!" he growled. "A little while ago you rudely bade me get out. Now you complain because I ——"

To his further irritation she smiled sweetly. "I am thinking only of your good. You must stop here until you calm yourself. If it is your intention to take up that Sprague matter you need a perfectly clear head. Sit down again and I'll tell you all I know about it."

When he had deposited his long, lank figure in the chair from which he had but a moment before arisen, Amorette took a seat on the end of a sofa at his right. In momentary consideration of whether or not to begin with the Channel boat episode she glanced down at her hands and perceived that she was still holding the sheet of paper with the puzzling calligraphy. Instantly she passed it to Carlisle.

"Tell me," she demanded in eager animation: "do you recognize that handwriting?"

Almost as eagerly the young man gazed at it through his thick lenses, thinking it was Sprague's.

"No, I don't," he snapped. "What's that got to do with it?"

"Do with what?"

"With the Sprague matter."

"Oh, nothing at all. You see this was just brought up to the room here. I can't quite make it out. I thought you could possibly help me. It is most mysterious."

Edgar's broad shoulders ground into the back of his chair.

"Are you quite sure you didn't wire some other man to save you from an unappreciative husband?" he asked querulously.

Whereat she assumed an air of deepest injury. "Edgar," she murmured softly, "that is unworthy of you."

"Now that I come to think of it," he said, his good humor partially revived by her tone, "it looks something like Clovelly's handwriting."

She snatched it back at once.

"They've Convicted Your Friend Upon the Testimony of Mrs. Paul Burrows"

"Why, yes, it does, doesn't it? But it can't be. What would Clovelly be doing here? No, it must be only a resemblance. Still, he is as likely as any one else. There's not a soul knows I am here except you and the man that put me in the cab last night."

Edgar frowned again. "Perhaps it's the man that put you in the cab last night then," he suggested. "Don't you know his band?"

"I don't even know his name."

Edgar's square shoulders shrugged. "If I were your husband," he grumbled, "I'd see that you didn't take up with strangers. To get on with me you'd have to walk a straight and narrow line, my lady."

"Then I'd never get on with you, because you'd make the straight and narrow line too unattractive. The only perfectly good husband—I'm speaking now of Mr. Geoffrey Girard—urges his wife to take pleasure where she finds it. The more curved and broad the line, the more he indorses it. Therefore with natural feminine contrariety I take the straight and narrow from choice."

"And let men whose names you don't know put you in cabs," sneered Mr. Carlisle.

"There is certainly no harm in a man putting a lady in a cab unless he follows her, is there?"

Edgar arose in annoyance. "I thought you were going to tell me about Sprague," he said. "If not I'll bid you good afternoon. To be quite frank, the last thing I came here for was to hear you apotheosize your husband."

Then hastily Amorette told him everything she knew, omitting only the meeting on the Channel boat. She told him that she was never more surprised in her life than when Sprague got into the same compartment with her on the Paris train.

"Never more surprised, that is," she added, "until I saw him taken off by a *gendarme* the minute he put his foot on the platform at the *Quai d'Austerlitz*. The crowd called him everything from pickpocket to assassin, but I knew at once that it was his worthless mines."

"How did you know at once?" Edgar asked, hoping against hope that she was not absolutely sure.

"My woman's instinct first, and then ——"

"And then what?"

"The man that put me in the cab."

"Oh, hang the man that put you in the cab! What did he know about it?"

"Nothing, except that he had come all the way from New York with extradition papers," she answered calmly. "It was getting a stolen glimpse of him at Chinon that frightened Sprague into running away. He was a very nice, gentlemanly little fellow, the man that put me in the cab. I noticed particularly that he had the brightest, cleverest, yet kindest blue eyes I ever looked into. Mr. Girard's eyes are brown, you know."

"Hang Mr. Girard!" he blurted. "Where ——"

"Edgar," she reproved, "I'm amazed at you. Here I take the trouble to give you all these particulars, and you ——"

But he interrupted her: "I'm sorry then. Don't hang him. But tell me where I can find out something about this matter. If they take that Sprague back to New York I'll never get a cent."

"The man that put me in the cab might tell you."

"But how in the world am I to find him?"

"There is just one chance that it is his car that's at the corner." She got up quickly and glanced at herself in a mirror. "I'll arrange it. Just wait a minute until I do my hair over and we'll go down together. I'm tired to death of this room anyhow. I must get into the open air."

Edgar reached for his hat and stick. "Very good," he said, "except that I'll go down first and wait for you. You see it wouldn't be quite nice ——"

But Amorette got the hat and stick first.

"You'll do nothing of the kind," she objected. "Wouldn't be quite nice indeed! I'm sure you've seen your sisters do their hair many a time. Surely if I don't mind you needn't. And to amuse yourself while you're waiting you'd better wash your face and hands. They certainly need it. And your glasses are so thick with fingermarks I don't see how you can see through them." She turned to the dressing

table and began taking out her hairpins. "You may as well make up your mind to do without that whisky and soda, for you are not going to get it while you are with me."

In stolid silence Edgar removed his coat, unhooked his cufflinks, and turned back his shirtsleeves. Then he lifted the water jug, there being no running water in the room, and began pouring into the basin.

"I mean always to be your good angel," Amorette continued, "I told my husband about it and he thoroughly approves. Therefore, I do not intend that you shall drown your sorrows over Mr. Sprague or me—or both of us together—in the flowing bowl. Indeed, I am more than half inclined to keep right with you until the temptation is past."

Edgar caught her reflection in the mirror over the washstand. The loose sleeves of her blouse slipping back from her uplifted arms had left them bare. And they were very beautiful arms. Her hair loosed, rippled in bright ruddy waves to her perfect shoulders. The picture was ravishing. It swept away all his resentment and flooded him with covetous longing. He would have given anything to turn and embrace her on the instant. But on the instant he couldn't. His hands were slimy with soap. But he broke his silence.

"If you'll promise to stay with me until I take another drink," he amorously suggested, "it's all I ask."

Amorette didn't like his tone. With hairbrush in hand she turned rather sharply just as he plunged his face into his two hands full of soapy water. And she was spellbound apparently by the spectacle he presented. After a second or two his face came up dripping. Collarless, scarfless, his eyes denuded of their familiar thick lenses, his long sinewy neck bare, his fair hair in unbecoming disarray, he was an object the reverse of attractive. Blinking, he turned for a towel and dimly got sight of her.

In his blindness he failed to distinguish her expression from her attitude. He saw only that she had faced him, and he missed her look of manifest disillusion and repugnance and fancied in his vanity that her mood was melting. With hands and face but half dried in his haste to seize the opportunity he lunged forward, with long arms extended octopus-like, to enfold her. But she sensed his intention almost before he dropped his towel, and at the first movement she screamed and impulsively hurled the hairbrush. It caught him over the eye, and he halted, astounded and hurt.

"Oh, Edgar," she cried, remorseful on the instant, "I hope I didn't pain you. But you must be a gentleman. I am at the mercy of your honor; and if you haven't that you haven't anything."

He was clasping his bruised brow with one of his still moist hands. She could see a tear in the other eye. He did not speak. He was too stunned.

And then Amorette, but half-contented and still trembling at the horror of the embrace so narrowly averted, flung another verbal javelin:

"You have your good points, of course, Edgar; but I can never be half thankful enough that I didn't marry you. Had I done so I must certainly have left you on our wedding night. Do you always look like that when you wash your face?"

XVIII

IT WAS ultimately arranged, in order to avoid the slightest appearance of anything compromising, that Amorette and Edgar should not descend from the room at the same time. So she went first and he was to follow after an interval of five minutes.

As the result of deliberate consideration she had decided to return to Chinon by the first train. She had taken no step that could possibly be regarded as irretrievable. Her conduct with Edgar had been circumspect to a degree, and there was no reason why she should tell her husband that she had so much as seen him. Liberal-minded as Girard was, he must see at once, especially in view of the telegram she had sent him, that he was himself wholly to blame for her little excursion. The only result, she hoped, would be to teach him never again to arouse her jealousy and make her terribly unhappy by renewing old acquaintances with fair women. That was something no self-respecting wife would stand without protest. And her protest had been by action rather than by word.

She carried her small handbag with her and stopped at the desk to settle her bill. This occupied some little time, and when it was completed and she turned away she found that Edgar was waiting for her. As he had failed to consult the railway guide for her she had been put to the necessity of making inquiry at the desk, and had just learned that there was no departing train until eight-twenty.

"I Mean Always to be Your Good Angel"

"So," she said to Edgar, "there will be ample opportunity for you to take me to dinner. And if you are very, very good you may have some champagne."

Edgar said he would be only too delighted; but he hoped she would first ascertain whether the man that put her in the cab the night before was really the man who was waiting round the corner in the high-powered car.

"Whoever is waiting in the high-powered car," she returned crisply, "will probably be glad to take me to dinner without making any conditions. If I like his looks better than yours I shall probably let him."

Her manner and tone were so like that of a wife rebuking her husband that it was no more than natural for the young Frenchman who was following their every movement from the semi-obscurity of an orange tree's shadow to conclude they were so related. Amorette had just finished her witheringly reproachful threat when something startled her. From out of the circumambient ether there fell upon her ears softly but unmistakably that sibilant signal:

"Pst! Pst!"

She turned quickly, half in alarm, half in curiosity. A little man in a pearl gray suit and a soft hat of the same delicate shade, with the eye of a peacock feather protruding from the band, was shaking a slender bamboo cane at her from behind a diminutive *Citrus Aurantium*.

At the distance and in the shadow his features were not clearly distinguishable. But to her own rushed a flood of color, and clutching Edgar's arm with a grip that surprised him she hurried him from the hotel.

What did it mean? Unquestionably this was the person who had so mysteriously whispered over the telephone. Was it an attempt to engage her attention with a view to inviting an intrigue? Or was the creature mad? Either solution was alarming enough, and she trembled to think what might have happened had Edgar not been with her.

As they came into the street a fresh surprise awaited her. Of all persons in the world to be standing directly before the door of this remote and sequestered little Paris hotel, his back to the roadway, this immaculately garbed gentleman with the military air was the least to be expected.

"Captain Cayley!" she exclaimed. But the pleasure in her voice gave way instantly to a quaver of embarrassment, for she was still clinging to Edgar's arm with seemingly affectionate tenacity.

Captain Cayley lifted his shining top hat.

"Charmed, Mrs. Girard," he said with striking formality. "I am really, I assure you."

"Fancy you here," she added fatuously.

"Yes, fancy," he returned. "Fancy us both here. Odd, by Jove, isn't it?"

She looked at Edgar, then back at Cayley. "You know Mr. Carlisle, I think," she said, and knew that in spite of herself she was growing more and more embarrassed.

The men bowed to each other rather stiffly.

"It—it's all right then?" There was something confidential in the way the captain put the question to her. She didn't in the least understand it, but she said the obvious thing:

"Oh, yes, to be sure. All right; quite all right."

"I'm glad of that," Cayley replied, and she was more perplexed than ever.

"My—my husband's with me, you know," she added, lying barefacedly in an effort to rid him of any misapprehension.

"Ah!" Cayley murmured noncommittally; and then after a slight pause: "Yes, yes, of course. I daresay."

Edgar seemed to appreciate the strain of the situation. "I see there's a motor car at the corner," he suggested.

"Oh, yes," Amorette said. "It's been waiting some time. Sorry we haven't more time for a chat, Captain Cayley; but I -I've to pick up Mr. Girard, and—and —"

Cayley bowed and extended a perfectly gloved hand.

"I recognized the car," he volunteered. "It's Clovelly's, isn't it? The limousine he keeps always here in Paris. Didn't I see Clovelly inside it'"

But now Amorette was speechless. Clovelly! It was his handwriting then. And it must have been Cayley who sent up that penciled: "On Guard." Of course it was. But why? Why? Why? The thing was dumfounding.

She mumbled something and tore away.

"It's at the other corner," Edgar, following, called after her. "You're going in the wrong direction."

But she paid no heed, except that she walked faster. One corner was about as near as the other. The hotel was midway between two cross-streets. And when she reached this other corner a motor car was there, too—a big gray one without a top.

At sight of it Amorette stopped short, gazing.

"Why, it's ours," she cried; and Edgar very softly, matter-of-factly and disinterestedly said:

"Is it?"

There was a man sitting behind the steering wheel whom she had never seen before. For a moment she thought she must be wrong about the car. But, no, there was that bent lamp; there were the dozen other identifying marks by which any owner of a car can pick his own in the dark.

She spoke to the occupant: "For whom are you waiting?"

"*Pour M'sieu Burrows.*"

M'sieu Burrows! She had never heard the name.

"But it's Mr. Girard's car. Where is Mr. Girard?"

The man shook his head. It was evident he had never so much as heard of Mr. Girard, for he shrugged his shoulders as well. And then her heart sank, for at sight of the car she had been sure that Geoffrey had followed her.

"Where did Mr. Burrows come from in the car?" she next asked.

"From Chinon," was the answer.

Could it be that Geoffrey had taken the name? But why should he? And what was he doing with this strange chauffeur instead of Biggs?

"And where is he going?"

"Back to Chinon."

"When?"

"Now—in a moment."

"But where is he?"

He pointed to a tobacco shop behind her. At that same instant she saw, as she turned, a slender, nervous-appearing young man, with the clearest of clear blue eyes, coming through the shop door.

"The man who put me in the cab!" she cried.

He recognized her, too, instantly.

"Take me back to Chinon with you?" she asked, though it was really more of a command than a request. "I missed my train and the eight-twenty won't get me there until nearly three in the morning."

The "good, brave Paul" smiled as he gave assent. "I'll be delighted," he said. "The roads are good and we shall have moonlight nearly all the way."

"And we'll stop for dinner where we find appetite," she proposed, smiling back. To Edgar she offered a slim, cool hand: "You'll have to drink your champagne alone, I fear."

But he had heard her cry at sight of the young American, and he was not to be put off.

"Mr. Burrows," he said boldly, "I understand that you had something to do with bringing this fellow Sprague to book. Perhaps you'll tell me what steps I'd best take to recover from him."

Burrows was handing Amorette into the tonneau.

"You don't recover from him," he answered Carlisle over his shoulder. And he followed Mrs. Girard.

The car started. Amorette waved a hand and smiled. Burrows lifted his hat. Edgar, dazed and miserable, was left standing by the curbstone.

XIX

THEY were dining in the open at Versailles—Amorette and Paul Burrows. And they were laughing like a pair of happy children.

"It is so comfortable to possess a perfect husband," she was saying, a beautiful hand poised between plate and lips, a well-dressed white lettuce leaf in her fingers. "Mr. Girard never makes a mistake. Sometimes, just to please me, you know, he lets me think he has; and after I have enjoyed the novelty of it to the full I find that it wasn't a mistake at all, but the only right and proper thing to be done under the circumstances. And then I admire him more than ever, and I'm twice pleased. Isn't it a good plan?"

Burrows reveled in her enthusiasm. He was telling himself that this pretty, light-hearted young matron "hit him in the right place."

"I confess I'm not crazy about Englishmen *en masse*," he said, "but Mr. Girard is fine enough to be a Yankee. I like him down to the ground. If it hadn't been for his putting this car at my service I'd never have been anywhere near Paris when Sprague got there. He saw himself that your man would never do to drive it either. He's a nice, quiet, careful English chauffeur—warranted safe for ladies and children—but not at all the stuff when every second counts."

Her clear laugh set the leaves of the horse chestnut lightly vibrating above their heads. "Biggs never turns a corner without stopping and blowing the horn twice," she affirmed.

"I ran the machine into Tours and picked this chap up there. He's the possessor of fourteen medals for breaking speed records, and he knows every short-cut in the republic. We made Paris in three hours without blowing a tube."

"And we were seven hours on that stupid train."

"I've often wondered," observed Burrows without a smile, "why they don't adopt mule-power on the French railways."

Amorette was an adept at questioning and cross-questioning. There were few barristers who could so successfully plumb the depths of a witness' knowledge. She had from Burrows his life story almost before he knew it, and he wasn't stupid either—not by any means. In this way she learned that he was twenty-six years old, an orphan, a graduate of Yale, the junior member of a big New York law firm, and on the eve of marriage with the most charming of Frenchwomen—the widow of a naval officer, who had been impoverished by the machination of the scoundrel Sprague.

"Oh, how romantic!" she cried as he finished telling his story. They were in the car by now and gliding through the moonlight night with an unjarring speed to make the wind envious. "Please tell me all about her"

And he told her. He described her so accurately that she couldn't help but recognize in the description the woman she had seen her husband with and had grown jealous of. And then he told her why Suzanne Bougereau was at Chinon, and the part she had played in bringing about the apprehension of the swindler.

"She is beautiful," said Amorette. "And she must be clever. Does she love you very, very much?"

"Love me!" Burrows repeated proudly. "Why, she can't see any other man" And it didn't sound boastful either

"Won't she be jealous when she finds that you and I——"

He didn't permit her to finish.

"We've both cut out the jealousy stuff," he interrupted. "Our love is built on mutual trust. Otherwise we could never have been happy with the sea dividing us, or known a moment's peace."

The way he said it made Amorette feel ashamed of herself. It gave her an altogether different viewpoint.

"Love without trust isn't a desirable thing. It's the cruelest kind of torture," he went on. "If you love right you'll trust to the limit. Now if you don't mind I'll show you just what I mean. It's about you and your husband."

"I don't mind," Amorette returned eagerly. "Do show me."

"Well, it's just this. You went off last night to Paris on the same train with Sprague. You'd been with him all the morning. Your husband didn't tell me that; Suzanne did. She didn't know your name, but she described you. You didn't even bid Mr. Girard good-by. Ninety-nine men out of a hundred would have gone mad with jealousy. They'd have taken the next train in pursuit, and if they didn't kill you both they would have applied for a divorce. But your husband isn't that sort. He loves you too much to be that sort, and in spite of the way things appear he is confident that you love him just as much as he loves you. Therefore he knows that no matter what you may appear to be doing it is just a little freak of impulse, and that at the crucial moment you'll remember a lot of things and turn squarely about face. So instead of following you—why he could have come with me in this car and intercepted you, if he'd felt like it—he stays quietly there in Chinon, satisfied that you'll soon be rushing back to him, just as you are doing now, and loving him better than you ever thought possible before"

For a full minute Amorette sat silent. There was a lump in her throat and there was a wet feeling on her cheeks beneath her veil. Finally in a thin, little, uncertain, quavering voice she said: "Where are we now?"

"Mr. Girard is Fine Enough to be a Yankee. I Like Him Down to the Ground"

Burrows leaned forward and questioned the demon chauffeur.

"That was Vendôme we just passed. We'll be in Chinon, at this rate, in an hour and a half," he told her.

"Do make him go faster," she urged. "Why, we're barely crawling."

XX

AMORETTE knew that she had been very naughty. Suddenly her fault had assumed the weight of the old man of the sea bearing down upon her frail shoulders; and to the rhythm of the racing car there ran through her mind in ceaseless refrain the echo of that line from the Litany: "Have mercy upon us miserable sinners!"

Geoffrey hitherto had been indulgence itself; but as the moment of facing him grew more and more imminent, she grew more and more afraid that his patience was not without limit and that this time her rebellion had found it.

If he would roar at her as he had done that day after their wedding in Paris she wouldn't so much mind; but if he reproached her pathetically with sad eyes she'd die. Yes, she'd just wretchedly give up the ghost. She couldn't—she knew she couldn't stand it. And yet she felt that she deserved the worst. She imagined a dozen ways in which she might be received, but when she was actually there, when the awful moment arrived, she realized at once that her imagination had never come anywhere near the reality.

The road before the inn was as bright as day under the full moon. They had swept up to the entrance almost at top speed; then slipped and slid to an abrupt stop; and there was Girard waiting, and beside him Suzanne Bougereau, and behind him Gilbert Ray.

Frightened, she had sprung up at once, and before she knew what was happening her husband had stretched out his arms for her and had lifted her to the pavement without stopping to open the tonneau door. In less than an instant her veil had been torn away and he had kissed her rapturously on her cool, bloodless, seared lips

"And did you get Cousin Martha's secret?" he asked Those were his very first words.

She hadn't the faintest idea what he was talking about, of course; and he knew she hadn't. So without giving her a chance to answer he hurried on with: "Ray insists I told him Cousin Martha lived in Yorkshire, but I know I didn't. How could I? We both know that she's been living at Neuilly for the last ten years, don't we?"

Amorette understood; understood fully now, and hugged him with all her strength as she said: "Quite ten years; yes, indeed."

Then they released each other, and Amorette shook Gilbert Ray's hand and asked after Madeleine and the children. Burrows introduced Suzanne to her, and each said very nice things to the other, Suzanne in her quaint English, which was all that was needed to add the capstone to Amorette's now thoroughly amused good humor.

Then husband and wife went, merrily chatting, up to their rooms together. As soon as the door was closed and they were quite alone, with no light but that of the moon which flooded in between the white curtains, Amorette threw herself into Geoffrey's arms once more, and laughed and cried by turns in a fit of the most delicious hysterics she had ever experienced. When she had enjoyed herself in this way as long as her husband thought was good for her he kissed away all the tears that he could, and finished the rest with his handkerchief.

"Now," he said, "suppose you sit down in that rocking-chair by the window, and I'll ——"

"No," was her counter-proposition. "You sit down in that rocking-chair by the window first, and then I'll sit on your lap."

Girard accepted her plan, and when his arms were round her and her head was on his shoulder he said: "I want to tell you, my darling, that ——"

"I want to tell you first," she interrupted again, "that I am hideously ashamed of myself, and I'll never do it again—never, never, never!"

(Continued on Page 57

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PHILADELPHIA, OCTOBER 24, 1914

Temperance in Virginia

OBVIOUSLY incorrect newspaper headlines say that Virginia has gone dry by some thirty thousand majority. What they mean is that a majority of voters expressed a preference for state-wide prohibition—which has much less relation to a state's actually going dry than an individual's signing of the pledge has to his keeping sober. When a toper swears off he is at least unanimous about it. All of him, for the time, is sincerely devoted to temperance. A state that votes for prohibition always contains a considerable minority whose individual convictions are wet.

Otherwise voting for prohibition and signing the pledge are much alike. In each case a solemn undertaking to abjure intoxicants is put on record. In each case putting the undertaking on record is merely a beginning. The state that votes for prohibition writes a pledge to suppress the sale of liquor; but that piece of paper no more suppresses the liquor traffic than an individual's pledge makes him impervious to alcohol.

To uproot the liquor traffic where it has long flourished means years of unflagging vigilance. If Virginia keeps her pledge some five years from now it may be said truthfully that the state has gone dry. If she does not keep it she had better not have taken it. Bogus prohibition has hindered the solution of the temperance problem in this country.

An Indiana Idea

WELLS liable to infection; flies swarming about food; living and sleeping rooms into which sunlight rarely enters; windows hermetically sealed from one month to another in cold weather; criminal carelessness about contagious disease; dirty butcher shops and fruit stands—all those things are still amazingly common in the country. Nearly half the people who die in Indiana between the ages of fifteen and thirty-five die of preventable disease; and in that respect Indiana is strictly typical.

"Now, therefore," says the governor's proclamation, "I do proclaim October the second, 1914, as disease-prevention day; and I urge that such exercises be given in the public schools, and such action be taken by the municipalities and civic and other organizations in Indiana, as will emphasize the importance of public health and the joint responsibility of all citizens therefor, and will inspire in every one a desire to meet that responsibility by active coöperation in all sane efforts for the prevention of disease."

Science cannot prevent disease. It can only tell people how to prevent it. To repeat the instructions over and over, to get them into everybody's consciousness, is an important duty. We should like to see more disease-prevention days.

The Home Market

FIVE years ago about a third of the cattle hides used in the leather manufactures of this country were imported; but the native supply has relatively decreased, until at present between two-fifths and a half of the cattle hides used here are imported. Measured in weight, the amount of cattle hides imported has in five years increased forty-five per cent, though, with an ever-increasing demand, the number of cattle in the country has declined. This land of the classic cowboy now uses more imported cattle hides than any other country in the world.

This is only one out of a great many illustrations of our dependence on foreign goods. Raising two-thirds of the world's cotton and being the great cotton-exporting country, we still import about a quarter of a billion bales of raw cotton yearly. We now import also corn and meat.

This home market of ours is a colossal affair. To supply its demands in the most economical way the resources of the earth are levied on. If a time should ever come when nothing was used in the United States except native products we should wish to emigrate to some country where trade was brisker—say, Siam or Patagonia.

Calling on the Government

SINCE the close of July governments have done things no one would have thought possible at the beginning of that month. In Europe generally they have suspended the settlement of private debts. The British Government has guaranteed payment of an immense amount of commercial paper held by the banks. Our Government has engaged in marine insurance.

From the South comes a demand that the Government shall valorize cotton or make a great loan on that commodity directly to farmers. From Wall Street itself—though by no means representing the major opinion there—comes a request that the United States Government buy outright many hundreds of millions of dollars of American securities held abroad. Other proposals are that the Government penalize the selling of American securities by foreign holders or prohibit it altogether—requiring that every bond and stock certificate be accompanied by an affidavit that the seller is an American citizen.

The South and Wall Street are in a similar plight. Cotton exports are curtailed by war, and Stock Exchange operations cannot be resumed until there is tolerable assurance that foreign holders of some four or five billion dollars of American securities will not dump them on the market as soon as there is a market.

Turning to the Government for aid is probably natural enough. In this extraordinary situation the Government may properly do some extraordinary things—but not, by any means, all the extraordinary things expected of it.

The War Chest

PERHAPS Germany's mightiest feat is this: For forty years the government has held a great sum in gold intact at Spandau. Only an iron-willed Kaiser, backed by a million bayonets, could have kept a modern government's hands off that money so long.

We now see Uncle Sam industriously gathering up pennies to keep from going broke. One cent on each long-distance telephone message; one cent on each telegram; two cents on each Pullman ticket; eight cents on the smallest life-insurance policy; two cents on every certificate of profit; ten cents on a power of attorney—such are the provisions of the emergency-tax bill as it passed the House of Representatives at Washington.

To have a reserve, to set aside some dependable resource for an emergency, to abstain from spending all one's money at the first candy counter, is not the modern fashion in governmental finance. To find a modern government with a great store of long-kept cash is as amazing as to discover a spendthrift clerk on Monday morning with Saturday night's salary in his pocket.

Aiding Wall Street

A CONVENTION of cotton growers, in demanding that the Government lend five hundred million dollars to carry the South's surplus cotton, recites that on the outbreak of war Wall Street asked help and the Treasury Department and Congress "went to its aid directly and immediately, without any question of hysterics or wild theories being imputed."

This view, of course, is quite mistaken. What the Government aided was the country's bank reserve. An important part of that reserve is located in Wall Street, but the issuance of emergency currency to New York banks was precisely for the purpose of enabling those institutions to supply currency freely to interior banks whose reserves they held.

For forty years Germany has kept a war chest of actual gold in the Julius Tower at Spandau. The sum has never been diminished, but of late has been augmented, until at the end of July it amounted to nearly a hundred million dollars of real gold and silver. Immediately on declaring war the Kaiser transferred this carefully hoarded coin to the Imperial Bank at Berlin—that is, he mobilized it, just as he mobilized his army.

The crisis for which it had been stored up having arrived, he threw it into action—not particularly to help Berlin, but because putting it into action there would do the country most good. If Berlin were threatened by a hostile force and the Kaiser should then scatter his army reserves through Bavaria and Würtemberg, everybody would think him insane. In a financial crisis the attack is always heaviest on bank-reserve centers. There naturally first and most aid is needed.

Freak Laws

WE SUPPOSE Mississippi has a few unsolved problems on hand of veritable importance, and that considerable numbers of men, women and children down there struggle against untoward conditions which might possibly be removed or ameliorated by earnest social thought and action. No one would imagine it, however, from a little item that appeared in the newspapers not long ago. From that little item one would imagine that all important social perplexities and obstacles had been completely, satisfactorily and ideally disposed of in Mississippi; that the commonwealth's great organ for social action had been in the happy position of saying to itself:

"We have done all that is humanly possible, through organized political action, to make life healthy and happy here; but we still have time on our hands. So let's decide whether pie crust should be plain or fluted, and whether it is permissible for a man to wear a belt and suspenders at the same time."

The item referred to recited that a traveling salesman had been arrested, convicted and fined for tipping a hotel porter with ten cents—the legislature having passed a law forbidding tips.

We happen to mention Mississippi; but it might have been almost any one of forty-seven other states. And this law forbidding tips is only one among scores of silly, freak statutes that are enacted every year—laws on trivial subjects; laws seeking to regulate matters of personal conduct that are of no social importance anyway.

It is one of the strangest political facts in the world that American legislatures, in this day of great, complex and pressing social problems, can still find plenty of time to legislate on silly, trumpery subjects.

Shooting the Leaders

WE RECALL vaguely that a number of years ago some men gathered in New York to dine, and were introduced to an admiring nation as our Captains of Industry. We do not remember just who the captains were. Some are dead; others the Government has endeavored to put into jail; and, as to nearly all of them, it has been broadly suggested in political circles that the nearest penitentiary would be the most suitable place for them.

Admit that the business leadership of fifteen years ago was quite too free and easy; that various supervisions and restrictions have been placed on it for the general good—the fact remains that leadership is tremendously important. A distinguished economist has attributed the rapid material development of the United States in considerable part to the circumstance that, here more than elsewhere, men with talent for leadership had free opportunity to exercise it. Aside from agriculture there is hardly a business of first-class importance the progress of which could not be recorded in the biographies of a certain number of individuals. For some years business leadership has been a more or less unpopular and uncomfortable occupation. If you should go over the country and pick out the men who are really in the lead in all the manifold branches of business we imagine you would have, on the whole, a somewhat blue and sulky lot.

For one thing politics has tended toward a demagogic habit of holding the mere fact of leadership as presumptive ground for suspicion. There was some kind of plausibility in the French-Revolutionary proposal to shoot every general who lost; but there is no kind of justification for a disposition to shoot every general who wins. Our new captains of industry, it is said, must hold new ideals; but they cannot hold the idea that conspicuous success in business is ground for suspicion and be captains of industry.

More than all, they cannot be able business men and approve merely vexatious and experimental restrictions on business. It is impossible to have good leaders who are in harmony with bad politics. The political atmosphere just now is not favorable to the development of business leadership.

The Innocent Bystander

HOWEVER history may assign the responsibility for this war Belgium surely is innocent. She sent no ultimatums and played no game of statecraft. War was simply stuffed down her throat. She had no option of accepting or rejecting it. When the German army crossed her borders war was brought to her whether she wanted it or not. Her only possible choice was either fighting Germany, which violated her sovereignty, or fighting the Allies.

And on Belgium the losses of the war have fallen with terrible force. Her fields have been trampled, her villages burned, her capital occupied; and Germany at once demanded huge money indemnities from her. Belgium has a clear title to the sympathy of civilized mankind.

Will America Dress Herself?

The Effect of the War on Fashions—By Corinne Lowe

FOR many years Europe has occupied the position of an old nurse to our lusty young republic. Every spring and summer she has washed and combed and dressed her charge and sent it out to play. When, therefore, the European war deprived our toddling country of such customary attentions it sat right down and cried:

"Now who's going to make our clothes—our pretty gowns; our fine feathers; our sweet nighties? Above all, who's going to show us how to wear them? Can we ever get along without being buttoned up by Paris?"

After a little while, however, this despair gave way to vigorous hope. We should learn to dress ourselves. And now it is happening. The war is the Montessori teacher coaxing us into rapid self-development.

In sober speech there can be no doubt that the great European struggle is going to deprive us of our clothing supplies. Just at present, of course, we are not feeling this destitution; fall shipments, albeit somewhat delayed and decidedly decreased in volume, will see us safely through the next few months; Paris fashions for the winter of 1914–15 have been borne through the picket lines, and these pillars of fire will doubtless lead us through the encompassing void. Any inquiries into the effect of Europe's difficulties on the American world of fashion must, for these reasons, be directed toward the future.

Fashions Based on New Fabrics

THIS future is being shaped by the fact that now, at the very time when spring fabrics and spring fashions are usually made up for us, European industries are paralyzed, European transportation facilities are crippled, and European banks are fettered by governmental demands. Marine insurance is unbelievably high; raw supplies for our own domestic industries are being cut off; and perhaps the greatest contributory cause to uneasiness is the curtailment of foreign dyestuffs and of the very instruments of American production. Even though peace should be speedily concluded, months of readjustment must elapse before the assurance of a normal flow of imports from Europe.

The realization of this dilemma has set America to thinking, and the war will undoubtedly have a very important influence on our national fashion destiny. We are bound in the future to make more fabrics—more ingredients, too, for the stuffs we now manufacture—and certainly more American styles for more American women. Reflections of this new mood of self-reliance are now everywhere visible: manufacturers and retailers and designers just returned from Europe are talking in headlines about the great opportunity for American industries; women's clubs in Chicago and throughout the country are advocating the adoption of home fashions; and a prominent society woman has put herself on record by appearing at the Newport Casino in clothes manufactured and designed under the shadow of the Stars and Stripes. The whole world of fashion is, indeed, unanimous in declaring that now is the golden hour in which America may not only do her own dressmaking but take in sewing from those rich South American sisters.

Opposed to such buoyant hopes as these is a very strong Tory camp now intrenched in and about the city of New York. The views of this body are well defined by the representative of a noted silk company, the mills of which are divided between France and this country

"There is no use," remarked this gentleman, "in pretending to think that America is ever going to become a center of fashion. She can't create styles; it isn't her gift. She can't possibly compete with that country whose sense of design and feeling for color are the result of centuries of high specialization.

"As to the effect of this war on fashion, I myself consider it negligible. The big dressmakers in Paris are all open now. Things are going on pretty much the same as ever. We, for instance, are running our mill in Lyons at half speed, and we expect more or less regular shipments right along."

From one assertion of this representative the student of fashion makes immediate dissent. It is, of course, all very well to say that the French dressmakers are doing business as usual. We hear that with much the same variety of emotion that we hear of the Grand High Lama saying prayers over some deceased Tibetan. It simply does not touch any of our national issues.

For what is there now with which the Paris dressmaker can work? As most of us know, new styles in clothes are dependent on new styles in fabrics. The cut of a gown is determined by whether the material be seersucker or crêpe de Chine; and right here the foreign artiste cannot predicate. She really does not know what materials are going to be sufficiently available in the spring of 1915 to assure the popularity of any leading fashion.

Naturally enough, the Paris Dressmaking Bee did know well enough what were to be the favored materials of this coming season; so, too, did the American retailers. Thanks, indeed, to the system that makes up winter styles in the summer and summer styles in the winter, the samples of spring fabrics were all displayed during last June and orders were placed then for large consignments

Alas, indeed, for the singeing of the fashion moth by the stern glare of war! The orders were the only things placed; everything else about those foreign factories was removed, and, at the very time when the early spring fabrics are usually being made up, the designers and weavers and other producers started off to weave the grim fabric of history. It is said that women and a few men disqualified from active service are now installed in some French textile factories: but even a concession to this fact cannot blind us to a future of extremely limited importation.

Are We Dependent on Europe?

INEVITABLY, therefore, the French dressmaker is handicapped; for, after all, what is the use of thinking up cute little drapes in flamingo-colored crêpe de Chine when you are quite sure that only about one woman in a hundred can get any crêpe de Chine of any color? Yes, as an example of courage and firmness we like to think of the French dressmaker as going on with work; but, for the rest, we who know we are about to be cut off from most of our favored materials cannot feel much sense of related value in that industry. Her plans do not interest us much more than do new designs in yacht cushions interest the man in the Subway.

Just how deep go the roots of our dependence on foreign countries for dress materials is revealed by a round of visits to the importers. From such a tour one departs with gooseflesh and the depressing knowledge that nearly every fabric on which is built the dome of fashion relies directly or indirectly on foreign aid.

Take, for instance, velvet. How many of us in times of peace ever dreamed that war could come and, with "abhorred shears," cut us away from our favored material for suits and hats? Yet talk a little to the dress-goods importer in a big department store and you will realize our predicament.

"Velvet," said he, "comes almost exclusively from the other side. Panne velvet and velveteen we do manufacture in America, but you can see easily that a prompt adoption of these substitutes would soon outrun the available supply. Of course we are all right for the present. Our shipments ordered so many months ago are now coming in, and any anxiety we have is concerned with the future. That future does, I must say, look very dark to me. All remarks

A Socialist Gathering—Before and After the Declaration of War

"Knowing"

It's the feeling of *knowing* that you have really gotten the most for your money in long-wearing pure-wool cloth, good style, comfortable fit and careful tailoring. That's why we dealers are so enthusiastic about Clothcraft.

It goes right back to the great pains taken at the factory in selecting fabrics and designing the patterns.

The shape is really cut into the cloth, and every detail of workmanship has been studied and perfected.

Drop in at the store and try on a No. 4130 Clothcraft Blue Serge Special. It expresses everything we can offer you in real value at $18.50.

And while you're at it, take a look at the other Clothcraft Fall styles in suits and overcoats. Remember Clothcraft is the only guaranteed all-wool line at $10 to $22.

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Write to The Joseph & Feiss Co., 220 [illegible] for the Clothcraft Style Portfolio and a pamphlet telling of the [illegible] to the Clothcraft Store nearest you.

to the contrary, the mills in France are not running. Workmen are off to the wars; and manufacturers, crippled by governmental demands on banks, are deterred from keeping on with such limited labor supply as is to be found. Yes," he added dolefully, "there are a few hardships ahead of the American woman. Perhaps"—and a roguish smile flitted across his face—"she may even have to put up with a straw instead of a black velvet hat during the whole of next year's heated period."

Taking up the thread of gloom where he left off, the retailer of waists wove her own sad story of the dearth of things.

"I must say," she vouchsafed, "that the situation does not look good to me. Take, for instance, chiffon. Did you know that nearly every bit of it comes from Europe? Did you know, too, that the lace centers are all closed up, and that linen is so scarce you can hardly get enough to cry on? The fact of it is that, with linen, lace and chiffon all fading out of sight, we'll have to get into homespun and linsey-woolsey."

Urged by the mention of linen to another department of merchandise, one heard the note of sadness ably sustained.

"Yes," assented this particular merchant, "we are very deeply affected by the struggle. In the first place, no shipments are now coming in; and, in the second place, we cannot get into communication with mills in the various countries. It looks rather serious, doesn't it, considering that the major part of the flax used by the world is grown in Russia, and that we cannot get into communication with linen industries in Germany and other countries?"

At this point the untutored consumer felt bound to raise a question: "How about our own American manufactories stepping into the breach?"

For some time past, it seems, America, like a huge Easter egg, has been dipped in color by Germany. On Europe's aniline dyes we are dependent for ninety per cent of our colored wash goods and for almost the same percentage of other fabrics. Is it, then, any wonder that some of the biggest American textile mills have been obliged to shut down because of the stagnation in this market?

When War Cuts Off Our Frills

"The time is coming," remarks the cotton-stuffs man, "when everybody, like the heroine of the old-fashioned novel, will be clad in some simple thing of white. Already many wholesale houses are withdrawing their staple colored and printed lines; and, though substitutes for the fast colors will soon begin to appear, the majority of consumers will prefer good white stuffs to this kind of precarious design."

As a matter of fact dyestuffs are only one of the many evidences that the current of American trade is supplied from abroad. One of our most widely known domestic cosmetics, for example, is dependent on a certain imported chemical for its regular production. Boots, though constituting one of the country's most conspicuous industrial successes, often march into shape from the leathers of Europe. And if we wish for a triumphant climax to this clause of our difficulties we need look no farther than our domestic silk mills.

Silks, as most of us know, form one of the most prominent of our industries. America makes good silk—taffeta, foulard and crêpe de Chine. Yet even here we must look to the motherly attentions of Europe, for America bothers no more about cocoons than she does about the raising of kids—which latter, by the way, is a subsidized industry in France. Without the raw silk of France, Italy, Russia and Japan there would be, indeed, an immediate blanketing of our silk mills.

Taking up this phase of the situation a certain dealer in silk has this to say:

"Under the circumstances, in view of the fact that at present we form one of the few outlets of the trade, we shall probably receive more raw silk than we know what to do with. Yet look what would happen if Italy, which sends us the very best raw silks in the world, should become involved in the trouble; and look, too, at the monetary difficulties of our present Japanese negotiations for this article. What are they? Why, simply this: For years we have been conducting our business with Japan through the banks of London. Now that the English banks refuse to honor our drafts, however, we have been at some trouble in trying to arrange a direct system of exchange with Japan."

Raw silk, chiffon, velvet, laces, colored wash goods—all threaten to be picked off by the God of War! Is it any wonder that the feminine investigator, hemmed in by boundless horizons of her own native cotton, shudders back from the prospect of that straight pale gown in which she must soon meet every occasion in life, from treading the dewy lawn to catching the six-o'clock Subway? Or that the thought of those famous Parisian dressmakers, pegging away now on something *chic* in unbleached muslin, fails to cheer with any sense of related value?

Shocked now into the realization of her position, America refuses to shiver and frump until Europe comes back and gives us again her velvets and chiffons, her dyed stuffs and her hat trimmings. She is going to start these manufactures herself; and if, in rising from the ashes of European disaster, she has an eye on that trade radiating from Buenos Aires and Rio de Janeiro, who after all can blame her?

As for the coveted expansion of trade, that, it is believed by many, would remove the hesitation of producers in manufacturing certain beautiful textiles and dress trimmings. In support of this is quoted the remark of a certain retailer of silks.

"Just look!" cried he, pointing to an exquisite heavy brocade shot with a delicate design of gold. "That's the sort of thing we don't make in America. Because we're not artistic enough? Not at all. America has plenty of artistic talent. It's simply because we haven't, under present conditions, enough demand to make it profitable. That, you see," he added simply, "is why we must have South American trade."

As a stimulus to this new industrial enthusiasm of ours it is suggested that the French designer be brought to America. Several times it has been rumored that four of our garment manufactories are going to employ this alien talent; and at least once a day we hear that some famous Paris dressmaker is about to take up quarters in America.

Sounding a Fifth Avenue importer on this point one received a derisive denial.

"Just at present," said he, "there isn't a man who could or a woman who would leave France. Even when the war is over, it would in my opinion be absolutely impossible for the foreign artiste to do herself justice in a land where conditions are so different from those of France."

Tossing this quotation into the camp of some patriotic manufacturers, one caught the following:

"Couldn't work in this sordid atmosphere, couldn't they? How about Caruso and the other songbirds? Does it affect their throats to sing in the old town hall? Take it from me, I've been to Paris, and I know that the cobblestones over there smell just like the cobblestones in New York."

Under the Spell of French "Chic"

As a matter of fact those really interested in the future of American fashions protest against the employment of Paris designers on the ground that it would mean continued enslavement to Paris fashions; and it is Paris fashions from which many of us are trying to escape.

Extending back to the famous dressmakers of Marie Antoinette, the Paris Dressmaking Bee has always exerted a mysterious and uncanny power over the minds of the world. Always, through days when men went down in battle and through nights when moonlight fell on waiting cannon, that sacred taper of inspiration has been kept aflame. It burned brightly through the Franco-Prussian War, when some of the French dressmakers bore away their precious *chic* to London, and when bulletins in the shape of balloons went to inform a panicky world of the very latest thing in basques.

During this present war they did not let out the balloons, but they did let out a few American buyers. One clever woman scored a picturesque success by getting away with the first display of foreign models of the fall of 1914.

After ringing the doorbells of the great *couturières* during those first days of the mobilization, days when many masculine buyers were fleeing to less troubled zones, this good merchant hustled her models across France in osier baskets and in a motor that caught the first boat coming over. Needless to say, the osier baskets were displayed in connection with the new models.

Between the style-press-agent work of these two Franco-Prussian wars has elapsed a period of forty-three years. During that time Paris, like a circus ringmaster, has sent us through hoops and back again. She has put more American women into more clothes absolutely unsuited to them than could be counted by the most gifted mathematician. And yet, enveloped in this dense fog of the Paris superstition, many of us still cling to the belief that nobody outside of Paris can design anything more dressy than a Mother Hubbard.

Why is it we think everything that comes out of Paris is beautiful? Why does an advertisement about the ineffable line of Paris never fail to move us?

It would seem, indeed, that we were all enacting that old fairy story of Hans Christian Andersen's, in which the high-priced, imported weavers of the emperor's coronation robes always waved aside any honest criticism from members of the court circle by crying out: "Isn't it beautiful? Don't you admire the fabric and the cut?"

Drugged by this constant praise of the garment, afraid lest their real conviction be construed as a deficiency in artistic perception, the courtiers soon fell into the cheering line. "Beautiful!" assented they solemnly, watching the shrewd manufacturers snip a hypothetical suit with hypothetical shears; and at last, poor courtiers, they walked beside an emperor whose famous coronation robe was plain air and nothing else besides.

Designs of American Designers

Yet two things alone, out of the hundreds that crowd to the mind for presentment, stamp the Paris myth in unmistakable letters: One is the ribbon the fashion capital sent us last spring to form the most valued ornament of a new millinery. It was black and it was polished to a high and greasy finish. Meeting it and the shiny black hat with which it was mated, one took it for that elegant Futurist composition entitled: The Coal Bucket on the Cellar Steps! In order to admire it one had to renounce old traditions about the beauty of the flying cloud and trembling rainbow. One had to be thoroughly paralyzed by the Paris legend.

The second proof of our mistaken notion that Paris will always come across with beauty is afforded by that other millinery triumph, the burnt ostrich feather. By treating this plumage with acids the Parisian artistes contrived to provide for the tropical bird a system of concealment much more successful than the famous one he thought up for himself. Comment is here superfluous; yet we cannot refrain from remarking that if Yango, king of the Cannibal Islands, had stuck such a wizened, palsied and absolutely ugly thing in his hat we should have laughed at the antics of the untutored mind. Strange, indeed, that the nation which produced a Walt Whitman in poetry, an Abbey and a Sargent in painting, and a MacDowell in music, should be intimidated by such supreme artistic achievements as the burnt ostrich feather and the stove-polish ribbon!

It must be said, however, that the American designer of past years has not been to blame in the anæmic quality of most so-called American fashions. On the contrary she has been the victim of the manufacturer's limited vision—of that desire to make some showy thing which sells quickly stigmatizing so many of our American industries. With the production of more costly and beautiful fabrics Made in America, and with the demand for clothes of American design now being voiced, the designer is now, however, bound to lift herself out of the old restricted sphere and to show her countrywomen what she really can do.

Meantime numbers of our progressive manufacturers are showing to the trade garments of home manufacture and home design. As yet these echo too faithfully the latest bulletins from Europe, but the ambition of the future is well mapped out by one of such boosters of home fashions.

"People are getting mighty sick of reading about the decree of Paris, and that unique gift of the French—and all that sort of thing," said this manufacturer gleefully. "Now we're going to leaf over to a new page. There's a wave of patriotism passing over this country; and I, with many others, feel that the designers are going to get their ideas right out of American histories.

"After all, our own past has any number of piquant and valuable suggestions to make to the creator of clothes. John Alden and Priscilla, the French voyageurs; the cowboys; the Spanish settlers of California—it's a mighty picturesque procession that's swept over this land of ours; and it's strange some one has never had the sense to see it before the war pointed the way."

A CARD TO THE PUBLIC

(Continued from Page 8)

To me it appeared that certain of the adult passengers, by covert signs and sounds of approval, were actually abetting and encouraging the urchins in their misbehavior. Master Pope, alone of all his fellows, maintained a suitable deportment. As he sat demurely behind me I observed him in the act of imitating my gestures of reproof to his less decorous comrades—a manifestation of the emulative spirit which gratified me no little.

I own that I was much rejoiced to hear the verbal announcement of the conductor's assistant—known, I believe, as the brakeman—that Hatchersville would be the next stopping place. True enough, the train, as though to confirm his words, stopped almost immediately. As we left the car, myself bringing up the rear and bearing the flag in addition to my other belongings, some slight delay was occasioned by the flagstaff getting crosswise in the door opening. As, with the brakeman's good offices, I succeeded in dislodging it from its horizontal position, a voice behind me called out, "Good-by, little Tut-tut!" which offensive remark was at once caught up by others.

I framed a fitting and, I think, a crushing retort, but before I had entirely completed it in my own mind the cars had moved on and I found myself standing with my diminished troop on the platform, surrounded by a staring ring of rusties of all ages and conditions.

For some reason these persons appeared to labor under the impression that we constituted some sort of traveling amusement enterprise. One of them, a person of elderly aspect, asked me what kind of medicine I was selling, and a number of small boys requested me to shoot with my bow and arrows for their delectation. Disregarding these impertinences, I inquired of the elderly man how one might best reach Hatcher's Lake.

"Straight down the main pike," he replied, pointing to a gravel-coated road winding away toward the top of an adjacent hill; "but it's better'n three miles, and if you're aiming to give a free show and sell Injun Bitters or somethin' you'd a heap better stop right here, because you'd git a bigger crowd than you would up at the lake."

Rendered pettish, possibly irritable, by the display of an ignorance so dense and incomprehensible, I waved him aside without deigning to answer.

"Fall in!" I bade my followers in a military manner; and then, when they had gathered up their belongings: "Forward—march!"

In his crude vernacular, which I have endeavored to reproduce faithfully, the aged rustic had said Hatcher's Lake was better than three miles distant. I am convinced what he meant was not better but worse.

As we marched away over the brow of the hill the sun shone down with excessive and caloric fervor and the dust rose in thick clouds, coating our lineaments, which already were bedewed with perspiration. Momentarily the articles that filled my arms and hung on my shoulders and back grew more cumbersome and burdensome, and speedily I developed a blistered and feverish condition of the feet or pedal extremities.

I think it must have been at about this time I dropped my shaving outfit, a washrag and my toothbrush out of the breast pocket of my blouse, and lost, presumably from under my arm, the small parcel containing my bedroom slippers and a garment intended for nightwear exclusively. A vial of cold cream, all my spare pocket handkerchiefs, and the brochure on the peculiarities of the poison ivy also disappeared during the journey—but at exactly what point I know not and could not, with propriety, undertake to say. Throughout the march, however, though well-nigh spent and exhausted, I clung to the other burdens, holding in my hands and under my arms, among other things, the bow and arrows, the flag, the ax, a blanket, a cake of soap, and a small sofa pillow of pale pink which Mrs. Dorcas had insisted on my bringing with me.

I have not at my command words proper to describe my profound relief when, after traveling what seemed a great distance, mainly uphill, we reached a point where, advised by a signpost, we turned off the main highway into a wooded bypath traversing aisles of majestic forest monarchs, which seemed to extend for vast distances in every direction, and came at length to our destination.

How cool seemed the placid mirror of the lake, with its surface unruffled, or practically so! How inviting the mossy greensward! How grateful the dense shade! How cooling to parched lips the cool fluid bubbling from its spring or fountain! To complete enjoyment of this last named there was but one drawback. We had forgotten to bring any drinking cups.

Master Horrigan contrived to fashion his hat into some manner of drinking receptacle, and after some passing reluctance I was induced to slake my thirst with the aid of this; but I am sure I should never care to drink regularly from a boy's hat.

Our thirst being sated, the lads manifested an inclination to remove their garments and dash headlong into the waters of the lake; but I said them nay.

"All things in order," quoth I, "and one thing at a time, if you please, my young comrades. First, we must, as the cant word goes, pitch our camp and prepare our temporary habitations; then shall we partake of suitable midday refreshment. After which, following a period devoted by me to helpful discourse and the exercise of the digestive processes on the part of all present, we may safely consider the advisability of disporting ourselves in yon convenient sheet or pool of water; but, in view of our arduous march just completed, I feel that we should be amply justified in reclining on the greensward for a brief passage of time."

So saying I set the example by throwing myself in a prone attitude on the turf; but not for long did I remain thus. Considering its mossy appearance the earth seemed unduly hard and strangely unsuited to serve as a cushion for the recumbent human form. In addition there was an amazing prevalence of insect life, all of it characterized by a restless and constant activity.

Ofttimes have I read verses by our most inspired poets telling of the delights of lying prostrate within the leafy fastnesses of the forest deep, but I am forced to believe these poets were elsewhere when engaged in inditing their immortal lines. On suitable occasions I have myself indulged in poesy; but I am quite certain I could not court the muse while ants were crawling on my limbs and even invading my garments, as in the present instance. Earwigs were also remarked.

So, rising, I cautioned my followers to withdraw themselves to a safe distance; and then, with the aid of the woodsman's ax—borrowed from our worthy hardware merchant, Mr. J. T. Harkness, to whom credit is due for his abundant kindness—I proceeded to fell or cause to fall the trees of which I proposed constructing our lean-forwards, two or more in number.

My initial object of attack was a large tree; but, finding its fibers to be of a singularly hard and resistant nature, and the ax manifesting an unaccountable tendency to twist in my hands, causing the sides of the ax rather than its edged portion to strike against the tree, resulting in painful shocks to my arms and shoulders, I was soon induced to abandon it for a smaller tree.

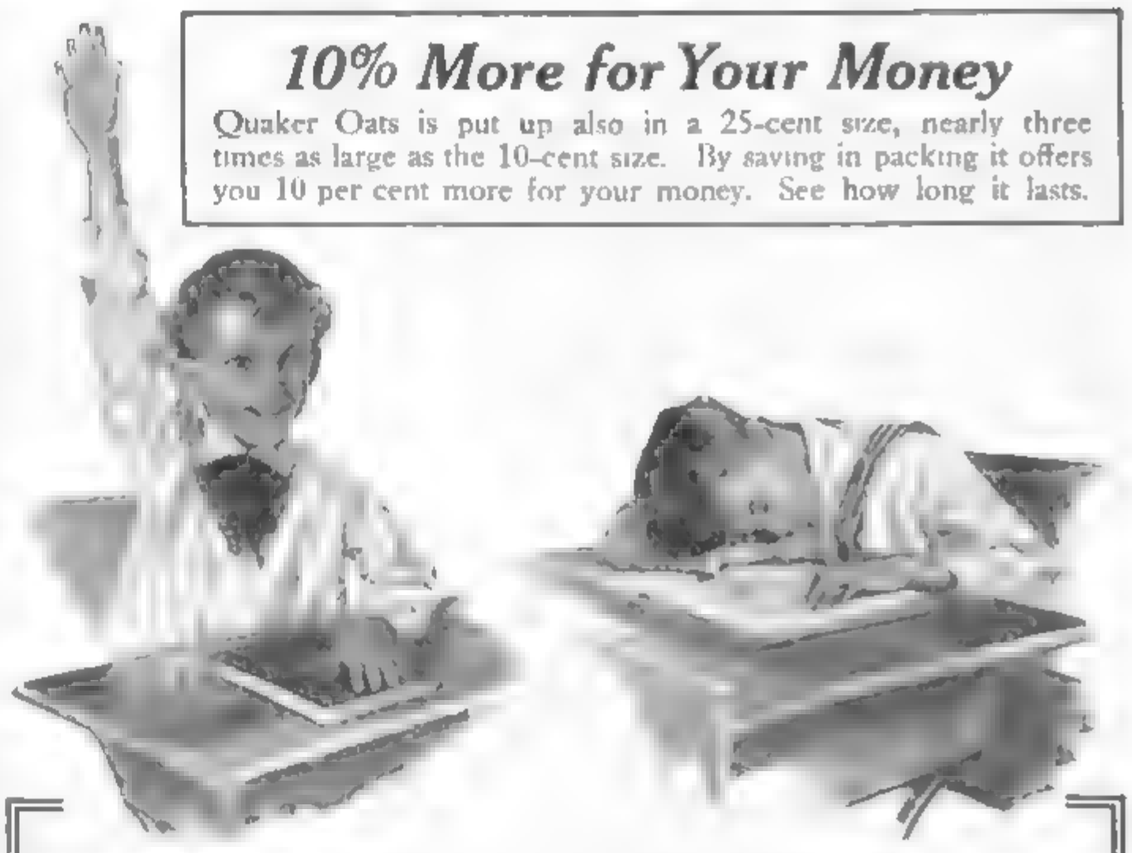
In circumference of trunk this second tree was hardly more than a sapling, yet it required upward of half an hour of the most arduous and persistent labor, and several large water blisters appeared on the palms of my hands before it tottered, bent, cracked and finally fell quivering on the earth. In descending it perversely took the wrong direction, narrowly escaping striking me in its fall; indeed, one of its lower limbs severely scratched my left cheek.

Nor did the severed trunk possess the neat and symmetrical appearance I have noted in the case of trees felled by professional woodsmen. Rather did it present the aspect of having been gnawed down by slow degrees, resembling, if I may use the simile, a very hard lead pencil, the point of which has been renewed with a very dull knife.

A hasty mental calculation now convinced me that at this rate of progress many hours or possibly days would elapse before I felled a sufficient number of trees to construct one or more lean-forwards of the dimensions I had in mind. Desiring opportunity to ponder over this I suggested to the lads, who were seated in a row following my movements with every indication of

10% More for Your Money

Quaker Oats is put up also in a 25-cent size, nearly three times as large as the 10-cent size. By saving in packing it offers you 10 per cent more for your money. See how long it lasts.



Some Do————Some Don't

Get Vim-Food In the Morning

Some children go to school on Quaker Oats—perhaps five millions of them.

They get all the vitality, all the energy that the greatest vim-food can supply them.

The rest, whatever else they eat, get less of some things which young folks need.

You know that—all folks know it.

They miss, in addition, a delicious dish. You serve nothing so luscious—so tempting to children—as well-cooked Quaker Oats.

Few children—few grown-ups—get as much as they need of this spirit-giving Quaker.

Quaker Oats

Matchless in Taste and Aroma

Quaker Oats leads—leads all the world over—because of its taste and aroma.

It comes in big flakes, made only from the plump and luscious grains. All the puny, starved grains are discarded. So careful are we to get only the cream that we get but ten pounds of Quaker Oats from a bushel.

The Quaker process includes dry heat and steam heat—hours of both. It enhances the flavor. Thus we bring to the tables of a hundred nations the most delicious oat dish that's known.

Quaker Cooker

We have made to our order—from pure Aluminum—a perfect Double Boiler. It is extra large and heavy. We supply it to users of Quaker Oats for cooking these flakes in the ideal way. It insures the fullness of food value and flavor. See our offer in each package.

You get this when you ask for Quaker Oats. And you pay no extra price. Thus you create and continue a love for this food of foods. You lead folks to eat an abundance. Don't you consider that worth while?

10c and 25c per Package
Except in Far West and South

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P. A. takes the Razoo out of the Jimmy Pipe

Yes-siree-bob, you can put this down for P. A.: it cuts out all that singe and smart that have been making you wonder why on earth so good a friend as a pipe has to turn around toward the last and bite the everlasting lining out of your taster.

PRINCE ALBERT

the national joy smoke

inoculates you with genuine pleasure, because the patented process takes out the bite and leaves only the best of good times. Just you wad a charge into your jimmy pipe and test it out. Smoke it real vicious and it won't snap back at you. Or roll it up into a cigarette and see what a corking fine smoke it makes that way.

You know the tidy red tin of P. A. at 10c the throw, and the toppy red bag, 5c. But for keeping Prince Albert at home in A-1 apple-pie condition just you risk the price of a pound crystal glass humidor and you will always have the grand old joy smoke in the old tobacco box. Also sold in pound and half-pound tin humidors. Go to it, John—and don't spare the 'osses.

R. J REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO.
Winston-Salem, N. C.

lively interest, that we desist for the time from building operations and enjoy luncheon, which announcement was greeted with audible approval by all.

"Let us build a true woodsmen's camp fire," I said; "and over it I shall broil for your delectation succulent slices of crisp bacon."

Almost immediately a cheery fire was burning on the shore of the lake. From the stock of supplies I brought forth a strip of bacon, finding it much greasier than I had anticipated; I may say I had never before handled this product in a raw state. I set about removing a suitable number of slices. Here an unanticipated contingency developed—in the press of other matters I had failed to provide a knife or other edged tool with which to slice it. One of the lads produced from his pocket a small knife; but, suspecting from the appearance of the blade the presence of lurking bacteria, I used the ax. This gave the slices a somewhat uneven and ragged appearance.

Affixing a suitable fragment of the meat on a forked stick I fell to broiling it. The smoke from the fire proved most annoying. No matter in what position one placed oneself, or where one stood, this smoke invaded one's nostrils and eyes, causing choking and smarting sensations. Then, too, in the early stages of my cooking operations a caterpillar fell from a bough overhead down the back of my neck.

I was taken quite unaware, I do assure you. I have ever entertained a distaste, amounting to aversion, for caterpillars, both in an active living state and when they have been crushed beneath the careless foot. With me this attained to a deep-rooted antipathy. Even at the sight of one progressing on a limb or leaf, by wrinkling up its back, I can with difficulty repress a visible shudder. How much greater the shock, then, to feel it descending one's spinal column?

I uttered a short, involuntary outcry and, stepping backward, I encountered some slippery object and was instantly precipitated with jarring force to the earth. It appeared that I had set my foot on the strip of bacon, which I had inadvertently left lying on the ground directly in my rear. An unsightly smear of grease on the reverse breadth of my blue knickerbockers was the consequence. I endeavored, though, to pass off the incident with a pleasant smile, saying merely:

"Accidents will happen in the best-regulated families, will they not?"

The first strip of bacon having fallen in the fire and been utterly destroyed, I prepared another; and, as Master Pope volunteered to stand vigilantly on guard behind me and prevent other caterpillars from descending on me, I resumed my task. Nevertheless, Master Pope's ministrations proved of small avail. During the course of the next few minutes no less than six separate and distinct caterpillars, besides a small black beetle or cockchafer of a most repellent aspect, fell down my back.

Once, turning my head suddenly, I found Master Pope holding a caterpillar extended between the thumb and forefinger of his right hand almost directly above the nape of my neck. He explained that he had plucked it out of midair as it was in the act of dropping from the boscage above. I admired his presence of mind greatly, but his courage yet more. I confess that except to save human life I should never have the fortitude to grasp a caterpillar with an ungloved hand.

Doubtlessly because of the nervousness occasioned by the prevalence of caterpillars, the bacon as broiled was not the unqualified success I had been led to expect from reading Mr. Hough's work. Personally, I could not grow rapturous over the wildwood tang of which so much has been said in a complimentary way by other and more experienced campers than myself. I am inclined to think the wildwood tang must be an acquired taste.

Altogether, I fear our noontide repast might have proved rather a failure had it not been that Master Horrigan's mother at the hour of his departure had bestowed on him a quantity of ham sandwiches and a large lemon-jelly cake of the layer variety. Eliminating broiled bacon from our menu we lunched therefore on sandwiches and a part of the cake, the latter in particular being quite agreeable to the palate though in a somewhat shaken and disturbed state from being transported beneath Master Horrigan's arm.

The immediate pangs of hunger being assuaged, I craved tea. Tea is the one stimulant in which I indulge. A cup of moderately strong Oolong, slightly weakened by the addition of a modicum of cream or hot milk, with three lumps of sugar in it, is to me a most refreshing drink and one to which I am strongly drawn. So I set about brewing myself a portion of tea.

Again backsets developed. I enumerate them: First, I knew nothing, except by the merest hearsay, of the art of brewing tea. Second, I had failed to provide myself with a teapot or similar vessel. Third, in the natural confusion of the moment I had left the tea on board the train. Fourth, there was no milk, neither was there cream or sugar. A sense of lassitude, with a slight headache, was the result of my having perforce to forego my customary cup.

I had meant to devote the hour following the meal to an enlivening discourse on the joys of outdoor life and communion with Nature in her devious moods, as the poet hath said, to be couched in language suitable for the understanding of my hearers. Accordingly, stretching myself prone on my blanket, with my pink silk sofa pillow beneath my head, I began an opening sentence.

Shortly thereafter I must have drifted off; for, on being wakened by the efforts of an ant to penetrate my inner ear, I discovered, somewhat to my disapproval since there had been no order to this effect, that the five youngsters had divested themselves of their outer garbings and were disporting themselves in the lake—some wading near shore, some diving headlong from a fallen log that protruded from the bank. A superficial scrutiny of their movements showed me that, though all were capable of sustaining themselves in the unstable element, scarce one of them made any pretense of following out the evolutions as laid down for guidance in the work entitled Swimming in Twenty Easy Lessons.

Without loss of time I repaired to the shelter of a near-by thicket, where I removed my costume and folded it neatly, as is my wont, and swiftly attired myself in a new bathing suit. In another moment I had mounted the fallen log and was advancing toward the spot where they were splashing about.

"Hold, young gentlemen—hold!" I called out, at the same time halting them with a wave of my hand. "Kindly desist and give to me your undivided attention. The method employed by you in keeping your persons afloat is, as I note, faulty in the extreme. By actual demonstration I shall now instruct you in the rudiments of this graceful art."

With these words I advanced another step and yet another. At this instant my foot slipped on the rounded surface of the recumbent tree, and before I could extend my limbs forth and arrange them in the proper attitude for making the first stroke, in fact before I had an opportunity for taking any precautionary measures whatsoever, I was propelled outward and downward upon the bosom of the lake, striking with considerable violence on my lower diaphragm.

To my astonishment, I might even say to my most complete astonishment, I went under practically instantaneously. This immediately induced a sense of uneasiness, which increased to actual apprehension when I found it impossible to straighten myself on the water in the posture illustrated in Diagram A in the first lesson.

Instinctively I felt all was not well with me!

With a view, therefore, to securing temporary assistance until I could collect myself and regain my customary calmness, I opened my mouth to utter certain words; but, instead of speech issuing forth, a considerable volume of water poured down my throat, producing a muffled, gurgling sound. From this point on my apprehension grew perceptibly until I grasped the helping hands that were extended to me and, after a few struggles, was, by the aid of those chivalrous youths, drawn in a weak and temporarily voiceless condition to safety on the bank.

There for some time I was content to remain, permitting the water I had inadvertently swallowed to pour forth from my interior, the lads continuing to frolic about in the treacherous lake until I had entirely recovered. Thus some time passed. Finally, summoning them to me I stated that the first swimming lesson was herewith suspended until a more suitable moment, and gave the command for catching a number of finny beauties for our evening meal. This, however, was rendered impossible by reason of our having no fishhooks or other suitable appurtenances for

catching them. Really, it would seem that for the simplest outing an almost incalculable number and variety of accessories are needful!

In view of this situation I promptly devised an altered plan of campaign. Inwardly I had already gained my own consent to abandon the project of building any lean-forwards for our use on this particular occasion. I now split our strength into parties of equal number and, detailing Masters Ferguson and Horrigan to aid me in constructing woodmen's couches, I assigned to Masters Pope, E. Smith and H. Smith the task of faring forth into the wilderness that encompassed us to seek the wild fruit and to kill, as painlessly as possible, sufficient wild game for our next repast.

At the same time I warned them, above all things, to avoid destroying the feathered songsters. Under other circumstances I would have decried slaughtering any living creatures whatsoever; but in the existing emergency a certain amount of carnage appeared inevitable, for, as I said to them: "Must we not eat? Shall we not obey Nature's first law?"

To bring about this consummation I intrusted to Master Pope my bow and sheath of arrows, instructing him verbally, so far as I remembered it, in the knowledge of using these weapons, as contained in the manual on that subject, Archery in All Its Branches.

With merry cries—for the spirits of these brave lads seemed unquenchable—the three huntsmen moved off through the trees; and at once their forms were lost to sight, while I gave myself over to superintending the labors of my chosen aides in the gathering of boughs of the fragrant evergreen, and in arranging this material at equidistant intervals about our campfire site so as to form six springy couches. As completed, these couches lacked that luxurious appearance I had been led to expect; but I consoled myself with the reflection: Pretty is as pretty does!

We had barely concluded our labors when, with glad halloos, our returning comrades came into sight bearing the spoils of the chase, consisting of a brace of large birds, one being black in color, the other white, and both quite dead. At once I was struck by the resemblance of these birds to ordinary barnyard fowls, but Master Pope explained that they were woodcock. His uncle, Mr. H. K. Pope, our local poultry dealer, frequently carried such woodcock in stock, he said; so I was reassured.

Nor was this all. The Masters Smith had picked a considerable quantity of wild strawberries. Theretofore I had always supposed that wild strawberries were small, but these berries were really quite large, some being as large as the adult human thumb. What especially attracted my attention was the receptacle in which Master E. Smith bore them, it being of rough, dark earthenware, circular in pattern and plainly of a primitive design.

On Master Smith's telling me that he had come on this object buried in the woods, I reached the conclusion that it must be a relic of the early Mound Builders, those mysterious people who in prehistoric times inhabited this our continent.

A discovery so interesting at once induced a train of thought. Seating myself on my sofa pillow I bade the boys gather about me, and I then gave an impromptu discourse on the subject of this vanished race, meantime holding in my hands the earthenware vessel and occasionally elevating it in illustration as I described the customs and habits of the Mound Builders so far as known.

Thus by easy stages I progressed onward and downward through the ages to their successors and inheritors, the red men, or copper-colored aborigines, formerly so numerously encountered in this hemisphere, but now reduced to a diminishing remnant, sequestered mainly in the Far West, though with small reservations yet remaining, I believe, in certain of our Eastern States, notably New York and North Carolina.

With his large blue eyes fixed on my face Master Pope listened with the utmost gravity and attention to my remarks, which behavior was in contrast to that of his four associates, who seemed to derive food for subdued laughter from what was being said. I am often at a loss to fathom the causes which originate outbursts of levity on the part of our growing youth; and so it was in this instance.

Carried on and on by the manifold reflections and absorbing interest attached to my theme, I was surprised to observe that the sun had declined far down the western horizon. Rising to my feet with some difficulty, for the unwonted exertions of the day had created a stiffness of the limbs, I said, in effect, this:

"And now, Young Nuts of America—for here in the remote depths of the woods, far remote from any human habitation, I feel that I may apply to one and all the secret appellation we chose for our private communions—now, my Young Nuts, playtime is over and worktime has come. See, the hour of evening draws on apace. Night impends, or will indubitably do so shortly. In anticipation of our first night spent beneath the starry stars, with only Heaven's blue vault for a canopy, let us forget the petty annoyances which have in a measure marred our first day. Did I say marred? No; not that—for these things should be but object lessons teaching us to profit by them, to perfect ourselves in woodmanship. So let us be merry, care-free and bright.

"If you will but replenish our camp fire I, for my part, shall take one of these plump wild fowl, or woodcock, which have fallen before the prowess of our doughty huntsman and fellow member, Master Pope, and, without the use of pot or pan, shall prepare for you a true wildwood dish, of the most delicious and delicate character imaginable. So, fall to, Young Nuts of America—fall to with a will—and that right gladly!"

Leaving them to their employment I repaired to the shore of the lake and, after mastering a somewhat natural repugnance, I made with my hands a mortar or paste of thick clay, in which I incased the white woodcock. Try as I might, though, I could not give to the completed object a graceful or finished appearance. Finally, despairing of producing in it an outward semblance of tidiness, I returned to the camp fire, placed the completed product in the heart of the flames, and retired a few feet to await its completion.

In twenty minutes I judged the food should be quite done, but retaining withal its natural savors and juices: so at the expiration of that time, by using a stick I drew it forth from its fiery bed and, when the mass had sufficiently cooled, broke away the earthen covering, while about me my young compatriots clustered in eager anticipation.

For the reader's sake, and for my own as well, I shall pass hurriedly over the dénouement. Suffice it to say, either the clay used by me had not been of the proper consistency or this species of woodcock was not adapted by nature for being cooked after this fashion. None of us—not even Master E. Smith, in whom I had previously remarked an unfailing appetite—cared to indulge in the dish. Indeed, it was not until I had removed the unsightly and gruesome object—these are the only adjectives that properly describe it—to a point considerably remote from our camping place that I deemed myself to be sufficiently revived to join the others in a frugal supper consisting of the remaining sandwiches and a slice apiece of lemon-jelly cake.

The meal, simple though it was, progressed slowly by reason of the frequent presence of ants in the viands—principally small black ants of a lively disposition, though some large black ants were also observed. Again, at the conclusion of the supper my thoughts turned with intense longing to tea.

It had been contemplated that the evening should be spent in a ring about our camp fire, singing songs and glees and old familiar melodies; but the oncoming of darkness dispelled in me all desire to uplift the voice in melodious outpourings. The thickening of the shadows along the turf, the spectral gleaming of the lake between the trunks of the intervening trees, the multiplying of mysterious and disquieting night noises, the realization that we were isolated in the depths of the forest—all these things had a dispiriting influence on my thoughts.

In addition, the mosquitoes proved exceedingly pernicious in their activities and in their numbers as well. The cool of the evening appeared but to give zest and alacrity to their onslaughts. Under their attacks my companions bore up blithely—in sooth I have naught but admiration for the commendable fortitude displayed by those gallant youths throughout—but I suffered greatly in various parts of my anatomy, notably my face, neck, hands and knees.

In the absence of authoritative information on the subject I hesitate to commit myself firmly to the definite assertion, but I

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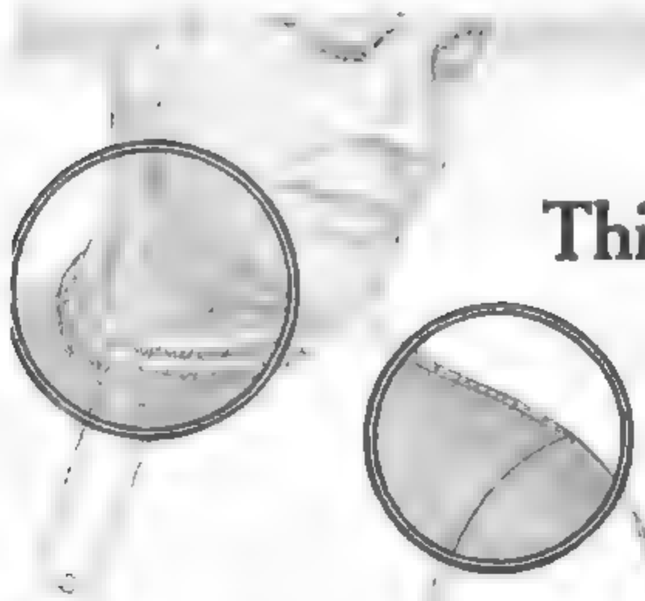

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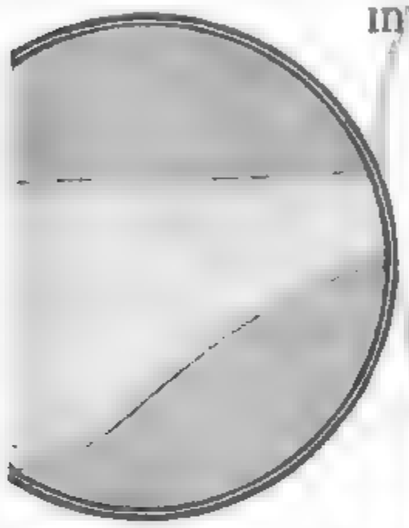

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feel warranted in the assumption that there can be no mosquitoes in the Tyrol, else the Tyrolese, albeit a hardy race, would assuredly have modified their tribal dress in such a way so as to extend the stockings up higher or the trousers down lower.

Even at the risk of destroying the historical verities, I now regretted exceedingly that I had not of my own initiative altered my costume in such a way as to better protect the joints of the knees.

At a comparatively early hour I gave the signal for retiring and each one sought his couch of fragrant balsam. After exchanging boyish confidences in half-whispered undertones for some time, and occasionally breaking forth into smothered fits of laughter, my followers presently slept.

My own rest, however, was broken and fragmentary in character. A variety of reasons contributed to this: the chill; the sense of loneliness and, as it were, of aloofness; the mosquitoes, which continued to hold, as the saying goes, high carnival; the lack of suitable food; my depression of spirit; and my bodily discomforts—to cite a few of the principal causes.

In addition to being racked in practically all of my various members, blistered as to hands and feet, and having a very painful scratch on my nose, I was exceedingly sunburned. I failed to mention this detail earlier. I am naturally of a light, not to say fair, complexion, and the walk of the morning had caused my skin to redden and smart to a more excruciating extent than I remember to have ever been the case on any similar occasion.

I am forced to the conclusion that the pleasure to be derived from sleeping on a bed of spruce or hemlock boughs has been greatly overestimated by those who have written and spoken with such enthusiasm on that topic. To me the prickly, scratchy sensation imparted by contact with the evergreen was such as to counterbalance the delights of inhaling its tonic and balsamic fragrance.

Likewise, until a late hour my blanket kept slipping or sliding off my recumbent form, exposing me to the rigors of the night wind. No sooner did I draw it snugly about my shivering form than it would crawl—crawl is exactly the word—it would crawl off again. Finally, in feeling about to ascertain if possible the reason for this, my fingers encountered a long string, which was securely affixed to a lower corner of my covering.

In the morning, on my mentioning this curious circumstance, Master Pope spoke up and informed me that, being roused during the night and noting that I was experiencing great difficulty in keeping properly covered, he had quietly affixed a string to a lower corner of the blanket in the hope of anchoring it the more firmly in position. More than ever my soul went out to him in gratitude for the thoughtfulness of his act, even though it had failed of its desired effect.

Overborne and spent with sheer weariness I must have dropped off finally; probably I slept for some hours. Shortly before the dawning I wakened with a start and sat up, then instantly laid myself down again and at the same time placed my hands on my bosom to stay the rapid beating of my heart; for I had become instantly aware of the immediate proximity of some large creature. There was a rustling of the bushes, the sound drawing ever nearer and nearer; there was a sniffing noise, frequently increasing to a snort. With my eyes above the upper hem of my blanket I strained my vision in the direction from which the disturbance proceeded. To my agitation I perceived in the grayish gloom a large, slowly shifting black bulk, distant but a few paces from me. Naturally, I thought of bears.

In this emergency I may say, in all modesty, that I retained my entire self-possession. Extending wide my arms in a threatening gesture I uttered the first exclamation that entered my mind. In a tense but intimidating tone of voice I said, "Shoo! Shoo!" repeating the ejaculation with emphasis until, to my relief, the creature moved off into the thickets and came no more, being daunted, doubtless, by my aggressive and determined mien.

For reasons I deemed amply sufficient I did not rise to hasten the retreat of the invading beast, nor did I waken my slumbering young companions. I reflected that, as their guide and protector, it was my duty to spare them all possible uneasiness. Inspired by this thought, therefore, I made no subsequent mention of the adventure; but on undertaking a private investigation some time after daylight I found the remaining wild strawberries were all gone; the receptacle that had contained them lay overturned and empty on the ground.

Recalling then that bears are reputed to be excessively fond of sweet things I put two and two together and by this deductive process I confirmed my earlier suspicions. It had indeed been a bear! And what, but for my presence of mind, might have been the dire results? I could with difficulty repress a shudder. But I anticipate myself by some hours. We will go back to the time of the nocturnal, or perhaps I should say prematutinal, visitation.

Made abnormally wakeful by that which had just occurred, I remained for a considerable time retired well down under the covering as regards my person, but with my eyes open and every sense on the alert. Eventually, however, my vigilance relaxed and I seemed to drift off; and I remained wrapped in fitful slumber until rewakened by a persistent pattering on my blanket. It would appear that for some time past rain had been falling. I was quite damp and my limbs were much chilled, and I had already begun to develop certain unfailing signs of a severe cold in the head—a malady to which I am subject.

The rain soon ceased, however; and, beyond confirming the evidence of the bear's visit as just stated, nothing further marked our rising except my discovery that in tossing about during the night I had broken both the crystals of my eyeglasses.

Breakfast was far, oh! far from being a cheerful meal, consisting as it did of water from the lake and the crumbled, ant-ridden fragments of the lemon-jelly layer cake. Once more the thought of a steaming hot cup of tea came to me with compelling insistency, provoking an almost overpowering longing for the comforts of some roofed and walled domicile, howsoever humble. I shall not deny that at this moment the appurtenances and conveniences of modern civilization appealed to me with an intensity hard to describe in language.

Moreover, I was forced to the conclusion that, because of circumstances over which we had no control, our outing thus far had in a number of its most material aspects been far from an unqualified triumph.

Yet so well did I conceal my innermost sentiments from my juvenile companions that soon, in response to my smiling looks and apt remarks, they were crying out with laughter—indeed, responding with resounding guffaws to my every sally. When I tell you my countenance was quite covered over with blisters, where not disfigured by the welts inflicted by the venomed darts of the mosquitoes, you will perhaps more readily understand what these efforts to assume a buoyant bearing and a happy expression cost me.

Shortly after finishing the last of the lemon-jelly cake the five youngsters manifested an inclination to fare away into the forest on a joint journey of exploration. I did not seek to dissuade them—rather, I encouraged them and by all the means in my power expedited their departure; for, in truth, I longed for a time to be alone. I hoped, in the silence and solitude of these trackless wilds, to formulate suitable and reasonable excuses for cutting our outing short and returning before nightfall to the several places of our habitation, there at our leisure to plan another expedition under what, I fondly trusted, would be more favorable auspices.

Furthermore, I sought an opportunity for taking in privacy an extensive swimming lesson. Since the afternoon before I had felt my technic in swimming was deficient, and I was determined to persevere in rehearsals of the various evolutions until I had become letter perfect. Lastly, I desired to give my cold a treatment in accordance with an expedient that had just occurred to me.

No sooner had the lads scampered away, making the vast grove ring amain to their acclaims, than I began my preparations. Ordinarily, when afflicted by a catarrhal visitation, it is my habit to use for alleviation cubeb cigarettes. Having none of these about me and having in some way mislaid my sole pocket handkerchief, I now hoped to check the streaming eyes—and nose—and soothe the other symptoms of the complaint by inhaling the aromatic smoke of burning balsam.

I placed many sprigs of cedar on the camp fire. Immediately a thick, black cloud rose. A short distance away, on a flat stretch of turf, I spread my blanket, placing in the

center of it my pink sofa pillow. Midway between fire and blanket I deposited the earthen vessel that had contained the wild strawberries, having previously filled it with water from the lake. I state these things circumstantially because this has a bearing on what was shortly to ensue.

All things being arranged to my satisfaction, I proceeded to go through the following routine: First, stretching myself prostrate and face downward on the blanket, with the central portion of my person resting on the sofa pillow as a partial prop or support, I would count aloud "One—two—three—go!" and then perform the indicated movements of Swimming Lesson Number One, striking out simultaneously with my arms and lower limbs.

When wearied by these exertions I would rise, and visiting the fire would bend forward over it, inhaling the fumes and vapors until suffocation was imminent, anon returning to the blanket to resume my swimming exercises; but in going and in coming I would halt to lave my face, hands and knees in the cooling water contained in the receptacle.

I imagine, without knowing definitely, that I had been engaged in these occupations for perhaps half an hour, and felt that I had made commendable progress in my swimming. At a moment when I was extended prone on the blanket, counting rapidly as I mastered the breast stroke, that subtle, subconscious instinct possessed by all higher and more sensitive organisms suddenly warned me that I was no longer alone—that alien eyes were bent on me.

Suspending my movements I reared myself on my knees and peered about me this way and that. Immediately an irrepressible tremor ran through my system. Directly behind me, armed with a dangerous pitchfork and maintaining an attitude combining at once defense and attack, was a large, elderly, whiskered man, roughly dressed and of a most disagreeable cast of countenance.

At the same moment I observed, stealing softly on me from an opposite direction, a younger man of equally formidable aspect; and, to judge by certain of his facial attributes, he seemed to be the son of the first intruder. I shortly afterward ascertained that they were indeed father and offspring. The younger marauder bore a large, jagged club and carried a rope coiled over his arm.

I will not deny that trepidation beset me. What meant the presence of this menacing pair here in the heart of the forest? What meant their stealthy advance, their weapons, their wild looks, their uncouth appearance? Assuredly these boded ill. Perhaps they were robbers, outlaws, felons, contemplating overt acts on my life, limbs and property! Perhaps they were escaped maniacs! With a sinking of the heart I recalled having heard that the Branch State Asylum for the Insane was situate but a few short miles distant from Hatchersville!

It may have been that my cheeks paled, and when I spoke my voice perchance quivered; but I trust that in all other respects my demeanor in that trying moment was calm, cool and collected. I meant to temporize with these intruders—to soften their rough spirits by sweetness and gentleness of demeanor.

"Good morning!" I said in an affable and friendly tone, bowing first to one and then to the other. "Is it not, on the whole, a pleasant morning after the refreshing showers that have fallen?"

Instead of responding in kind to my placating overtures, the attitude of the whiskered man became more threatening than ever. He took several steps forward, holding his pitchfork before him, tines presented, until he loomed almost above my kneeling form; and he then hailed his accomplice, saying, as nearly as I recall his language:

"Come on, son! We've got him surrounded! He can't git away now! He's our meat!"

My heart now sank until it could sink no more. I was palpitant with apprehension, as who similarly placed would not have been? Their meat! The meaning of the sinister phrase was unmistakable. These must indeed be maniacs of a most dangerous type!

"Young feller," continued the elderly man, fixing his glaring eyes full on me, "before we go any farther with this little job, would you mind tellin' me, jest for curiosity, what you was doin' jest now down on that there sofa pillow?"

In this matter, at least, I could have no wish or intent to deceive him.

"I was taking a swimming lesson, sir," I said with simple courtesy.

"A which?" he said as though not hearing me aright.

"A swimming lesson," I repeated plainly, or as plainly as I could considering my agitation and the fact that the cold in my head had noticeably thickened my utterance, making it well-nigh impossible for me to give the proper inflection to certain of the aspirates and penultimates.

"Oh, yes," he said; "I see—a—a—swimming lesson. Well, that certainly is a mighty cute idee."

"I am glad you agree with me," I said. "And now, my good fellows, if you have any business of your own to attend to elsewhere—I should be more than pleased if you proceeded on your way and left me undisturbed. I have much to engage my mind at present, as you may have noted."

"Oh, there ain't no hurry," he said. "I figger we'll all be goin' away from here purty soon."

At this moment the son checked his advance and, stooping, raised aloft the same earthenware vessel of which repeated mention has heretofore been made.

"Here she is, all right, dad!" was his cryptic statement. "I guess we never made no mistake in comin' here."

The father then addressed me.

"Mister," he said, "mout I inquire where you got that there crock?"

"That, my good sir," I informed him, "is not a crock. It is undoubtedly a Mound Builder's relic, unearthed but yesterday in the forest primeval."

"In the forest which?"

"The forest primeval," I enunciated with all the distinctness of which I was capable.

"And whut, if anythin', have you been doin' with it besides anointin' them features of your'n in it?" Again it was the father who spoke.

"It formerly contained wild strawberries," I answered, "some of which were consumed for food, and the rest of which were carried away under cover of nightfall by a bear."

He stared at me.

"A bear?" he reiterated blankly.

"Certainly," I said; "undoubtedly a bear—I myself saw it. A large, dark bear."

"And whut about this here?" he continued, now beholding for the first time the remaining woodcock, which hung from the limb of a low tree, and pointing toward it. "Is that there a Mound Builder's chicken?"

"Assuredly not," I said. "That is a white woodcock. There was also a black woodcock, presumably a mate of this one; but it—it has been disposed of. The pair were slain yesterday with bow and arrow in the adjacent depths of the woodland, which is their customary habitat."

You will note that I constantly refrained from mentioning my youthful compatriots. Did I dare reveal that I had companions, and by so doing expose those helpless lads to the unbridled fury of these maniacal beings, filled with the low cunning and insatiable curiosity of the insane? No; a thousand times, no! Rather would I perish first. At all hazards I would protect them—such was my instantaneous determination.

"I git you," replied the bearded man, his tone and manner changing abruptly from the truculent and threatening to the soothing. "You was takin' a private lesson in plain and fancy swimmin' on a pink sofa cushion; and that there ancient and honorable milk crock was willed to you by the Mound-buildin' Aztecs; and a big bear come in the night and et up your wild strawberries—which was a great pity, too, seein' they're worth thirty cents a quart right this minute on the Saint Louie market; and you killed them two pedigreed Leghorn woodcocks with a bow and arrows in the forest—the forest whutever you jest now called it. Jest whut are you, anyway?"

"By profession I am a clergyman," I answered.

"And do all the members of your persuasion wear them little sailor suits or is it confined to the preachers only?" he demanded.

I gathered that this coarse reference applied to my attire.

"This," I told him, "is the uniform or garb of an organization known as the Young Nuts of America. I am known officially as Chief Nut."

"I can't take issue with you there," he said with a raucous laugh. "And now, Chief, jest one thing more: Would you mind tellin' us whut your aim was in holdin' your nose over that there brush fire a bit ago?"

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Realizing the social necessity of standardizing the modern dances, so that they will be danced in Wisconsin, for example, in precisely the same way as in Maine, Mr. and Mrs. Vernon Castle, the smartest dancers in America, and Madame Pavlowa, the greatest dancer in the world, decided to present their new dances in one magazine of the widest circulation.

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THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
Independence Square Philadelphia Pennsylvania

"My head has been giving me some trouble," I said. "I was curing myself with the aid of the smoke."

"One minute a nut and the next minute a ham," he murmured, half to himself. Dropping his pitchfork he stretched his hands toward me. "I s'pose," he added, "it ain't no use to ask when you got out?"

In a flash it came to me—I had often read that the victims of a certain form of mania imagined all others to be insane. My plain and straightforward answers to his vague and rambling interrogations had failed of the desired effect. Being themselves mad, they thought me mad. It was a horrifying situation.

I rose to my feet—I had been kneeling throughout this extraordinary interview—with a confused thought of eluding their clutches and fleeing from them. In imagination I already saw my murdered form hidden in the trackless wilds.

"No, you don't!" exclaimed the whiskered man, placing violent and detaining hands on me. "That's all right," he continued, as the son closed in on me: "I kin handle the little kildee by myself. . . . Now, sonny," he went on, again directing himself to me as I struggled and writhed, helpless in his grasp, "you come along with me!"

"Hold on!" called the son. "There's a lot of other stuff here—blankets and truck. He's been making quite a collection."

"Never mind," bade his parent, roughly turning me about and from behind propelling my resisting form violently forward. "I reckin they was gifts from the Mound Builders too. We'll come back later on and sort out the plunder."

As I was shoved along I endeavored to explain. I exclaimed; I cried out; I entreated them to stop and to hearken. My pleadings were of no avail and, I am constrained to believe, would have been of no avail even had not distress and agitation rendered me to an extent incoherent. My abductors only urged me onward through the woods at great speed.

"Gee! Hear him rave, dad!" I heard the son pant from behind me.

Merciful Providence! Now their warped and perverted mentalities translated my speech into ravings!

Almost immediately, as it seemed to me, we emerged from the forest into a plowed field; and but a short distance away I beheld a human domicile—in short, a farmhouse. Filled with sudden relief when I realized that a civilized habitation stood in such hitherto unsuspected proximity to our late camping place, and instantly possessed with a great and uncontrollable craving to reach this haven of refuge and claim the protection of its inhabitants, I wrested myself free from the bearded man with one mighty effort, leaving my flowing collar in his hands, and at top speed set off across the field, crying out as I ran: "Help, Help! Succor! Assistance!" or words to that effect.

My flight continued but a few yards. I was overtaken and felled to the earth, my captors thereupon taking steps to effectually restrain me in the free exercise of my limbs and bodily movements. This being one of the most acutely distressing features of the entire experience I shall forego further details, merely stating that they used a rope for the purpose.

It was at this juncture that the powers of connected thought and lucid speech deserted me. I retain an indistinct recollection of being borne bodily into a farm dwelling, of being confronted by a gaunt female who, disregarding my frantic efforts to explain all, persisted in listening only to the rambling accounts of my abductors, and who, on hearing from them their confused version of what had transpired, retreated to a distance and refused to venture nearer until my bonds had been reënforced with a strap.

Following this I recall vaguely being given to drink of a glass containing milk—milk of a most peculiar odor and pungent taste. Plainly this milk had been drugged; for though in my then state of mind I was already bordering on delirium, yet an instant after swallowing the draught my faculties were miraculously restored to me. I spoke rationally—indeed, convincingly; but, owing to an unaccountable swelling of my tongue, due no doubt to the effects of the drug, my remarks must, to the biased ears of those about me, have sounded inarticulate, not to say incoherent. However, I persisted in my efforts to be understood until dizziness and a great languor overcame me entirely.

A blank ensued—I must have swooned. Thereafter I slept and knew no more.

I shall now draw this painful narrative to a close, dismissing with merely a few lines those facts that in a garbled form have already reached the public eye through the medium of a ribald and disrespectful press—how my youthful companions, returning betimes to our camping place and finding me gone, and finding also abundant signs of a desperate struggle, hastened straightway to return home by the first train to spread the tidings that I had been kidnaped; how search was at once instituted; how, late thatsame evening, after running down various vain clews, my superior, the Reverend Doctor Tubley, arrived at Hatchersville aboard a special train, accompanied by a volunteer posse of his parishioners and other citizens and rescued me, semidelirious and still fettered, as my captors were on the point of removing me, a close prisoner, to the Branch State Asylum for the Insane at Pottsburg, twenty miles distant, in the deluded expectation of securing a reward for my apprehension; of how explanations were vouchsafed, showing that while I, with utter justification, had regarded them as lunatics, they, in their ignorance and folly, had, on the other hand, regarded me as being mentally afflicted; and how finally, being removed by careful hands to my place of residence, I remained a constant invalid, in great mental and bodily distress, for a period of above a fortnight.

As is well known, my first act on being restored to health was to resign the assistant rectorship of St. Barnabas'. And having meantime been offered the chair of history and astronomy at Fernbridge Seminary for Young Ladies I have accepted and am departing on the morrow for my new post, trusting, in the classic shades and congenial atmosphere of that well-established academy of learning, to forget the unhappy memories now indissolubly associated in my mind with the first and last camping expedition of the Young Nuts of America.

I close with an added word of gratitude and affection for those five gallant lads, Masters Horrigan, Pope, Ferguson, E. Smith and H. Smith—but particularly Master Pope, to whom I feel I indeed owe much.

(Signed) Very respectfully,
ROSCOE TITMARSH FIBBLE, D. D.

An Iron Coat

PLATING iron with iron, or steel with iron, is a queer new scheme for delaying rusting. Chemically pure iron is nearly rustproof; so the plating idea is to cover iron or steel with iron that is as chemically pure as possible. Plating in much the same way that brass is plated with gold or nickel gives a coat that is very close to pure iron. A coat of zinc over the coat of iron also helps.

Rust is the bitterest and most persistent enemy of this age of steel, with its bridges and wires and skyscrapers and machines. The ancient Hindus had a secret method of making rustproof iron, and much iron is now manufactured for special uses at comparatively high cost which is reasonably free from impurities and so less likely to give way to rust; but the inventor of completely rustproof, cheap iron has a vast fortune awaiting him.

Fifth-Grade Teeth

A FIFTH-GRADE schoolboy down in Southeast Kansas was told to write a composition on teeth and the next day handed in the following:

"Teeth is growed in the mouths of most animals 'cept hens. The hen doesn't chaw what she eats, she just swallers it and then says to her gizzerd: go to it and see what you kin make out of that. My ant fanny she has store teeth which keeps a droppin' down. i ast her one day why she didn't throw them awa and git her a gizzerd like a hen. Sometimes teeth akes awful. i don't Kno which is worst a tooth ake or a stummick ake i've hed both. there is this difference when yure tooth akes you kin git it pulled if you hev the nerve. i hed a tooth pulled onct by a doctor he told me it wouldn't hurt. I beleve all the doctors is liars. there was another doctor give me some medicine onct and said it would taste good. he's a liar too. teeth is a reglar nusance any way you Take them. my maw makes me brush my teeth evry day which there aint no sense inso fur as i kin see. if i hed my way there wouldn't be no more teeth we would all eat like a hen."

A Reply to Mr. White

WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE, of the Emporia Gazette, contributed to your issue of July 11, 1914, an article entitled: How Kansas Boarded the Water Wagon. In it he proved—by his *own* figures—that Kansas has found happiness and prosperity as a result of her prohibitory laws.

That a trained newspaper man should fill an article with state statistics and deliberately avoid the Census Bulletins is at least disingenuous, if not willfully misleading. Mr. White quotes none of his authorities; and yet, whatever they are, they bear out his contentions better than official figures. Let us take his statements in order, and answer them categorically:

1—Mr. White states: "The prohibitory law is now enforced in one hundred of the one hundred and five counties of the state"—in all the counties, in fact, except Leavenworth, Atchison, Sedgwick, Crawford and Cherokee. Yet Mr. White's own paper, the Emporia Gazette, February 7, 1914, contains an article headed: Plenty of Booze in Emporia; March second, Emporia, Kansas, Not a Dry Town! Prohibition Only Keeps Liquor Out About a Month at a Time; March fourth: Booze and Cards for Kansas Women; Society in Prohibition State Mixes Bridge and Booze—an article by Mr. White himself.

2—Mr. White states: "The brewery has been a crumbling ruin for twenty years." And—3—"The wholesale liquor house has vanished."

Page 185 of the Report of the Commissioner of Internal Revenue for 1912 shows that Kansas had in that year one brewery, five hundred and thirty-one retail liquor dealers, seven wholesale liquor dealers, seventy-six retail dealers in malt liquors, and twenty-four wholesale dealers in malt liquors—a total of one brewery and six hundred and thirty-eight licensed dealers in various kinds of liquor, all in a prohibition state, under whose laws the possession of a federal license is prima-facie evidence of liquor selling. That they are there the United States knows; but Kansas cannot catch them.

4—Mr. White states: "There is not a great difference in population between Cook County, Illinois, and the State of Kansas." One, however, is made up of the city of Chicago and its suburbs, covering 993 square miles, and the other is made up of agricultural communities covering 81,700 square miles. The comparison, in any case, is not a proper one; but Mr. White states there are more inmates in insane asylums in Cook County than in all the insane hospitals, penitentiaries, jails and institutions for the feeble-minded, combined, in the state of Kansas.

According to Bulletin 119, Bureau of the Census, page 10, the total number of insane in Kansas, enumerated January 1, 1910, was 2912. The total insane in Cook County on the same date was 2174. Kansas population was 1,690,949; Cook County population, 2,405,949. See pages 35 and 37, Abstract of Census, 1910.

5—Mr. White states that the murder, homicide and accidental death rate of Kansas is 4.5 to a hundred thousand. How Mr. White secured his figures one cannot say. No figures of an official character exist. Kansas is a nonregistration state, so that mortality statistics are not available. Covering the year 1912, a few places in Kansas were included within the registration area. There are no figures covering murders, homicides and accidental deaths for those places, but there are figures covering violent deaths and suicides.

The total population of Kansas cities in the registration area, given for the first time in 1912, was 289,000. The number of violent deaths and suicides registered in these places in 1912 was 369—or 127.6 to a hundred thousand, instead of 4.5, as Mr. White claims. See page 56, Mortality Statistics for 1912, U. S. Census Bureau.

6—Mr. White states: "Kansas has fewer deaths from kidney diseases than any other state." Since about one half of the United States, Kansas among them, are outside of the registration area, Mr. White cannot know whereof he speaks, and therefore lays himself open to the charge of manufacturing evidence.

7—Mr. White states: Forty-eight Kansas counties sent no persons to the penitentiary in 1913, eighty-seven Kansas counties sent no insane to asylums in 1913; in fourteen Kansas counties no jury has been called to try a criminal case in ten years; fifty-three jails have no inmates; thirty-eight Kansas counties have empty poorhouses. Yet on June 1, 1914, Kansas had 892 penitentiary inmates; 3427 insane in hospitals in the state; the county jail population on that date was 4883. These are the figures given by the Kansas State Board of Control—only totals furnished; not enumerated by counties.

But some Kansas counties have practically no population. Five have less than two persons to the square mile, and thirty-four show a decrease in population, between 1900 and 1910, of from .6 to 15.9 per cent. It is easy to see why some counties are not represented in state institutions. Incidentally, is it not rather fatuous to cite empty jails in proof of prohibition as a reducer of crime? On January 1, 1910, there were forty-seven empty county jails out of a possible ninety-one in Nebraska, a license state.

8—Mr. White states that Kansas' annual death rate is 7.5 to a thousand inhabitants. Once more official figures do not exist. Deaths from all causes in twelve Kansas cities in the registration area were covered for the first time in 1912. See page 56, United States Census Bureau Mortality Statistics, just issued. The total population of these twelve cities, according to census of 1910, was 303,443; the total deaths from all causes in 1912 was 4796—15.8 to a thousand inhabitants, instead of 7.5.

9—Mr. White states: "Bank deposits in Kansas have increased in ten years from $100,000,000 to $220,000,000"—yet the 1913 Report of the Comptroller of Currency, page 58, shows the total bank deposits of Kansas on June 4, 1913, to amount to $179,424,502.44, and not $220,000,000.

10—Mr. White states: "The average holding of taxable property is $1666.92"—yet Financial Statistics for 1912, just issued by the Census Bureau—see page 334—show that Kansas is assessed on from ninety to one hundred per cent of the full, true value of the property of the state. Page 44 of the Census Bureau Bulletin, on Wealth, Debt and Taxation, credits Kansas with $1468 a head, and not $1666.92.

Mr. White quotes the Wall Street Journal as stating the average property holding a head of Kansas to be the largest in America; but the Census Bureau Bulletin credits Nevada with $5214 a head, and lists twenty-three states higher than Kansas.

11—Mr. White states that Census Bureau reports show that the Kansas death rate decreased faster than that of any other state. As already explained, only a small part of Kansas is included in the registration area, and Census Bureau reports have no comparisons whatever as to increase or decrease in the Kansas death rate.

12—Mr. White states: "Kansas has more students in colleges, according to population, than any other state in the Union." Here, again, his claims are wholly at variance with official figures. Kansas, according to 1910 population, had one student in college for every 272.5 persons; Iowa had one for every 202.6 persons—a difference of thirty per cent in Iowa's favor. See page 123, Abstract Census, 1912.

Perhaps these corrections are sufficient to show that Mr. White's conclusions, however interesting in themselves, are not based on accurate figures.

For evidence that the prohibitory law is not successfully enforced, Mr. White is respectfully referred to articles published in his own paper on January fourteenth, sixteenth, thirty-first; February third, seventh, tenth, eleventh, fourteenth; March second, third, fourth; July eighth, ninth, and other dates in 1914.

All that Mr. White has shown is that for thirty-four years Kansas has been struggling—perhaps more sincerely than any other state—with prohibitory laws; and that her success is still open to question. He has also proved that Kansas is mightily pleased with herself; that she modestly concedes her own superiority and patronizingly invites less fortunate states to imitate her.

HUGH F. FOX.

Sec. of the U. S. Brewers' Association.

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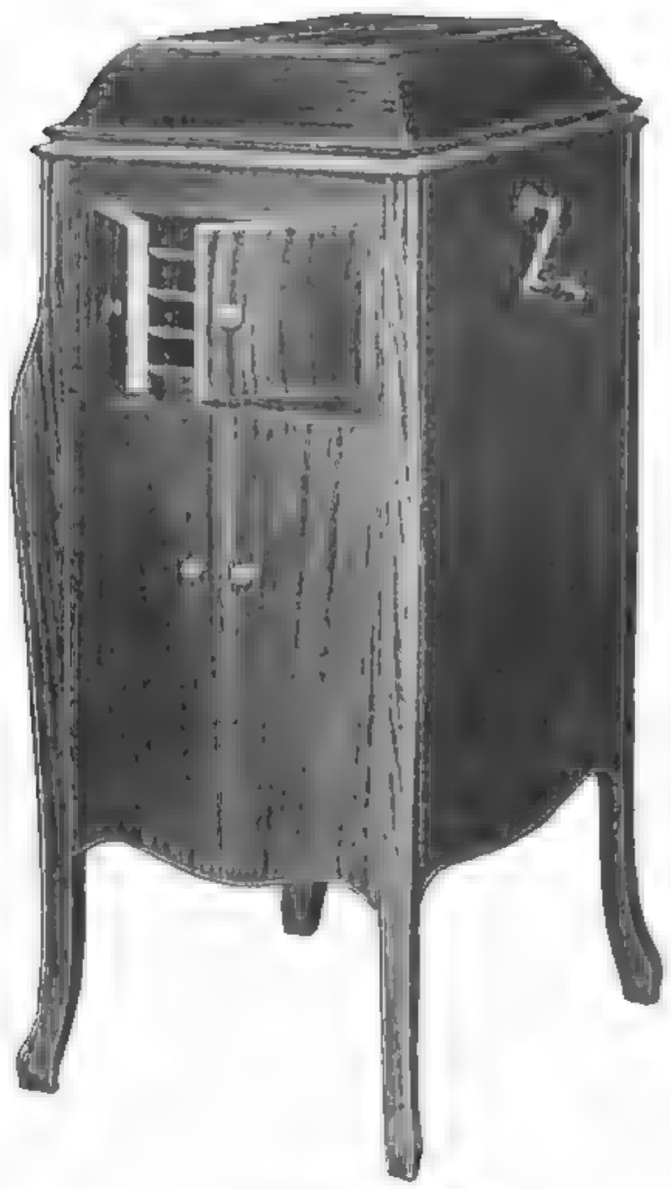

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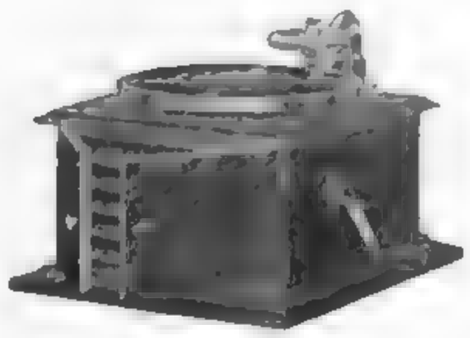

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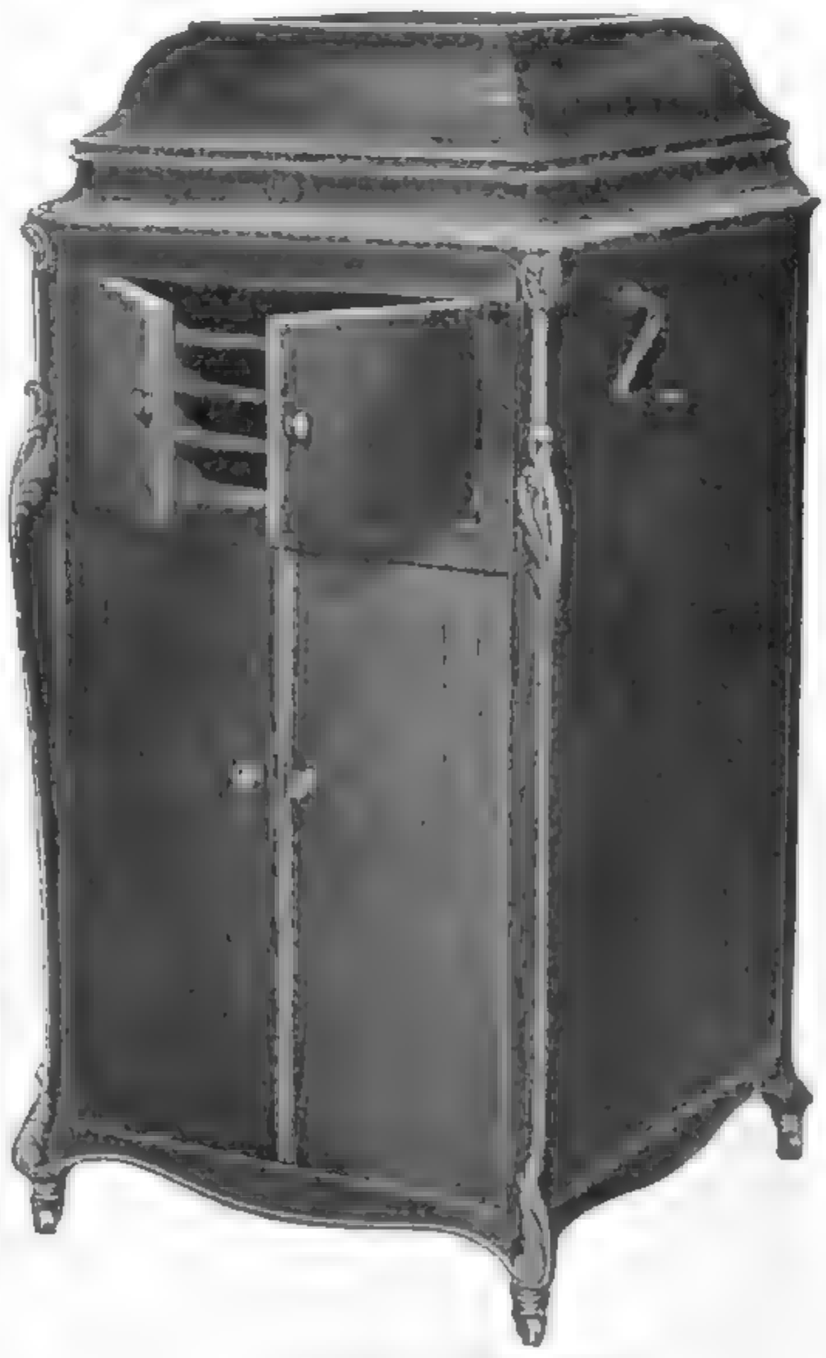

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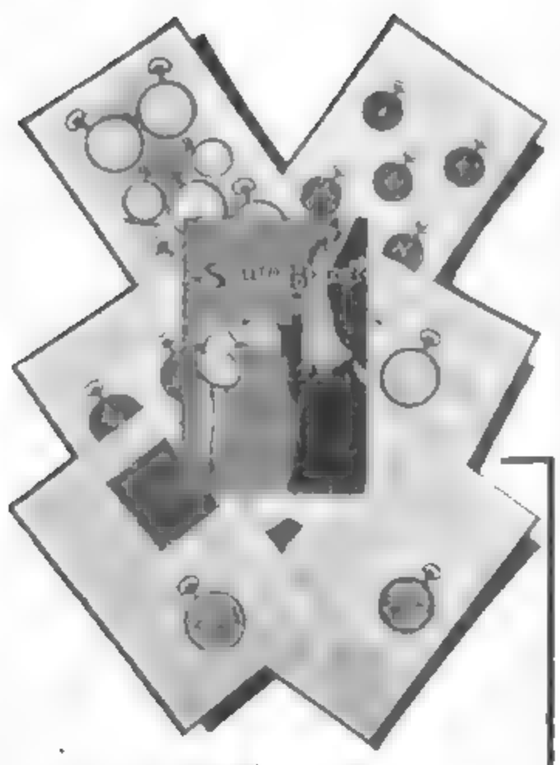

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SOAP WRAPPERS

(Continued from Page 13)

"Hucks, huh!" sneered Mr. Bunson. "He's a judge—not! Say, if I couldn't pick out brighter clerks than he does I'd get a job of stocking a tadpole pool. I guess I'll be busy to-night."

Luella shrugged her thin shoulders. "Well, I've done my part," smiling. "I shan't pretend I don't like Ruddy Wickers. I do. I told Myra so," frankly. "He is a clever, agreeable young man. Only ——" She moved off, smiling.

"I'll be up to-night," George called crossly after her.

From the auditing department Luella, unsmiling, went down to the shoe section, where she said to a trim, hurrying clerk: "Don't save that pair of velvet pumps any longer for me, Jimmy. I find I can't afford 'em this month." Then, still unsmiling, but with a light in her pale blue eyes that somehow brightened them as a flame brightens a grate, she walked nine aisles north and paid three dollars and ninety-five cents for a gilded *art-nouveau* ash tray. For in the past week it had been a matter of discomposure to Miss Waley's hospitable soul that Mr. Wickers' multitudinous cigarette butts and ashes had overflowed the ten-cent, beaten-tin saucer that Miss Maloney economically deemed good enough for any caller's ashes.

Over the *art-nouveau* tray that evening Mr. Bunson eyed Mr. Wickers in a manner having no suggestion of The Hague tribunal. But Mr. Wickers had some eying power of his own and ate sandwiches composedly.

"Weren't they funny?" sleepily giggled Myra, kicking off her shoes.

Luella did not reply. She was busy wadding Grecian Almond Bleaching and Beautifying Paste over forehead and cheeks.

"Don't you get tired doing that every night?" yawned Myra.

Luella turned from the mirror of the chiffonier. For a moment five fingers oozily white with facial paste were extended motionless in the air. For a moment Luella's pale blue eyes rested resentfully on the rose-pink of Myra Maloney's cheek as it blotched beautifully against the white pillow.

"Yes," said Luella curtly. "Mighty tired."

The god of gifts is whimsical, to phrase it one way. Exhibited by a mere human, such whimsicalness would be dubbed pure meanness. He gives what he will, when he will, to whom he will. To old women with flaccid, maize-colored necks he gives white ropes of diamonds. Old men with varicose veins and arteriosclerosis he afflicts with a grotesque hankering for young kisses. Upon healthy children he bestows doting grandparents. To tubercular, deficient youngsters he hands the juvenile court. To homely young women with light blue eyes and bony shoulders he gives the capacity for love and heartache and makes them as responsive to the tiding power of romance as ocean waves to the moon. But to Luella Waley he was kind enough to give also that power of dogged perseverance possessed in common by folks who hunt the North Pole, gubernatorial chairs, natural rouge, black tulips and happiness.

When Bland, Schottchild's lace buyer, inadvertently dived deep into the geometrical meshes of Cluny just before a wave of baby Irish inundated the Land of the Free, he said confidently: "Waley, old girl, I can depend on you to make this junk disappear." And later when he gayly lugged a ship's hold full of Irish medallions home from Antwerp, only to learn disgustedly that fashion had whitely flounced the country with shadow sheerness, he eased a carping superior by: "Doncha worry. That tall, thin salesgirl can get rid of it as easy as an oak tree drops its leaves in autumn." And in neither instance—nor in many others—was Bland deceived.

Three evenings after the purchase of the *art nouveau* tray Myra and Mr. Bunson led the way through the potted-palm-flanked gates of the Edielmarck Garden while Ruddy Wickers and Luella tagged behind them.

As they entered, a small gum-vender squawked: "Pipe the pink-cheeked beautiful doll!"

Ruddy grinningly halted to buy some gum in appreciation.

"Those pink cheeks came near being seal brown this evening," said Luella gayly. "Myra had a new eyebrow pencil that proved to be indelible. It slipped." Luella might have gone on to explain that Myra was demonstrating with the new pencil for an aging musical star, but Ruddy always made haste to fill every pause or semipause.

"Say, don't women spend a lot of dough for such stuff?" he said interestedly.

"I guess they do! If you'd see Myra's salesbook some days!"

"Yeh—I've got a friend down in Arkansas who handles the stuff. And he says if the lanolin and rosewater hold out he'll be donating libraries promiscuously too. And I guess the money isn't wasted, at that. Women certainly do change their looks with the stuff ——"

"Some do," interrupted Luella. "Some don't. Some can't. I can't. I've tried," dolefully. "I've tried every jar, bottle, box and vial that Myra's got in stock. And if I use liquid powder, folks ask if I'm fainting or is it only consumption. If I rouge, you'd think I'd gashed open my cheek. If I wave an eyebrow pencil twice at myself I give the impression of having tried to clean the kitchen stove and got badly sooted in consequence."

For perhaps the first time since he had seen her, Ruddy Wickers turned and looked squarely at Luella. At least she didn't remember any previous seeing look. "Oh well," he said, "it's good once in a while to meet a girl who doesn't make up."

"Oh, Myra doesn't make up," hastily.

"Course she doesn't," smiling.

There are several ways of telling the truth: You can tell it truthfully. Or you can tell it with every appearance of being a loyal, friendly, kind-hearted liar.

"She doesn't," protested Luella. "Not a bit. Honest, she doesn't, Mr. Wickers. And I'd know if she did. Say, though, the swellest new brand of carmine came in today. A manufacturer claims he spoiled a ton of cochineal experimenting to get it just right. It is for blondes though," disconsolately. Luella's eyes went mournfully to blond Myra ahead. "I can't use it. I dabbed a speck on my face and, honestly, I looked like an Apache who'd fallen face foremost in his enemy's bleeding heart!"

Ruddy Wickers laughed outright. "Say," admiringly, "I never saw a girl who plumped out the truth like you do!"

Luella gayly shrugged her shoulders, as much as to say: "Why lie when lying won't help?"

It would take many pages to relate the many admiring remarks anent her friend's beauty which Luella dropped into Ruddy Wickers' ears—and the just as many items anent the innumerable modern aids to beauty which she irrelevantly tacked on to those admiring remarks. Myra's yellow hair was lovely and the Goldine Dye, a new preparation received only a few weeks before, was swell. It was guaranteed to turn pig bristles into the strands of which the Lorelei's locks were made.

"Myra says," said Luella pensively, "that she's glad she's got one article she can honestly recommend." Luella's light blue eyes went wistfully to the golden bun caught low on Myra's white velvet neck by two big tortoise-shell pins. Myra and George were two seats ahead in the street car. "I wish," wistfully said Luella, "that I had the skin to go with yellow hair."

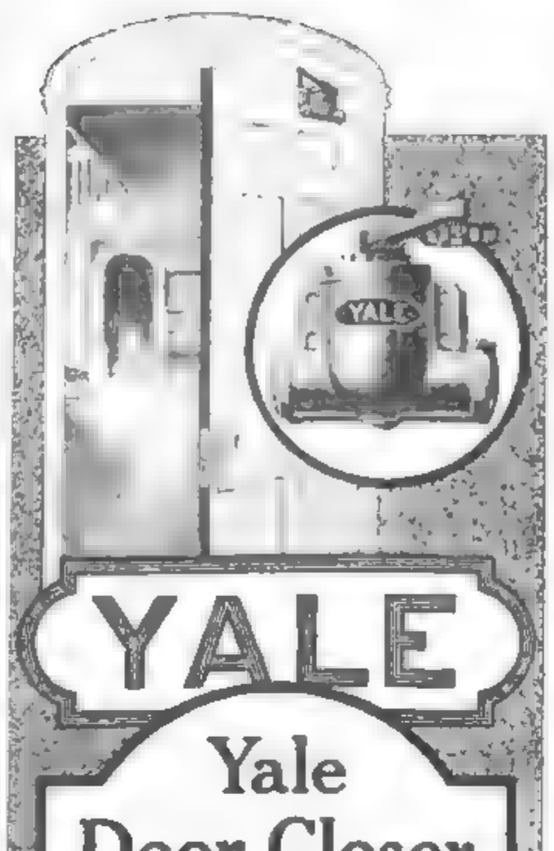
Mr. Wickers looked thoughtfully ahead at the golden bun. "Goldine, did you say?" abstractedly. "My friend down in Arkansas never could find a real reliable hair dye. I must write him."

It would take many more pages to tell how Luella skimped on her lunches, gloves and even hats, and wore out pumps hunting delicatessen shops where dill pickles were most dilled, and rye bread was rye-est and boiled ham was hammiest.

"You act like you like to make sandwiches!" said Myra thanklessly. "If you're going to all that trouble for me, you needn't. Those fellows are getting the idea this is a restaurant," grumbling. "I like my food flavored with a stringed orchestra. And the only time I can really endure George Bunson," frankly, "is when he is paying a waiter."

George had more than a glimmering of Myra's sentiments. It would take many more pages to tell how Luella coaxed and conjured and persuaded and argued and spurred him into continuing his courtship.

"If she is fond of me, as you say," he complained, "she has a mighty queer way of showing it. The things she says to me!"



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Yale Door Closer

(formerly Yale Door Check)

It is the one thing you can always depend upon to always close the door softly, quickly—without slamming. It *never* forgets.

The well-ordered, refined home is free from the annoyance of noisy doors—and nothing helps so much as this creator of comfort.

There is a size of Yale Door Closer to fit every kind of door—ranging in price from $3.75 upward. Your hardware dealer will attach *yours*. Call on him and have him explain *how it works* and *why it always* [illegible].

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Yale Night Latch No. 44. Not only a convenient protective spring lock, but a burglar-proof deadlocking latch as well. Attached to any door, anywhere, by anybody, and nothing but the key that belongs to it can persuade it.

How about your Garage? Stable? Boat House? Tool Chest? Lockers? Or anything else that needs to be *really* locked? There's a whole lot of difference in the *insides* of padlocks. Buy your padlock with the name *Yale* on the *outside*.

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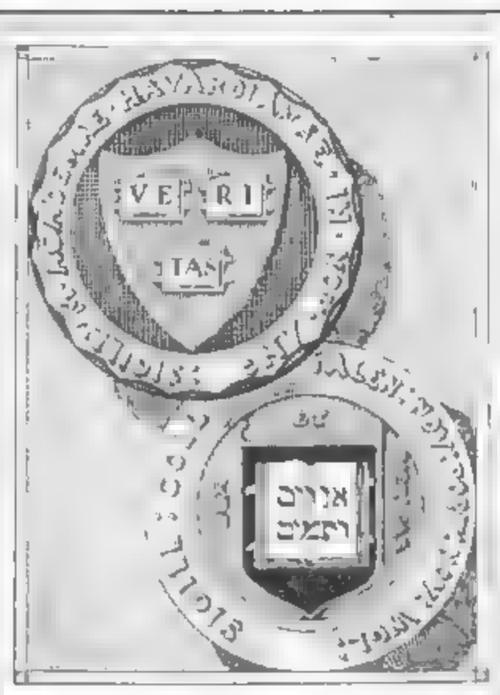

MOST of the authoritative innovations in the style of young men's garments make their debut on the college campus. The taste of the college-man influences the trend and tendency.

To express and define his taste and to interpret the tendency, one needs have at least a bowing acquaintance with that manner of man.

The president of our business can boast of Yale ('83) as his Alma Mater—the vice-president, Harvard ('92). Both of them influence each season's new models of

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for DISCERNING MEN & YOUNG MEN

MADE BY ALFRED BENJAMIN WASHINGTON COMPANY NEW YORK

$20.00 to $45.00

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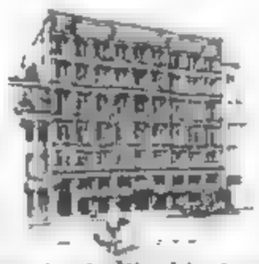
Shall we send you the Book of New Models and the name of a merchant in your vicinity who would count it an honor to serve you? Yes? Then, a post-card, please, to



Alfred Benjamin Washington Company

Lafayette Street and Astor Place New York

"That's just Myra's way," persuasively. "Why, only this afternoon I heard her tell a vain old man that an electric vibrator and three jars of Potent Palm Oil Wrinkle-Eradicator would put him back in the young Apollo class."

Such perseverance was bound to win some reward. Luella, though, did not grow bright-eyed with joy over such reward as fell to her. It was true that when they munched sandwiches at home Ruddy talked as much to her as to Myra. And when they sallied out to find food flavored with orchestra and potted palms it was true that three evenings out of five saw Ruddy beside her, pushed back there by the belligerent George. On such occasions Ruddy showed no sign of grief, but chatted as blithely and agreeably as he chatted to Myra on the evenings that he pushed George back.

George sulked when he had to walk beside Luella. Ruddy had one bland, agreeable style of converse for everybody and every occasion.

But Luella was sadly aware that the bland, pleasant regard which he gave her was a trifle different from the bland, steady gaze that he gave Myra. And that trifle rankled. Between life and death there is only the trifling difference of a breath. Luella wished moodily sometimes that Ruddy Wickers would sulk too. Then it would be easier.

"Do you know, Luella, I believe you've rubbed your face too much," criticized Myra one evening. "Those melancholy lines beside your mouth get deeper every week. Why do you fuss with your looks? I don't."

Luella grimly said nothing. Myra was in a generally critical mood.

"I'm tired of working," she presently said pettishly, "for a measly ten dollars. And I'm tired of punching a time clock. And writing sales checks. And living in these two poky rooms."

"George——" began Luella persuasively.

"Don't mention him," snapped Myra. "After the way I talk to that man, wouldn't you think he'd quit bothering me? Monners is furious," indignantly. "Eight times this week he's caught George hanging round my counter."

"I wouldn't worry," scoffed Luella. "Monners wouldn't fire you if the whole Y. M. C. A. and the state militia came and camped in your section."

"I don't suppose he would," modestly. "But when I'm paid for my time," virtuously, "it is not right to waste it."

Luella was brushing her hair. Amazement caused her to skip strokes from forty-four to seventy. Such punctilio from Myra! Myra who once, during a sale of Honey Ablution marked down from thirty-five cents to twenty-nine, kept a mad mob of women waiting while she perused the last quarter of Madame X!

It was significant. In depression Luella omitted strokes from seventy to one hundred and wadded her unthick black hair up recklessly. What was the use?

"But I don't think George Bunson'll tag after me any more," continued Myra in a reminiscent tone of satisfaction, "after what I told him to-night."

And George didn't. "Don't talk to me about Myra's way," he said fiercely when Luella happened to stroll through the ninth floor. "I don't like her way."

For many evenings Ruddy Wickers came alone to see the girls. A casual observer, disregarding complexions, could not have guessed from his pleasant impartial manner which girl was the chosen of Ruddy's heart. Both he and Myra were kind-hearted and tactful. They assumed as a matter of course that Luella was to come along wherever they went.

They did not go out often, though. Ruddy announced candidly that he was not flush. "But I don't know what to do with myself if I don't come up here," he added brightly, with an appreciative glance at the fumed-oak screen, *art-nouveau* tray and sandwich plate.

"He certainly has his share of assurance," said Myra. "You can't help liking him. If only," yawning, "he didn't talk so much!"

"The new chap in the stationery asked me to-day if you and I didn't room together," observed Luella. "Where's that bottle of Babyskin Cream? And he's been called down twice by Hucks for sticking to the end of the stationery counter that commands a view of the cosmetics. He'd like to call."

"He can take it out in liking," declared Miss Maloney. "I'm tired of 'em—new

The Girard Smile

As conceived by Martin Justice

You will be happy too when you are smoking a Girard Cigar and forty-nine more in the box. There you have a whole treasure house of flavor and fragrance—a pledge of many cheerful hours. The

GIRARD cigar

is so blended that it is easy on nerves. Try it and see if it does not give you more pleasure and less subsequent "back kick" than you would believe possible in any one cigar.

The Girard Cigar is made in 14 sizes and shapes; from 3 for a quarter to 20c. straight.

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Four Vital Factors in Shooting

EYE, gun, shell and powder—these are the four factors upon which depends your success at the traps or in the field. Not the least important of them is the last named—powder.

You can insure the constancy of this factor by shooting

Infallible

Smokeless Shotgun Powder

Here is a powder that always runs absolutely uniform. The load shot today will give the same high velocity, the same light recoil, the same even patterns, will burn just as clean, be just as thoroughly waterproof, as the load shot a year or two years ago.

And this matter of uniformity in powder is one that should not be passed over lightly. You know the difference that a strange gun will make in shooting, a strange club in golf, a strange racket in tennis. A strange powder, or a powder that *varies in quality*, has the same effect.

Get used to shooting Infallible. The next time you order shells tell your dealer you want Infallible Powder. You can get it in any standard make of shell.

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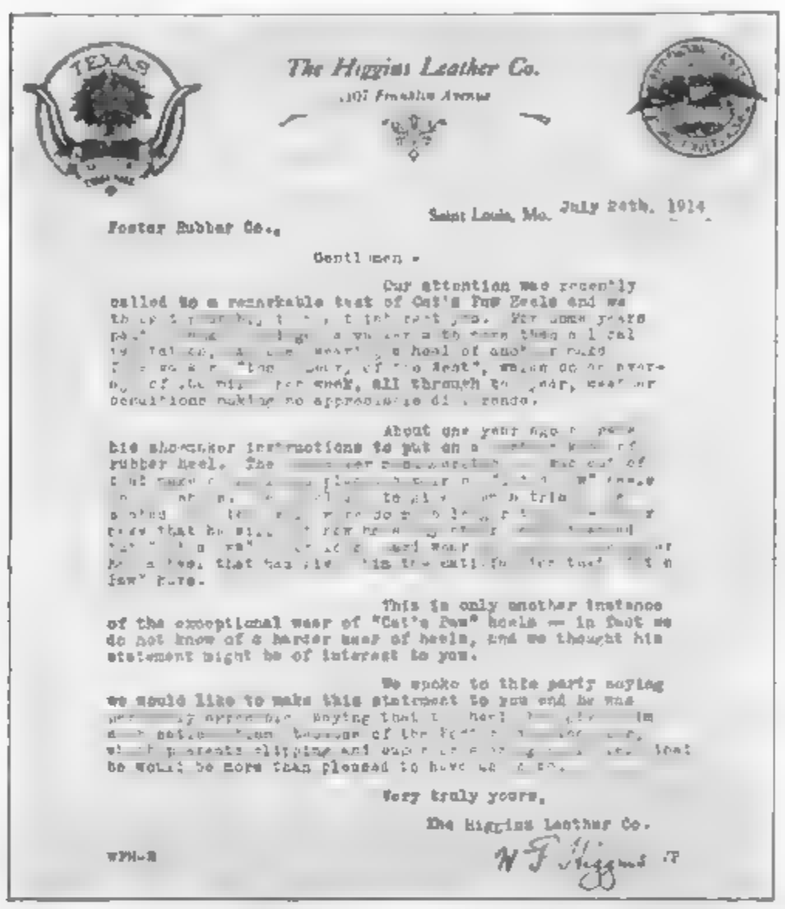
HERCULES POWDER CO.

Wilmington, Del.

Walks 100 Miles a Week

Here is an unsolicited letter which tells what a real walker thinks of Cat's Paw Cushion Rubber Heels. Think of walking 100 miles every week—5200 miles in a year—that man ought to know something about shoes and heels.



The Higgins Leather Co.
107 Franklin Avenue

Saint Louis, Mo. July 20th, 1914

Foster Rubber Co.,

Gentlemen -

Our attention was recently called to a remarkable test of Cat's Paw Heels and we [illegible] a mail carrier [illegible] who walks 100 miles per week, all through the year, wears our heels [illegible] without appreciable diminution.

About one year ago [illegible] his shoemaker instructions to put on a [illegible] rubber heel. The [illegible] out of [illegible] "Cat's Paw" heels [illegible] faw" pure.

This is only another instance of the exceptional wear of "Cat's Paw" heels — in fact we do not know of a harder wear of heels, and we thought his statement might be of interest to you.

We spoke to this party saying we would like to make this statement to you and he was [illegible] saying that [illegible] would be [illegible] better because of the [illegible] parents slipping and [illegible] would be more than pleased to have us [illegible].

Very truly yours,

The Higgins Leather Co.

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This experience is typical of millions who have found that Cat's Paw Heels make walking easier and safer. They make good because made right. Cost no more than ordinary kinds. 50 cents attached. All dealers everywhere.

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You Need It As Much As You Need The Typewriter Itself

X-RAY VIEW Showing depth of Stationery Pockets.

Saves space. Saves time. Meets every requirement of modern business office. Stenographers do more work because they have better light. Takes only 4 sq. ft. of floor space. Easily moved from room to room or into corner when not in use. Casters can be raised instantly, making stand absolutely firm. Can't vibrate.

UHL ART STEEL Typewriter Table Cabinet

Thousands in use. Only steel typewriter table cabinet on market. Made of steel with built up wood platforms. Steel pockets for week's supply of stationery instead of catch-all drawers. Steel dust proof self locking roll top. Guaranteed 100% practical.

WARNING Beware of imitations. Insist on having the genuine "Uhl." Look for our name and trade mark.

Write for Descriptive Booklet, Free

The Toledo Metal Furniture Co., 2539 Dorr St., Toledo, O.

clerks, I mean. For four years back every fresh arrival at Schottchild's has called on me, and I've given him tips on landladies, love, lonesomeness, laundries and lunchrooms. It has palled. Ruddy ends the list."

Luella listened and carefully applied the bleaching cream to her lips, which certainly did not need it.

"Gee!" continued Myra sleepily; "I ought to wash my face. I've got to wash my face—and where is that Babyskin Lotion? I thought," worriedly, "that my cheek is sagging—but maybe the mirror was punk."

Such worriment on Myra's part! With one short melancholy sigh Luella Waley so lengthened her own face that she offset several weeks' massaging and many bottles of plumping cream.

And the next afternoon Ruddy's voice floated across the aisle as he leaned leisurely against a pyramid of reliable Roseflush at nineteen cents a jar. "Sure, you'd like Arkansas," he was saying earnestly. "Barring the soil and climate and location it is an elegant state. Don't give me an answer now. Think it over."

Luella was not spiteful, but she could not resist saying that night to Myra: "Aren't you afraid Monners will be furious? Every time I've looked across the aisle for three days Ruddy has been leaning against your counter."

Myra shrugged her shoulders. "If Monners doesn't like it," pertly, "he knows what he can do. If he," hotly, "can find any other girl who can sell the same amount of grease that I've sold in my time, let him find her!"

The inconsistency of her friend stunned Luella.

"Anyway," Myra added crossly, "whatever Monners thinks, he is too tongue-tied to mention it."

Luella did not accompany the two to the Edielmarck that evening. She claimed that she had mending to do. Neither Myra nor Ruddy seemed to care. After they had gone out Luella's hands lay grimly quiet in her lap for an hour. Then for three hours they were grimly swift with a needle and a heap of stockings, gloves and waists. Most of the heap of mending belonged to Myra.

When Myra came in she undressed softly so as not to waken Luella. But some two hours later her eyes opened and she murmured drowsily:

"You must have a terrible cold, Luella. There's some quinine and lozenges in the second drawer of the chiffonier."

Luella stiffened; then she choked back another sound which was a blend of gulp, snivel and cough.

"Get up and take some," affectionately ordered Myra. "Or I'll get up for you."

Luella got up and crossed the room to the chiffonier. But—oh, habit is a mighty thing!—she did not open the second drawer of the chiffonier, but the first. And she did not take out quinine and lozenges. Instead she took out a jar silver-labeled Balm for Red Eyelids. Then she went back to her bed.

In the morning Myra, in unbuttoned shoes and with unfastened kimono, pattered out to the gas stove. But Luella took the coffeepot away from her sleep-slow hands.

"Never mind," composedly, "I'll make it. I—I haven't anything else to do."

"I wish you would," thankfully. "I want to brush my hair."

And Luella listened composedly that evening when over supper of baked beans and coffee cake from the delicatessen shop Myra announced contritely: "It's a mean trick, but I'm going to leave you, Luella. Still, you can get another girl to come in my place, and then you needn't give up one room. And I'd have given you more warning if I'd had any myself," smiling radiantly till the pink of her cheeks crinkled up against her silky eyelashes.

"Oh, I've been expecting it," composedly.

"Have you?" in surprise. "That's more than I have. After four years! And if it hadn't been for Ruddy, it wouldn't have happened yet. When I told him about Ruddy's proposal he sputtered ——"

"Told who?"

"Who? Who else could it be but Monners?"

"Monners!" Luella dropped the pot of beans. "That tongue-tied ——"

"I do not like men who jabber incessantly," with dignity. "If we were going to rent a flat you could live with us, Luella dear. But we're going to travel—and sell cosmetics. Monners says there is no use wasting our ability—and looks—for Schottchild's. And if we do well," speculatively, "I think I'll have the shape of my nose changed. I never liked it ——"

"Myra!"

"It costs five hundred dollars," thoughtfully. Then Myra sprang up. "Say, I won't be home to-night. Break the news to Ruddy—will you?"

Luella broke it. She expected grief and wrath. But Mr. Wickers displayed only wrath.

"That's what I call a shabby trick! And she as good as promised me to go to Arkansas! When I see her ——" Then Mr. Wickers shrugged his shoulders. "Oh, well, let her go. I guess she has a right to do as she pleases."

Luella was silent. He looked round the room appreciatively. "This leaves you alone?"

"Yes," said Luella quietly.

And then, before she knew it, Ruddy Wickers had pulled his chair beside hers, put one arm round her neck and said blandly: "Say, kiddo, I'm not drawing ten thousand a year yet, but I might some day. Do you think we could worry along on the present sum?"

"W-we?" stammered Luella.

"Yes," warmly.

For one second Luella Waley relaxed against that arm. For one second she forgot the difference between light blue and turquoise.

And then she sat up, jerked herself from Mr. Wickers' arm and her chair from his chair, and snapped:

"We could not!"

"Why couldn't we? I thought," reproachfully, "you liked me!"

"I do," admitted Luella coldly. "But I don't like cold pancakes."

"Who does?" hotly. "Am I a cold pancake?"

"All the love you're offering me," said Luella deliberately, "is cold and stale and flat. And I think as steady diet it would be dreary food."

"It is not ——"

"You're feeling bad because Myra said no to your proposal. And for a while you'll feel lonesome ——"

Ruddy interrupted tempestuously: "The only proposal I ever made to Myra was a proposal for her to go down to Arkansas and sell complexion dope for my friend who is in the cosmetics business and who asked me to find him a good-looking demonstrator! And I never thought of making her any other!"

Luella regarded him incredulously.

"Say, Luella," he asked irrelevantly, "did you ever try that soap in pink and gold wrappers that Myra sells so fast?"

"Once. It smarts the skin, though."

Ruddy Wickers grinned. "No one but a chump buys soap because of a pretty wrapper," he observed blandly.

The incredulity faded from Luella's light blue eyes. And in her heart slowly grew a belief that spread more pinkness, glow and luster than all the jars in the second drawer of the chiffonier.

She relaxed comfortably against his arm. "I'll keep on working till the furniture is paid for," she said.

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The Light of Peaceful Homes

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Good light is the cheapest home necessity. Look to your lamps. Not what they cost, but what they give is the measure of their quality. Discard the old and put in the new—rugged National Mazda lamps that *triple your light* without using more current. This we guarantee

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National Mazda *ruggedness* is demonstrated twenty-four hours a day in the New York subway trains, and in trolley cars, dining cars and sleepers all over the States. The signals your train passes in the night are National Mazda safeguards Everywhere—in the office or factory, on the street, at the theatre or in church—you live in National Mazda light. *How about your home?*

If not for peace, progress, comfort and hospitality, at least for *thrift*—for the sake of getting what you pay for—put a National Mazda lamp in every socket. Begin now. Don't let progress step past you. Get Hylos (turn-down lamps) for your bedroom and bathroom. Use the sizes that fit your rooms. Ample choice Buy National Mazda lamps where you see this poster in the windows. Write for valuable literature on modern illumination, including Holophane reflectors

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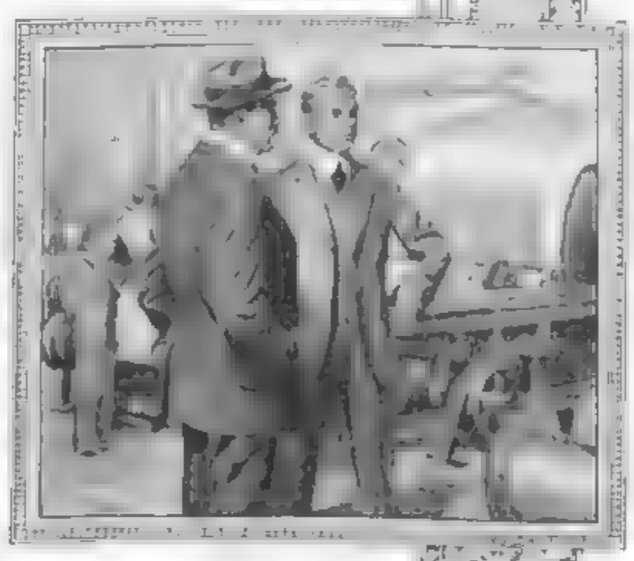
Back of [illegible] *page* [illegible] *National Quality*

The Clothes a Nation Wears

Styleplus Clothes $17 have become a *national institution!* Within the brief space of a few years they have won a popularity and a use as big as the Nation itself. Styleplus were originated and made to fill a national need—the need for all-wool clothes of style and fit at a price which all men could afford. And the men of a whole Nation have answered "Fine!"



Styleplus are *the* clothes for all men, for all work, for all occasions! They satisfy the demands of critical men everywhere and in all seasons. They present the perfect combination of fabric, style, fit, wear, and moderate price which enables *every man in the United States* to dress well and save money.

It will pay you to see this New Kind of clothes. There is ONE Styleplus Store in your town. Stop in and try on a Styleplus suit or overcoat. You will understand at once why Styleplus enjoy national popularity. And even if you have been paying $20 to $25 for your clothes you will say: "Wonderful clothes and $3 to $8 in pocket!"

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On written request we will mail—free of charge—a booklet, "The Sunbonnet Folks," containing six beautiful colored prints especially designed for young folks.
"Old Dutch," 118 West Monroe St., Chicago.

GETTING FOREIGN TRADE

(Continued from Page 11)

part of our sales to South America has been made on a cash basis, but, no doubt, if we are greatly to increase our trade there we must give the same credit that English and German sellers have given. In that respect the situation at present is made exceedingly difficult by the fact that big South American countries have declared moratoriums. As long as the moratoriums are in force granting credit will be a very delicate matter.

Indeed the National Foreign Trade Council and the American Manufacturers' Export Association have issued strong warnings touching this point. The latter says:

"It is perhaps true that the ultimate result of the present crisis will be a very large expansion of the foreign trade of the United States. It would be strange were it otherwise. But at this time, with few exceptions, the conditions in foreign markets are so unsatisfactory that it behooves American exporters to exercise the greatest caution in making shipments or endeavoring to get new business to-day. As is generally known many countries have proclaimed a moratorium which may be extended indefinitely; exchange facilities are practically nonexistent, and while shipping facilities to almost all parts of the world have now been established from New York exporters should understand exactly what they are about before undertaking to fill foreign orders at present. A great deal of evidence is at hand to show that, because of false impressions created by much that has appeared in print within the last month, individuals and firms who lack even the rudimentary ideas of the requirements for successfully conducting business in foreign countries are now bestirring themselves under the impression that it is a case of first come first served. More than ever the present occasion demands accurate and complete knowledge of conditions and requirements essential to the successful conduct of foreign trade, and it is perhaps unnecessary to state that a large proportion of the 'syndicates' and schemes in this respect now being exploited before the public are quite unable to bear a close scrutiny."

The National Foreign Trade Council observes: "Under the influence of glowing generalities as to the 'wonderful opportunities' for extension of trade of the United States with South America the public should not lose sight of certain fundamental conditions surrounding the trade, which must be improved before the existing trade can be handled, to say nothing of greater business in the future. Exports to and imports from South America have been halted by the confusion into which the war threw European shipping and banking, on which expeditious transaction of our South American trade has long depended."

Opening the Door to New Trade

"The United States and the ten republics of South America, by reason of their natural products and industry, occupy toward each other a reciprocal relation. Properly cultivated a very large and mutually profitable trade can be built up. It will be necessary, however, to build from the ground up. The prizes of Latin-American trade will not fall gratuitously into our hands. Every nation now enjoying a large per capita foreign trade has attained it only by systematic effort and sacrifice."

Thorough knowledge of credits is, of course, one of the means of building from the ground up and in that respect we are quite deficient. Along with this matter of credit goes that of banking facilities. England and Germany have long had strong branch banks in South America and the banks are a very important part of the trade organization of those countries. Through these European branch banks, in fact, a large part of South America's foreign trade has been handled, even that with the United States. When we buy coffee in Brazil, for example, we pay by means of a ninety-day bill of exchange on London which is negotiated through the branch of a London bank in South America. In effect we get a credit in London with which to pay our South American debt. The bill of exchange on London in pounds sterling is the standard currency by which South America's foreign trade is conducted. When we come to compete with an English house in selling goods down there the very fact that payment is to be made in English money through an English bank gives the Englishman a certain advantage.

Besides directly facilitating trade between England, Germany and France and South America, the European branch banks have an undoubted advertising value. They are a sign of the commercial power of those countries and a guaranty that they have settled down in the South American trade to stay. If we are greatly to increase our competition with Europe down there we must be less completely dependent upon European banking. Some time before the outbreak of the war the National City Bank of New York decided to establish at least two branches in South America and preparations to that end were going forward when the war came. The plan will be carried out, making, it may be hoped, the beginning of direct banking relations on an important scale with South America. But until the passage of the new banking act last year national banks in this country were not permitted to establish branches. Of course a new and separate bank with American capital might have been organized to locate in Buenos Aires or Rio de Janeiro. But no new, separate institution could have gone in there with anything like the prestige possessed by branches of great European banks that were known the world over. If we were going into South American banking at all we ought to go in with the best we had—that is, with branches of our most powerful institutions that could offer world-wide reputations and a mass of assets comparable with those of the big English, German and French banks. The National City Bank's plan makes a beginning in that direction, but its branches, at this writing, are not yet actually in operation, so we are barely at the threshold of one very important door to wider trade relations.

Pioneer Banks in South America

For a long time this lack of American banking facilities has been felt. The outbreak of the war, of course, emphasized it. It was urged that other big banks in New York and Chicago should at once establish South American branches. Manufacturers said: "In order to get increased trade in South America we must have American banking facilities. Establish branch banks there and we will go after the trade." But bankers—excepting the institution which had already matured its plans in that respect—answered: "When manufacturers get enough increased business to make branch banks profitable, we will establish them."

No doubt the City Bank's plan was a pioneering step—taken, that is, with a view to future trade expansion. There must be pioneering if trade is to expand. So long as everybody waits for somebody else the procession cannot start. But the war, while emphasizing the need of pioneering, created conditions under which it was exceedingly difficult. Immediately, for example, bank reserves fell here and banks began issuing clearing-house certificates and emergency currency—measures designed to meet a monetary stringency. Naturally when their hands were so full taking care of the situation at home they were little inclined to withdraw capital from the home field in order to place it in a new and more or less experimental territory. At the same time interest rates in New York were marked up to eight per cent, and in Chicago to seven per cent, while it was difficult to get commercial paper discounted on any terms. Of course, under such monetary conditions merchants and manufacturers, broadly speaking, were in no position to branch into new fields.

After the first shouting this monetary aspect of the situation—in the broadest sense of that term—presented itself as a big factor in the problem of South American trade. Take by far the biggest item in our South American trade—namely, our purchases of coffee from Brazil. The amount runs well toward a hundred million dollars a year, constituting over a third of our total South American imports. We take about forty per cent of Brazil's exports but supply only fifteen per cent of her imports. To put it in other terms, we buy from her about three times as much as we sell to her.

When we buy Brazilian coffee our importer gets a credit in London and pays the

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Brazilian exporter with a ninety-day draft on that city. So when the coffee arrives in New York we owe, not Brazil, but England. We pay the debt to England largely by shipping her our cotton, wheat, and other foodstuffs. And the English money we pay Brazil for her coffee is used in England by Brazil to pay interest on British investments in Brazil and to buy British manufactures.

You can picture it this way: The ship leaves Brazil laden with coffee for American consumption. At New York the coffee is taken out and, to pay for it, the ship is laden with our cotton and wheat for British consumption. In England our cotton and wheat are taken out, enough of them set aside to pay interest on Brazil's debts to England and the remainder exchanged for English manufactures which the ship carries back to South America.

Our trade problem, of course, is to pay Brazil for her coffee in our own manufactures. But when we look up her imports we find, for example, some twenty million dollars of railroad materials which are no doubt mostly a product of foreign investments. Many other items on the list undoubtedly represent credit, long or short; and there is little question that, in order to get the trade, we must grant the credits.

Of course that involves, first and last, a complex organism that as yet is almost nonexistent here. If you turn to the quotations of the London Stock Exchange, for example, you find a long list of South American securities that are well established in the London investment market, but South American investments are practically unknown in this country. There is the more immediate question of granting credit to individual buyers of American goods. Comparatively few houses in this country have the information at hand.

Finally, international trade goes on the same basis as any other. It is a question of giving the buyer the goods that suit him best on the most acceptable terms and of cultivating his good will. No action by the government or by any commercial association in North America can finally turn the trick. Such action can help greatly without doubt. But the goods are finally sold by the drummer sitting at the desk of the South American merchant. Broad strategy is important in war and in trade, but in both cases it comes to nothing unless you have regiments of dependable men out on the firing-line. So it is the individual seller, whether of pins or of engines, who will capture the trade.

That hitherto we have cared little, relatively speaking, about South American trade everybody knows. We have talked much concerning its desirability, but in the past, broadly speaking, there have been lines of less resistance and we have followed them. Europe sells to South America about a hundred million dollars' worth of cotton goods made mostly out of our raw cotton. We sell about four million dollars' worth. No doubt we could have sold more if we had tried hard enough to do so, but we had the great domestic market and cared comparatively little about South America.

Making Germany's Business Ours

One could fill an issue of this weekly with instances of our carelessness about Latin-American trade, like the following related by J. D. Whelpley in his Trade of the World: "Some years ago while idling away a day in a small Central American town, I drifted in for a chat with the principal—in fact the only—general merchant in the place. As I entered the building, a long, low, shedlike structure common to that country of heavy rains and possible earthquakes, I found myself in the midst of a bevy of dusky maidens, apparently very busy wrapping up parcels. As soon as my eyes were accustomed to the light of the room, dim in contrast to the brilliant tropical sunshine out of doors, I saw that the girls were surrounded by a pile of boxes containing candles wrapped in yellow paper. The workers were taking these candles from the boxes, stripping them of the yellow paper and rewrapping them in blue paper. Naturally I asked the proprietor the reason for this apparent waste of time and money. He said quite despondently: 'For years I have had a big trade in candles. They have always come done up in blue paper. The last shipment came in yellow paper, and although they were the same goods my customers would not have them. I got some blue paper, rewrapped the candles and now they are going like hot cakes. I wrote the firm they must send candles wrapped in blue paper. They replied very much to the effect that I was a fool because the candles were the same as before and for reasons of their own they had decided to change to yellow paper, and yellow it would continue to be.'"

Of course you can't expand trade anywhere on these terms, and in a foreign market good will is especially important.

Some South American trade will no doubt fairly fall into our lap. Germany's exports to that continent exceed a hundred and seventy-five million dollars a year and the empire's overseas trade was paralyzed by the war. That the paralysis will continue while the war lasts is very probable. This stoppage of German exports left a gap which, in part, must be filled, and a good many urgent inquiries as to what American houses can do by way of filling it have been received. No doubt in many cases South America will take goods wherever she can find them and on almost any tolerable terms. But the aggregate of these forced purchases is not likely to be very large, and we by no means have the field to ourselves. Our greatest competitor -England, with South American exports amounting to two hundred and seventy-five million dollars a year—is far from being out of the running. Her ships sail everywhere as of old. On the banking side she has made a great recovery from the first prostration caused by the war. She has long-established trade relations, intimate knowledge of the field, a great organization for carrying on the trade. Undoubtedly she will try hard to get a good share of whatever trade Germany drops.

Never Too Late to Hustle

Certainly we ought to get our share of it too. Probably there is no reason why we should not, within two or three years, double our sales to South America—or, in some further years, treble them. Fortunately from our point of view South America's exports consist almost wholly of raw materials which the world will go on consuming to a great extent, war or no war. Consequently that continent will have the means of purchasing a large amount of foreign goods, irrespective of the war and whether or not any additional foreign capital is invested there. Brazil, for example, may not be able to borrow foreign capital with which to purchase steel rails, locomotives and passenger cars. But the world will still buy her coffee and crude rubber, and by selling those commodities she will be able to buy foreign cotton goods, leather manufactures, coal, hardware and tools, machinery, glass and stone ware, and so on. Europe, whether it is at war or not, will want Argentina's wheat and meats and Chile's nitrates.

Argentina buys three hundred and seventy million dollars of foreign goods a year, of which only a little over fifty million dollars comes from the United States. Brazil buys over three hundred million dollars, but less than fifty millions comes from this country. Chile buys upward of a hundred and twenty million dollars, but under seventeen million dollars comes from this country. Those three countries, then, buy about eight hundred million dollars of foreign goods and not much more than one-eighth comes from the United States. Making all allowance for that part of their foreign purchases which is a product of the investment of foreign capital, there is still a very big trade that lies open to our competition.

Among the biggest items in the imports of those South American countries are cotton manufactures, iron and steel manufactures, machinery, autos, trucks and carriages, electrical apparatus, leather goods, hardware and tools. If we cannot compete successfully in those things we may as well resign ourselves to a back seat. Finally, there is a fine opportunity for trade, but it is not going to be done up in a neat package and handed over to us. Action by government or by a commercial association will not turn the trick. People with goods to sell must address themselves to the business with intelligence, patience and perseverance.

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Tuxedo is built on a mild, soothing principle. All the bite is taken out of the tobacco by the *original* "Tuxedo Process." (This is the secret process which other tobaccos have tried both to steal and to imitate. In both they've been unsuccessful.)

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Convenient pouch, *inner-lined* with moisture-proof paper . . . 5c

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CRUSHING THE PEOPLE FOR WAR MONEY

(Continued from Page 10

showing of people we describe as those of moderate means. There are two million individuals or families each having property ranging from $1,000,000 down to $4200—about one and a half million of these owning not over $5000 each.

French natural resources are not large compared with those of this country or Germany. It is the investments that count. French investors own $6,000,000,000 or $7,000,000,000 of foreign securities alone. Yet so pressing has been this rich nation's need for military funds that the government has time and again forbidden bankers to float foreign loans. The heavy fees charged for listing American securities on the Bourse have long been the utter despair of our corporations seeking funds abroad. Not long ago the Chamber of Deputies voted, three hundred and fifty to twenty, to uphold the motion of Monsieur Caillaux, then minister of finance, that "The Chamber is resolved to reserve France's financial resources to the country's national need in the first place."

In the last few years just about three-fifths of France's yearly budget has gone for military purposes and to pay interest on debts incurred for similar expenses in the past. This year, or at least before the war came along, the budget was 5,373,329,449 francs, including a provision of $100,000,000 more for the army than was made in 1913. Even with our enormous Civil War pensions and iniquitous pork-barrel appropriations the United States Government is spending only $735,000,000 this year, or $235,000,000 less than France had planned to spend before the war broke out. Yet this country is twice as populous, fifteen times as big and not far from twice as rich.

Thanks to the newness of the empire and to the fat indemnity which it took from France, Germany is no such debt-ridden country as its mortal enemy. But if the French were taxed the way the Germans are the streets of Paris would run red with the blood of collectors and assessors. Any man with a uniform would be strung to the nearest lamp post. There would be another Revolution. The number of taxes in Germany is simply unbelievable.

An American citizen of German birth and leanings, who visits his mother country every few months on business, said to me just after the war began:

"It had to come. They couldn't stand the burden in South Germany any longer. Why, I was told in Nuremberg on my last trip that war had to come within a year, because they couldn't pay taxes there any longer. And one doesn't think of quiet old Nuremberg as a warlike place."

What It Costs to Remain Single

Germany is the home of the income tax. Our gentle little affair, which does not begin until one's income is $3000 if single and $4000 if married, is a summer zephyr in comparison. All of the twenty-odd states of the German Empire have income taxes, in many cases beginning with incomes of $100 a year, with the single notable exception of Bavaria, the unimportant exception of the little old-fashioned Mecklenburgs, and Alsace-Lorraine, where German customs could not be forced down French throats. Then on top of these searching state taxes on rich and poor alike are superimposed imperial income taxes, unearned increment taxes on real estate and special raids from time to time on property itself.

For petty annoyances Germany lags not a whit behind France. A lady who sought to add to her depleted income by making lace and selling it from door to door was forced to take out a license costing 300 marks. In the Principality of Reuss old maids as well as old bachelors are taxed as soon as the age of thirty is reached, a certain percentage being added to the regular income tax. The old maid's income has to be only $720 a year before this extra burden begins.

In seven states of Germany, including the big states of Prussia and Saxony, there is a regular property tax besides the inquisitorial income tax. In Saxony every one pays who has an income of more than 400 marks. The tax is only one mark until the income passes 500 marks a year, two marks between 500 and 600; ten marks, or approximately $2, on incomes between 950 and 1100 marks, and a flat rate of 5 per cent on incomes above 100,000 marks. In Würtemberg they begin with incomes between 500 and 650 marks and take two marks for taxes. If one chances to receive as much as $6000 a year he has to pay about $295 in this form of taxation alone. In Prussia additional local taxes are likewise very heavy.

The imperial income tax does not begin until one's income reaches $2400, and the rate is only a little over 1 per cent until the income reaches $3600. Then it begins to mount, and those fortunate enough to receive $25,000 a year or more pay the government 8 per cent in addition to the regular state and local assessments.

Upon the increase in land values still another tax is imposed. It mounts fast until on fortunes of $1,000,000 or more the states which do the collecting seize 1½ per cent of the total fortune.

Leaving out of consideration its railways, which are presumably self-supporting, or nearly so, Germany spends practically the whole of its budget upon military support. Last year the budget was 2,662,000,000 marks, of which 1,000,000,000 marks was spent on the railways, and 1,494,000,000 for army, navy, pensions and interest.

Most amazing of all Germany's extraordinary inroads upon wealth are the special war taxes, the *Wehrsteuer*. Each one is described as absolutely the last, only to be followed by another. It was the *Wehrsteuer* announced in the spring of 1913 and enacted in June of that year that not only drove France into its abhorred income tax and an enormous army increase, but was the one most notorious step in the increase of European armaments which led up to the war. It was decided to add 136,000 men to the army and build new forts. The sum of $250,000,000 was required and the annual budget for years to come had to have $45,000,000 added to it to maintain the new soldiers and forts.

Taxes With Sugar-Coated Titles

How shall we raise the $250,000,000? That was the question before the German Government. Indirect taxes would stand no more. So it was decided to assess directly all the fortunes in the land, including even that of the Kaiser. The tax began at a very small rate on fortunes of $2500, and rose on a graduated scale until the man with a fortune of $25,000 had to pay $62.50, those with $250,000 about $2000 each and the multimillionaires, such as Frau Bertha Krupp von Bohlen und Halbach, the Cannon Queen of Essen, and the Rothschilds, sums ranging from $1,000,000 to $2,000,000.

The "Contribution to Defense," the sugar-coated title of the new tax, was no respecter of persons. Royalty had hitherto been exempt from taxation in Germany. The new law did not specifically assess royalty, but the government gave an informal pledge to the country that the ruling sovereigns would pay the same proportion as the humblest subject. As his fortune is estimated at $35,000,000 the Kaiser had to turn over half a million dollars to the defense fund. The Kaiser had previously proclaimed 1913 like 1813 "a year of sacrifice" for the Fatherland.

But even with the much-advertised "defense contribution" of the Kaiser—not to mention the heartrending levies upon mere multimillionaire princes—there never was a more unpopular tax in Germany. So hard put to it was the government that a general amnesty was conferred upon all citizens liable to the tax for past offenses in underestimating their assessable wealth.

Economic authorities in Germany say that the Kaiser's subjects are chronic grumblers and few of them will ever realize that they have paid the "defense contribution." It is declared that the national fortune has risen by such leaps and bounds in the past decade that the raising of $250,000,000 for a fresh sacrifice on the altar of militarism involves no difficulties worth mentioning. The total taxable income of Prussia has doubled in sixteen years. But to deny that Germany has been straining and, despite its growing wealth, almost breaking, under military taxation would be ignoring the facts. Year after year the government has tried to make petroleum a monopoly for its

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own benefit. There have been unfulfilled promises of a reduction in the sugar tax.

Only a few months ago active discussion sprang up over the proposed government tobacco monopoly. It was proposed to take over all the factories and close the small ones. As a sort of preparatory measure foreign-made cigars and cigarettes were forbidden in the railroad stations in Bavaria and officers of the Bavarian army were ordered to smoke only domestic makes. Last January the minister of finance refused to permit foreign securities to be listed on the Bourse because all available funds were needed for strictly German purposes.

Late in July of this year well-authenticated reports of a sinister financial nature came from Berlin. It was said the government would have to levy still another defense contribution, this time for $125,000,000 for the navy, and would also be obliged to make a state monopoly of the entire electrical industry. Socialist papers openly discussed the proposals. Thus, in order to command funds for its ever-growing military machine one of the most aristocratic governments in the world was actually planning to plunge into socialism! Truly a monstrous state of affairs.

Being a country of great extremes of riches and poverty England properly and naturally has been raising the bulk of its huge funds for naval purposes from the wealthy. It has a well-perfected income tax, which does not touch the man having under $800 a year and makes a fairly low levy upon what are called earned incomes up to $10,000. On unearned incomes, especially above $10,000 a year, the rate is high.

The guile of English tax assessors is superb. No college professor is permitted to tell merely what his salary is. Down to the last penny he must swear how much he has earned from writing articles for the learned reviews. The blight of the tax falls upon innumerable foreigners, especially upon rich Americans. Big sheets of heavy brown paper with "Income Tax" printed thereon in aggressive type are what cause the trouble. The first time an American gets a document of that sort in his mail box he throws it into his wastebasket.

In due season along comes another one, requesting him to inform the British Government what his salary or the profit of his business is, what interest he gets from his bank, what his investments in securities or real estate bring to him, and finally, to close every loophole of escape, "particulars of income from every source whatsoever"—to quote from the big brown paper.

John Bull as Tax Collector

"Confounded impudence!" exclaims the free-born American citizen in wrath, especially if he is one with an American salary. "My income comes from the United States. My property is there. What right has the British Government to question me, a foreigner, about the money I get from a foreign country?" So he throws the second document into his wastebasket.

Along comes a third. It is smaller than the others, but it means business.

The American hasn't supplied the British Government with the information it wants, and so John Bull has taken a look at the American's premises, has asked a few discreet questions about him and has made a shrewd estimate on his annual income and sent in a bill for a goodly part of it, for the reason that John Bull wants funds to run his government. The tax bill goes on to say that if the recipient thinks he is treated unjustly he may go before the commissioners. He goes sputtering to the commissioners—half a dozen men gathered solemnly round a table in the vestry room of a church.

He says he has to pay taxes on his property at home, and that it is a blank outrage that he should have to pay on it again.

The commissioners murmur sympathetically that it's the law and can't be helped.

He informs the commissioners that if they went over to America they could live there for a hundred years without being taxed if they had no property there, except possibly for a stray poll tax in some places.

The commissioners purr something about the tariff, and add that if the appellant's life is insured he can get a rebate on that.

The appellant says eagerly that he is insured in the London office of one of the American companies. "Too bad!" exclaim the good, kind commissioners. "The rebate is only on insurance in British companies."

The end is that the taxgatherer calls again on the unhappy alien and eventually the tax is paid or the alien is prosecuted.

With half our population and only a tiny fraction of our territory Great Britain spends on her government a couple of hundred million dollars more a year than the United States. Of course there is the heavy expense of colonial administration, but of the total budget of $945,000,000 more than half goes into army, navy and bond interest.

In times of peace England taxes deeds, drafts, receipts, bills of exchange, contracts, bonds to bearer and insurance; but the great bulk of its revenue, aside from customs duties on luxuries and excise duties on liquor, comes from the income tax and the enormous levy upon inheritances. These are probably the world's heaviest taxes upon direct bequests. On fortunes above $5,000,000 a tax of 15 per cent, no matter to whom the money is left, must go to the state. Baron de Hirsch left $40,000,000 for a merciful Jewish colonization scheme and the government took $6,250,000 of it.

If money is bequeathed to relatives, such as nephews, nieces, cousins, and so on, still higher taxes are added. In some cases the state takes 25 per cent of the total bequest. The Dowager Duchess of Manchester died some years ago. She was an American before her marriage, a Vanderbilt, and most of her investments were in American securities. The English authorities claimed death dues of $385,000, but there was no property to pay them with in England except family jewels. The High Court of Chancery decided that American property must be sold to pay the duties, and declared that if prompt action was not taken the authorities would impound income arriving from this country.

Great Britain is rich in foreign trade, foreign investments and merchant marine. It controls between a fifth and a sixth of the world's entire foreign trade and receives more than half a billion dollars a year from overseas investments. But rich men do not make a nation rich. Nearly 5000 people in England each have incomes in excess of $50,000, while hundreds of thousands are in dire poverty. So when it comes to beating the world on dreadnoughts England has to push its millionaires.

The Land of the Free

To maintain its huge army Russia has taxed pretty nearly everything—paper for cigarettes, sugar, gasoline, matches, transfers of property, fire insurance, together with all manner of stamp duties and license fees. But the country's great revenue has come from the vodka monopoly—935,000,000 rubles a year. Russia's ordinary expenses are kept well within its revenues, but its extraordinary expenses make necessary ever-growing foreign loans. In 1862 the debt was 1,376,420,117 rubles, in 1912 the figure had mounted to 8,941,640,621. But it must be remembered that most of these extra expenses have been for railroad construction, especially toward the German and Austrian frontiers. The government had planned to spend nearly $400,000,000 for railroads this year alone. Some day these railroads will bring an era of wonderful prosperity to Russia.

Austria is as much tax-ridden as its great ally. Persons with incomes under $500 a year do not make declarations of their own accord, but the officials may ask for details of incomes as low as $50 a year. Rates begin at a relatively small figure, but rise to 19.91 per cent on certain portions of large incomes.

The Italians pay all manner of exorbitant local dues, besides an income tax which begins at the absurd figure of $80 a year. Rates are so high that administration has practically broken down. It has been impossible to enforce the tax upon ordinary day laborers, except those in government employ. The law is known as the "code of financial tortures," but usually the assessor and citizen reach an amicable understanding. Otherwise there would quickly be a revolution, because the people would not stand a full enforcement. I have seen women with seven or eight eggs to sell walk from Capri to Anacapri—both places on the same tiny island and less than a mile apart—and pay a tax on the seven or eight eggs because they were trading over the boundary line between the two places. No wonder Italy hesitated about joining the war.

We think we are fortunate to live in the United States in war time. We were very fortunate to live here in times of peace. All the great nations of Europe now at war are together only twice as rich as the United States. We could stand heavy burdens far better than any two of them, and we have not had to stand the oppression of a single one.

"Ah—Johnston's! The Chocolates I Adore"

"Tis the voice of America's fair ladies—those whose finer tastes hunger for the delicious smoothness in coating and cream that only Johnston's Chocolates can give. Here, now, is variety for all—

Quintette Assortment

"More Than a Pound" in Gray 3-Tray Box

Dutch Bitter-Sweets, Milk Chocolate Creams, Chocolate Butter Scotch, Nougat Chocolates and Chocolate Assorted Nuts—all these are included. A box of *sweet surprises*—yet only one of the many exclusive packages prepared by our master confectioners. Ask your dealer to supply you. If he fails to, send a dollar direct for this generous box postbaste, postpaid.

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THE APPRECIATED CHOCOLATES

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A New Button Free *For Every One Damaged*

Some morning when you feel *extra* strong, match your strength against a

Krementz

One-piece-bean-and-post Cuff Button. Break it if you can, and get a new one free.

Only Krementz 14 Kt. Rolled Gold Cuff Buttons are built with One-piece [illegible] beautiful and [illegible] Krementz designs, $2 a pair at any good [illegible]

The name Krementz stamped on the back guarantees "If damaged from any cause, a new button free."

Write for "photo me" booklet

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Blaisdell Paper Pencils

Pointed in 5 seconds

Philadelphia

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The unusual features, the well-thought-out details and additional niceties of Carter's are so generally appreciated among the critical, that the selection of underwear has become merely a matter of sending an order for the same size and style in seasonable weights.

Isn't this the way you want *your* underwear made? Price has never influenced us in the selection of materials. We have but one standard, to which we have strictly adhered—the finest possible to secure

We thoroughly wash all our fabrics before they are made into garments.

We distill all water used in our washroom.

Every garment is thoroughly sterilized before being packed

Men especially like the reinforced shoulders to withstand the strain where it's hardest; the scientifically cut neck which prevents any pull at the throat; and the special design to meet the need for plenty of space in the seat

Women appreciate the quickness with which style influences are reflected in Carter models; the exquisite taste of the trimming and the excellent cut of the models; and particularly the elasticity of the Carter rib, which makes a garment that hugs the figure

The William Carter Company
Needham Heights and
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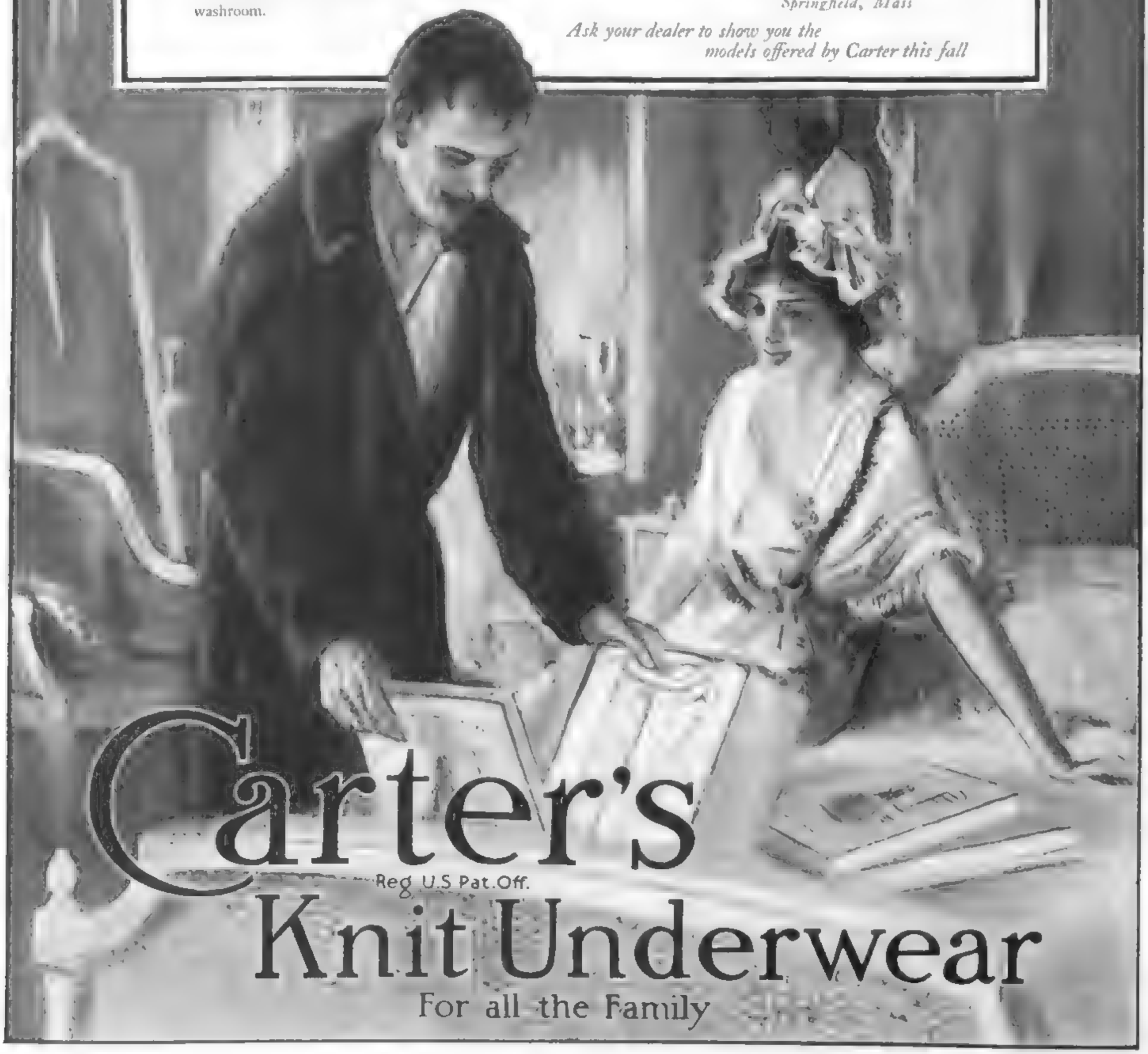
Ask your dealer to show you the models offered by Carter this fall



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Reg U.S Pat.Off.
Knit Underwear
For all the Family

HYLO

National Quali

The Hy-Lo-Out Turn-Down Lamp

A little lamp inside of a big one—both in the same bulb and operated by the same cords. Takes the place of two lamps. Gives you a full working or reading light at one pull—a single candlepower at another. Pull again—it's out.

Fits any socket. Burns in any position.

You need one in your kitchen, bathroom, halls, nursery, bedroom, sickroom.

The LO-light can be burned all night for less than ½ cent. The HY-light serves every purpose of an ordinary bulb, at the same cost. Every HYLO lamp gives you the convenience of a pull-chain socket. Every HYLO is National Quality. See page ad in this issue

Carbon Hylo, 8 c p. HY and ½ c p LO 16 c p HY and 1 c p LO

60c each

Mazda Hylo, 25 watts HY, 5 watts LO 40 watts HY, 5 watts LO

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Sold by Electric Light Companies, Electrical Dealers, Hardware and Department Stores

Economical Electric Lamp Div.

National Lamp Works of General Electric Co

25 West Broadway **New York**

If you need glasses you need a

Shur-on

EYEGLASS & SPECTACLE

MOUNTING

Gives comfort and neat appearance and assures the safety of your eyes.

TEST YOUR EYES WITH THIS PARAGRAPH

If you can read this line clearly and without effort, your eyes are normal and need no glasses. But if the letters run together, or if you have to strain to see them, you should wear glasses. Shur-on Eyeglass and Spectacle Mounting gives eye ease and true comfort.

Sticks tight comfortably

Be sure it's a Shur-on—examine carefully. It isn't a Shur-on without these marks as pictured here.

LOOK FOR ON THE BRIDGE AND THIS MARK IN FINGER-PIECES

Write for "How to Buy Glasses Intelligently."

The only Shur-on is made by

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Avenue H **Rochester, New York**

WANTED—AN IDEA! Who can think of some simple thing to patent? Protect your ideas; they may bring you wealth. Write for "Needed Inventions" and "How to Get Your Patent and Your Money." RANDOLPH & Co., Dept. 337, Patent Attorneys, Washington, D. C.

BEING A GUEST OF THE GERMAN KAISER

(Continued from Page 15)

against the baseboards, were eighteen prisoners—two Belgian cavalrymen and sixteen Frenchmen—mostly Zouaves and chasseurs-à-pied. Also, there were three Turcos from Northern Africa, almost as dark as Africans, wearing red fezzes and soiled white, baggy, skirtlike arrangements instead of trousers. They all looked very dirty, very unhappy and very sleepy.

At the far side of the room on a bench was another group of four prisoners; and of these we knew two personally—Gerbeaux, a Frenchman who lived in Brussels and served as the resident Brussels correspondent of a Chicago paper; and Stevens, an American artist, originally from Michigan, but who for several years had divided his time between Paris and Brussels.

With them were a Belgian photographer, scared now into a quivering heap from which two wall-eyes peered out wildly, and a South African negro chauffeur, a boot-black Congo boy who had been brought away from Africa on a training ship as a child. He, apparently, was the least-concerned person in that hole.

The night before, by chance, we had heard that Gerbeaux and Stevens were under detention, but until this moment of meeting we did not know their exact whereabouts. They—the Frenchman, the American and the Belgian—had started out from Brussels in an auto driven by the African, on Monday, just a day behind us. Because their car carried a Red Cross flag without authority to do so, and because they had a camera with them, they very soon found themselves under arrest, and, what was worse, under suspicion. Except that for two days they had been marched afoot an average of twenty-five miles a day, they had all fared pretty well, except Stevens. He, being separated from the others, had fallen into the hands of an officer who treated him with such severity that the account of his experiences makes a tale worth recounting separately and at length.

We stayed in that place half an hour—one of the longest half hours I remember. There was a soldier with a fixed bayonet at the door, and another soldier with a fixed bayonet at the window, which was broken. Parties of soldiers kept coming to this window to peer at the exhibits within; and, as they invariably took the civilians for Englishmen who had been caught as spies, we attracted almost as much attention as the Turcos in their funny ballet skirts; in fact I may say we fairly divided the center of the stage with the Turcos.

At the end of half an hour the lieutenant bustled in, all apologies, to say there had been a mistake and that we should never have been put in with the prisoners at all. The rain being over he invited us to come outside and get a change of air. When we got outside we found that our two new English bicycles, which we had left leaning against the curb, were gone. To date they are still gone.

Waiting for the Mythical Motor

Again we sat, still waiting. Finally it occurred to us to go inside the little *taverne*, where, perhaps, we should be less conspicuous. We went in, and presently we were followed by Lieutenant Mittendorfer, he bringing with him a tall young top-sergeant of infantry who carried his left arm in a sling and had a three weeks' growth of fuzzy red beard on his chops. It was explained that this top-sergeant, Rosenthal by name, had been especially assigned to be our companion—our playfellow, as it were—until such time as the long-delayed automobile should appear.

Sergeant Rosenthal, who was very proud of his punctured wrist and very hopeful of getting a commission, went out soon; but it speedily became evident that he had not forgotten us. For one soldier with his gun appeared in the front room of the place, and another materialized just outside the door, likewise with his gun. And by certain other unmistakable signs it became plain to our perceptions that as between being a prisoner of the German army and being a guest there was really no great amount of difference. It would have taken a mathematician to draw the distinction, so fine it was.

We stayed in that *taverne* and in the small living room behind it, and in the small high-walled courtyard behind the living room, all that afternoon and that evening and that night, being visited at intervals by either the lieutenant or the sergeant, or both of them at once. We dined lightly on soldiers' bread and some of the prince's wine—furnished by Rosenthal—and for dessert we had some shelled almonds and half a cake of chocolate—furnished by ourselves; also drinks of native cognac from the bar.

During the evening we received several bulletins regarding the mythical automobile. Invariably Mittendorfer was desolated to be compelled to report that there had been another slight delay. We knew he was desolated, because he said he was.

During the evening, also, we met all the regular members of the household living under that much-disturbed roof. There was the husband, a big lubberly Fleming who apparently did not count for much in the economic and domestic scheme of the establishment; his wife, a large, commanding woman who ran the business and the house as well; his wife's mother, an old sickly woman in her seventies; and his wife's sister, a poor, palsied half-wit.

A Breakfast of Wine and Almonds

When the sister was a child, so we heard, she had been terribly frightened, so that to this day, still frightened, she crept about, a pale shadow, quivering all over pitiably at every sound. She would stand behind a door for minutes shaking so that you could hear her knuckles knocking against the wall. She seemed particularly to dread the sight of the German privates who came and went; and they, seeing this, were kind to her in a clumsy, awkward way. Hourly, like a ghost she drifted in and out.

For a while it looked as though we should spend the night sitting up in chairs; but about ten o'clock three soldiers, led by Rosenthal and accompanied by the landlady, went out; and when they came back they brought upward of a quarter of a ton of big, thick feather mattresses which had been commandeered from neighboring houses, we judged.

Also, through the goodness of his heart, Mittendorfer, who impressed us more and more as a strange compound of severity and softness, took pity on Gerbeaux and Stevens, and, bringing them forth from that pestilential cave next door, he conveyed them in to stay overnight with us. They told us that by now the air in the improvised prison was absolutely suffocating, what with the closeness, the fouled straw, the stale food and the proximity of so many unwashed human bodies all packed into the kennel together.

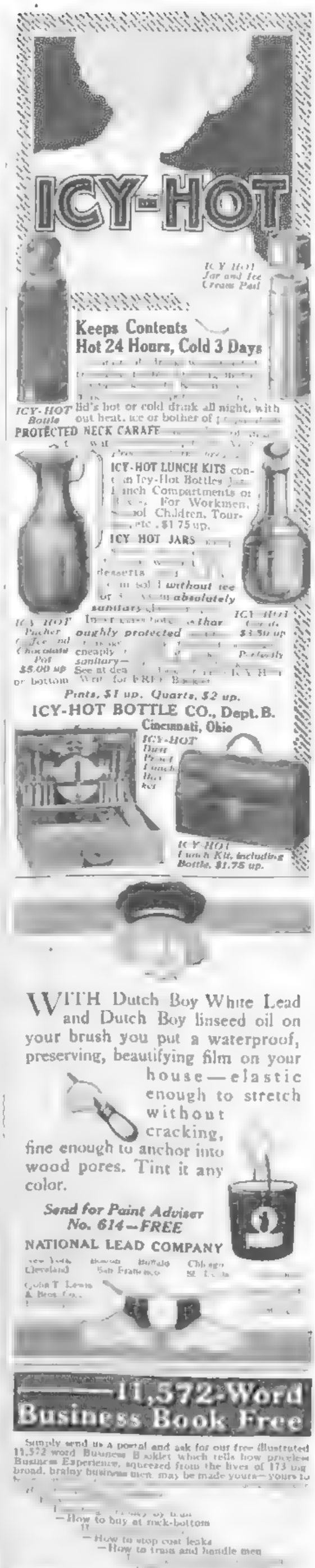
Ten of us slept on the floor of that little grogshop—the five of our party lying spoon-fashion on two mattresses, Gerbeaux and Stevens making seven, and three soldiers. The soldiers relieved each other in two-hour spells, so that while two of them snored by the door the third sat in a chair in the middle of the room, with his rifle between his knees, and a shaded lamp and a clock on a table at his elbow. Just before we turned in, Rosenthal, who had adopted a paternal tone to the three guards, each of whom was many years older, addressed them softly, saying:

"Now, my children, make yourselves comfortable. Drink what you please; but if any one of you gets drunk I shall take pleasure in seeing that he gets from seven to nine years in prison at hard labor." For which they thanked him gratefully in chorus.

I am not addicted to the diary-keeping habit, but during the next day, which was Friday, I made fragmentary records of things in a journal, from which I now quote verbatim:

Seven-thirty A. M.—about. After making a brief toilet by sousing our several faces in a pail of water, we have just breakfasted—sketchily—on wine and almonds. It would seem that the German army feeds its prisoners, but makes no such provision for its guests. On the whole I think I should prefer being a prisoner.

We have offered our landlady any amount within reason for a pot of coffee and some toasted bread; but she protests, calling on Heaven to witness the truth of her words,



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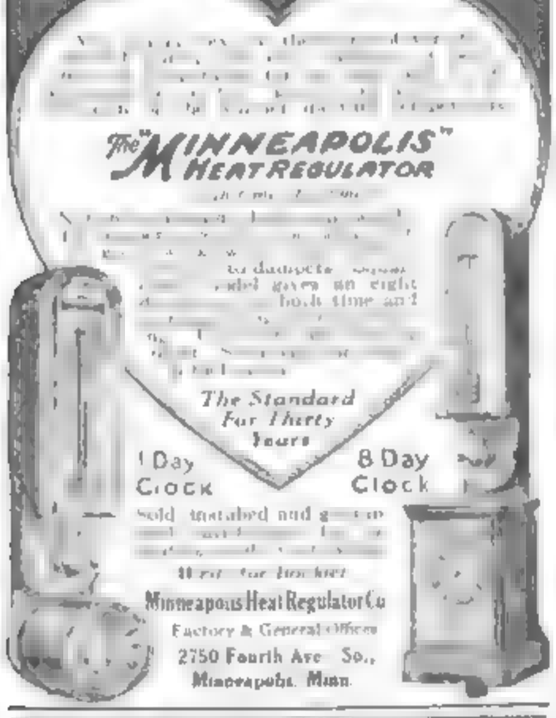

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Above on sale at Woolworth's, Kresge's, Kress', McCrory's and obtainable on Victor, Columbia, Edison, Aeolian, etc., Records.

Jos. W. Stern & Co. Music Publishers 105½ W. 38th St., N. Y. C.

that there is nothing to eat in the house—that the Germans have eaten up all her store of food, and that her old mother is already beginning to starve. Yet certain appetizing smells, which come down the staircase from upstairs when the door is opened, lead me to believe she is deceiving us. I do not blame her for treasuring what she has for her own flesh and blood; but I certainly could enjoy a couple of fried eggs.

Nine A. M. Mittendorfer has been in, with vague remarks concerning our automobile. Something warns me that this young man is trifling with us. He appears to be a practitioner of the Japanese school of diplomacy—that is, he believes it is better to pile one gentle, transparent fiction on another until the pyramid of romance falls of its own weight, rather than to break the cruel news at one blow.

Eleven-twenty. One of the soldiers has brought us half a dozen bottles of good wine—three bottles of red and three of white—but the larder remains empty. I do not know exactly what a larder is; but if it is as empty as I am at the present moment it must remind itself of a haunted house.

Eleven-forty. A big van full of wounded Germans has arrived. From the windows we can see it distinctly. The more seriously hurt lie on the bed of the wagon, under the hood. The man who drives has one leg in splints; and of the two who sit at the tail gate, holding rifles upright, one has a bandaged head, and the other has an arm in a sling.

Unless a German is so seriously crippled as to be entirely unfitted for service he manages to do something useful. There are no loose ends and no waste to the German military system; I can see that. The soldiers in the street cheer the wounded as they pass and the wounded answer by singing Die Wacht am Rhein feebly.

The Little Bowl That Cheered

One poor chap raises his head and looks out. He appears to be almost spent, but I see his lips move as he tries to sing. You may not care for the German cause, but you are bound to admire the German spirit—the German oneness of purpose.

Noon. As the Texas darky said: "Dinnertime for some folks; but just twelve o'clock for me!" Again I smell something cooking upstairs. On the mantel of the shabby little interior sitting room, where we spend most of our time sitting about in a sad circle, is a little black-and-tan terrier dog, stuffed and mounted, with shiny glass eyes—a family pet, I take it, which died and was immortalized by the local taxidermist. If I only knew what that dog was stuffed with I would take a chance and eat him.

I have a fellow feeling for Arctic explorers who go north and keep on going until they run out of things to eat. I admire their heroism and sympathize with their sufferings, but I deplore their bad judgment. There are grapes growing on trellises in the little courtyard at the back, but they are too green for human consumption. I speak authoritatively on this subject, having just sampled one.

Two P. M. Tried to take a nap, but failed. Bennett found a soiled deck of cards behind a pile of books on the mantelpiece, and we all cheered up, thinking of poker; but it was a Belgian deck of thirty-two cards, all the pips below the seven-spots being eliminated. Poker with that deck would be a hazardous pursuit.

McCutcheon remarks casually that he wonders what would happen if somebody accidentally touched off those field-gun shells in the house two doors away. We suddenly remember that they are all pointed our way! The conversation seems to lull, and Mac, for the time being, loses popularity.

Two-thirty P. M. Looking out on the dreary little square of this town of Beaumont I note that the natives, who have been scarce enough all day, have now vanished almost entirely; whereas soldiers are noticeably more numerous than they were this morning.

Three-fifteen P. M. Heard a big noise in the street and ran to the window in time to see about forty English prisoners passing under guard—the first English soldiers I have seen, in this campaign, either as prisoners or otherwise. Their tan khaki uniforms and flat caps give them a soldierly look very unlike the slovenly, sloppy-appearing French prisoners in the guardhouse; but they appear to be tremendously downcast. The German soldiers crowd up to stare at them, but there is no jeering or taunting

Whitman's Sampler

Send Her a Sampler

SEND a Sampler to your mother, to your wife, sweetheart, daughter; to the hostess whose hospitality you enjoyed; to the one who showed you a courtesy. The Sampler speaks a various language; its message is always in good taste. The Sampler is an assortment taken from ten of Whitman's most popular packages Chocolates and Confections.

The box itself is interesting because the cover is a reproduction of an old-fashioned Sampler—the cross-stitch work which is a revival of a favorite fancy stitch of a past generation.

Ask for the Sampler package at any Whitman's agency—they cover the country. More than a pound package $1.00; two-pound package $2.00 (more in the extreme West and Canada). If no agent is convenient, we will send, prepaid, a Sampler package on receipt of $1.00. Write for booklet.

STEPHEN F. WHITMAN & SON, Inc.
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Makers of Whitman's INSTANTANEOUS CHOCOLATE

This Underwear Follows Every Curve

If you have been buying underclothing that fits here and there with plenty of slack between fits, you have been denying yourself one of the greatest pleasures enjoyed by good dressers. Underwear that touches the body all over gives the greatest comfort. This is one of the features that distinguish the

Original Spring-Needle Knit Underwear
Made by Cooper-of-Bennington

No one has ever equaled the soft, springy fabric from which these garments are made. And with the added comfort of the patented closed crotch, it is the best underwear you can buy.

If your dealer does not carry them, tell him to get them from

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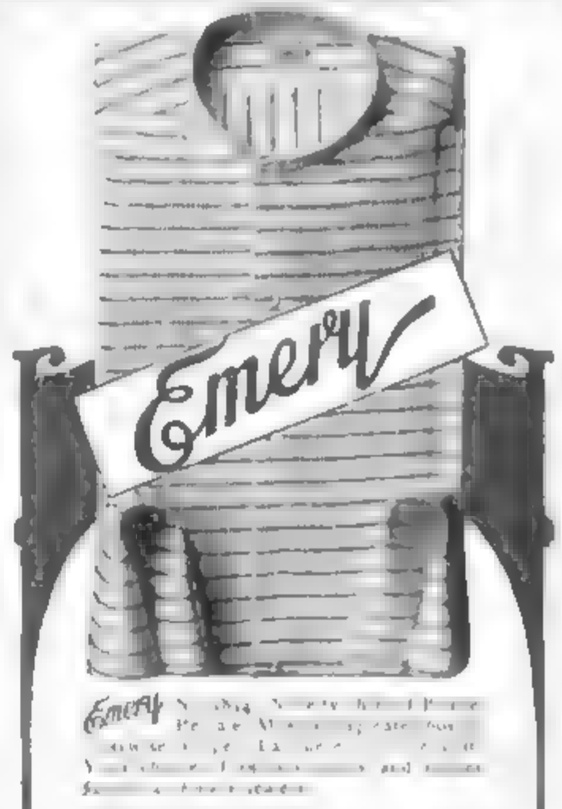

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Style 1834, as illustrated, is one of the newest of new shirts. Ask to see it at your dealer's. If he can't supply it, write to us.

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Send for Photograph Album—"Snap Shots of Michaels-Stern Clothes"—Containing photographs of Michaels-Stern Styles for Fall, 1914

WHERE men must be alert and look it,

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The ruggedness, the heartiness, the *substantialness* of MICHAELS-STERN clothes appeal to all who prize these qualities in their own *personalities*.

Michaels, Stern & Co.
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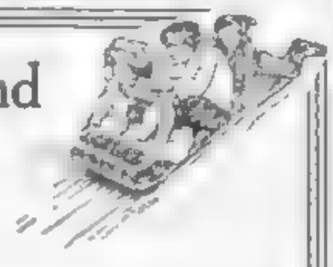
When Snow is on the Ground
and Ice is on the River—

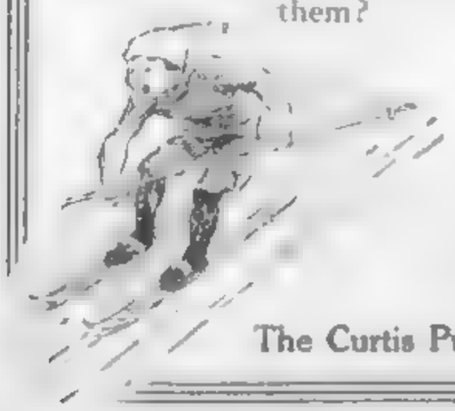


that's the season when boys are outdoors all day long, coasting, skating, playing hockey and ranging over the hills on skis.

Those lucky boys who have their sleds and skates—all they have to do is to dust them off and start out. But the boys who haven't any—what about them?

This is the answer:

Any boy can have free of charge the skates, skis and sled he needs for his winter's sport. They are given away to boys who sell *The Saturday Evening Post* and *The Country Gentleman*, and are awarded *in addition* to their handsome cash profits.



Upon request we will send any boy a copy of our illustrated catalogue of prizes and tell him how thousands of other boys are making money outside of school hours.

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from the Germans. These prisoners are all infantrymen, judging by their uniforms. They disappear through the gateway of the Prince's park.

Three-forty. I have just had some exercise: walked from the front door to the courtyard and back. There are two guards outside the door now instead of one. The German army certainly takes mighty good care of its guests.

This day has been as long as Gibbon's Decline and Fall, and much more tiresome. No; I'll take that back; it is not strong enough. This day has been as long as the entire Christian Era.

Four P. M. Gerbeaux, who was allowed to go out foraging, under escort of a guard, has returned with a rope of dried onions; a can of alphabet noodles; half a pound of stale, crumbly macaroons; a few fresh string beans; a pot of strained honey, and several clean collars of assorted sizes. The woman of the house is now making soup for us out of the beans, the onions and the noodles. She has also produced a little grated Parmesan cheese from somewhere.

Four-twenty P. M. That was the best soup I ever tasted, even if it was full of typographical errors from the jumbling together of the little alphabet noodles. Still, nobody but a proof reader could have found fault with that. There was only one trouble with the soup: there was not enough of it—just one bowl apiece. I would have traded the finest case of vintage wine in De Chimay's vaults for another bowl.

Just as the woman brought in the soup Mittendorfer appeared, escorting a French lieutenant who was taken prisoner this morning. The prisoner was a little, handsome, dapper chap not over twenty-two years old, wearing his trim blue-and-red uniform with an air, even though he himself looked thoroughly miserable. We were warned not to speak with him, or he with us; but Gerbeaux, after listening to him exchanging a few words with the lieutenant, said he judged from his accent that the little officer was from the south of France.

We silently offered him a bowl of the soup as he sat in a corner fenced off from the rest of us by a small table; but he barely tasted it, and after a bit he lay down in his corner, with his arm for a pillow, and almost instantly was asleep, breathing heavily, like a man on the verge of exhaustion. A few minutes later we heard, from Sergeant Rosenthal, that the prisoner's brother-in-law had been killed the day before, and that he—the little officer—had seen the brother-in-law fall.

Five P. M. We have had good news—two chunks of good news, in fact. We are to dine and we are to travel. The sergeant has acquired, from unknown sources, a brace of small, skinny, fresh-killed pullets; eight fresh eggs; a big loaf of the soggy rye bread of the field mess; and wine unlimited. Also, we are told that at nine o'clock we are to start for Brussels—not by automobile, but aboard a train carrying wounded and prisoners northward.

Everybody cheers up, especially after madame promises to have the fowls and the eggs ready in less than an hour.

When Horrors Seem Commonplace

The Belgian photographer, who, it develops, is to go with our troop, has been brought in from the guardhouse and placed with us. With the passing hours his fright has increased. Gerbeaux says the poor devil is one of the leading photographers of Brussels—that by royal appointment he takes pictures of the queen and her children. But the queen would have trouble in recognizing her photographer if she could see him now—with straw in his tousled hair, and his jaw lolling under the weight of his mute terror, and his big, wild eyes staring this way and that. Nothing that Gerbeaux can say to him will dissuade him from the belief that the Germans mean to shoot him.

I almost forgot to detail a thing that occurred a few minutes ago, just before the Belgian joined us. Mittendorfer brought a message for the little French lieutenant. The Frenchman roused up and, after they had saluted each other ceremoniously, Mittendorfer told him he had come to invite him to dine with a mess of German officers across the way, in the town hall.

On the way out he stopped to speak with Sergeant Rosenthal who, having furnished the provender for the forthcoming feast, was now waiting to share in it. Using German the lieutenant said:

"I'm being kept pretty busy. Two citizens of this town have just been sentenced to be shot, and I've orders to go and attend to the shooting before it gets too dark for the firing squad to see to aim at them."

Rosenthal did not ask of what crime the condemned two had been convicted.

"You had charge of another execution this morning, didn't you?" he said.

"Yes," answered the lieutenant: "a couple—man and wife. The man was seventy-four years old and the woman was seventy-two. It was proved against them that they put poisoned sugar in the coffee for some of our soldiers. You heard about the case, didn't you?"

"I heard something about it," said Rosenthal.

That was all they said. After three weeks of war a tragedy like this has become commonplace, not only to these soldiers but to us. Already all of us, combatants and onlookers alike, have seen so many horrors that one more produces no shock in our minds. It will take a wholesale killing to excite us; these minor incidents no longer count with us. If I wrote all day I do not believe I could make the meaning of war, in its effects on the minds of those who view it at close hand, any clearer. I shall not try.

A German Officer From Tennessee

Six-fifteen P. M. We have dined. The omelet was a very small omelet, and two skinny pullets do not go far among nine hungry men; still, we have dined.

My journal breaks off with this entry. It broke off because immediately after dinner word came that our train was ready. A few minutes before we left the *taverne* for the station, to start on a trip that was to last two days instead of three hours, and land us not in Brussels, but on German soil in Aix-la-Chapelle, two incidents happened which afterward, in looking back on the experience, I have found most firmly clinched in my memory: A German captain came into the place to get a drink; he recognized me as an American and hailed me, and wanted to know my business and whether I could give him any news from the outside world. I remarked on the perfection of his English.

"I suppose I come by it naturally," he said. "I call myself a German, but I was born in Nashville, Tennessee, and partly reared in New Jersey, and educated at Princeton; and at this moment I am a member of the New York Cotton Exchange."

Right after this three Belgian peasants, all half-grown boys, were brought in. They had run away from their homes at the coming of the Germans, and for three days had been hiding in thickets, without food, until finally hunger and cold had driven them in.

All of them were in sorry case and one was in collapse. He trembled so his whole body shook like jelly. The landlady gave him white brandy, but the burning stuff choked his throat until it closed and the brandy ran out of his quivering blue lips and spilled on his chin.

Seeing this, a husky German private, who looked as though in private life he might be a piano mover, brought out of his blanket roll a bottle of white wine and, holding the scared, exhausted lad against his chest, ministered to him with all gentleness, and gave him sips of the wine. In the line of duty I suppose he would have shot that boy with the same cheerful readiness. War makes big contrasts.

Just as we were filing out into the dark, Sergeant Rosenthal, who was also going along, halted us and reminded us all and severally that we were not prisoners, but still guests; and that, though we were to march with the prisoners to the station, we were to go in line with the guards; and if any prisoner sought to escape it was hoped that we would aid in recapturing the runaway.

So we promised him, each on his word of honor, that we would do this; and he insisted that we should shake hands with him as a pledge and as a token of mutual confidence, which we accordingly did. Altogether it was quite an impressive little ceremonial—and rather dramatic, I imagine.

As he left us, however, he was heard, speaking in German, to say *sotto voce* to one of the guards:

"If one of those journalists tries to slip away don't take any chances—shoot him at once!"

It is so easy to keep one's honor intact when you have moral support in the shape of an earnest-minded German soldier, with a gun, stepping along six feet behind you. My honor was never more intact.

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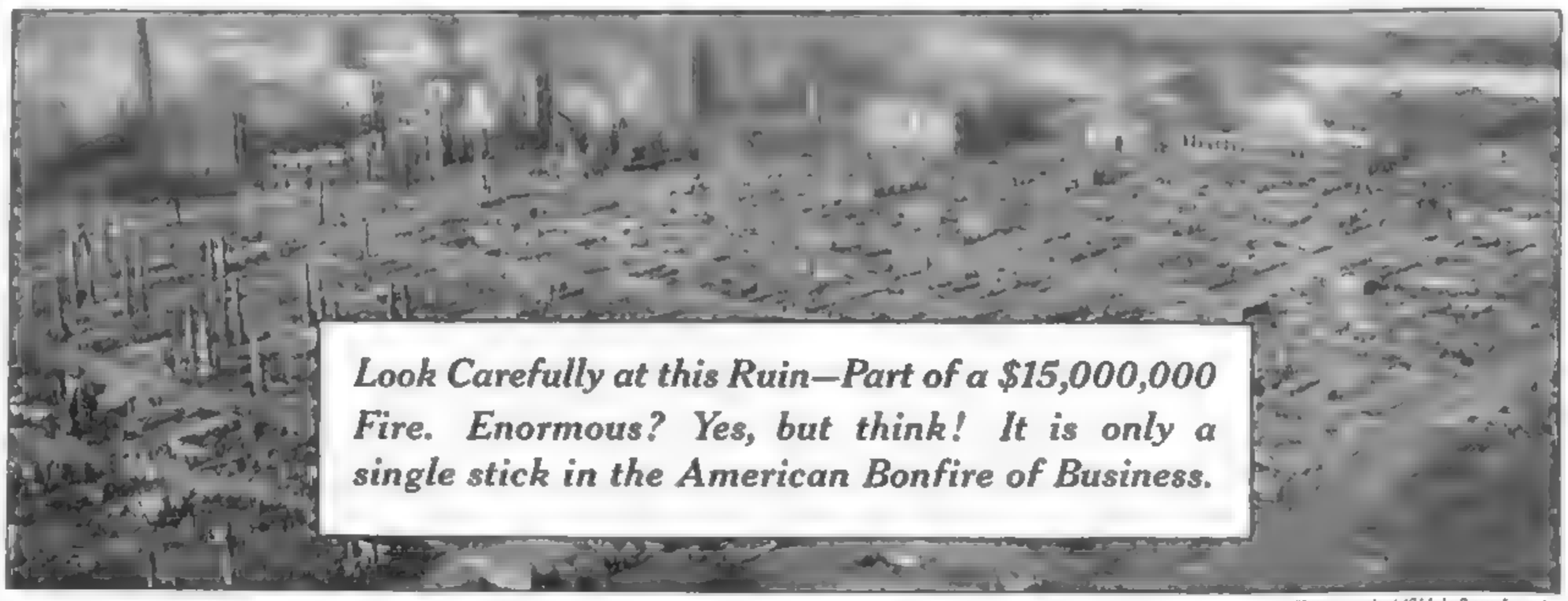
Look Carefully at this Ruin—Part of a $15,000,000 Fire. Enormous? Yes, but think! It is only a single stick in the American Bonfire of Business.

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YEAR after year we have seen Fire destroy $250,000,000 of hard-earned American property.

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MR. GREX OF MONTE CARLO

(Continued from Page 18)

She moved a little uneasily. She felt that something was coming which she desired to avoid, some confidence, something from which she must escape. The memory of her husband's warning was vividly present with her. She felt the magnetism of her companion's words, his compelling gaze.

"It is so with me," he went on, leaning a little toward her; "only in my case "

Providence was intervening. Never had the swish of a woman's skirt sounded so sweet to her.

"Here's Dolly Montressor," Lady Hunterleys interrupted, "coming up to speak to us.

VI

THE Sporting Club seemed to fill up that afternoon almost as soon as the doors were opened. At half past four people were standing two or three deep round the roulette tables. Selingman, very warm and looking somewhat annoyed, withdrew from the front row of the lower table, and taking Mr. Grex and Draconmeyer each by an arm led them toward the tea room.

"I have lost six louis!" he exclaimed fretfully. "I have had the devil's own luck. I shall play no more for the present. We will have tea together."

They appropriated a round table in a distant corner of the restaurant.

"History," Selingman continued, heaping his plate with rich cakes, "has been made before now in strange places. Why not here? We sit here in close touch with one of the most interesting phases of modern life. We can even hear the voice of fate, the click of the little ball as it finishes its momentous journey and sinks to rest. Why should we, too, not speak of fateful things?"

Mr. Draconmeyer glanced round.

"For myself," he muttered, "I must say that I prefer a smaller room and a locked door."

Selingman demolished a chocolate éclair and shook his head vigorously.

"The public places for me," he declared. "Now look round. There is no one, as you will admit, within earshot. Very well. What will they say, those who suspect us, if they see us drinking tea and eating many cakes together? Certainly not that we conspire, that we make mischief here. On the contrary they will say: 'There are three great men at play, come to Monte Carlo to rest from their labors, to throw aside for a time the burden from their shoulders; to flirt, to play, to eat cakes.' It is a good place to talk, this, and I have something in my mind that must be said."

Mr. Grex sipped his pale lemon-flavored tea and toyed with his cigarette case. He was eating nothing.

"Assuming you to be a man of sense, my dear Selingman," he remarked, "I think that what you have to say is easily surmised: the Englishman!"

Selingman agreed with ponderous emphasis.

"We have before us," he declared, "a task of unusual delicacy. Our friend from Paris may be here at any moment. How we shall fare with him heaven only knows! But there is one thing very certain—at the sight of Hunterleys he will take alarm. He will be like a frightened bird, all ruffled feathers. He will never settle down to a serious discussion. Hunterleys knows this. That is why he presents himself without reserve in public, why he is surrounded by secret service men of his own country, all on the *qui vive* for the coming of Douville."

"It appears tolerably certain," Mr. Draconmeyer said calmly, "that we must get rid of Hunterleys."

Mr. Grex looked out of the window for a moment.

"To some extent," he observed, "I am a stranger here. I come as a guest to this conference, as our other friend from Paris comes too. Any small task that may arise from the necessities of the situation devolves, I think I may say without unfairness, upon you, my friend."

Selingman assented gloomily.

"That is true," he admitted; "but in Hunterleys we have to do with no ordinary man. He does not gamble. To the ordinary attractions of Monte Carlo he is indifferent. He is one of these thin-blooded men with principles. Cromwell would have made a lay preacher of him."

"You find difficulties?" Mr. Grex queried with slightly uplifted eyebrows.

"Not difficulties," Selingman continued quickly. "Or if, indeed, we do call them difficulties, let us say at once that they are very minor ones. Only the thing must be done neatly and without ostentation, for the sake of our friend who comes."

"My own position," Mr. Draconmeyer intervened, "is in a way delicate. The unexplained disappearance of Sir Henry Hunterleys might, by some people, be connected with the great friendship that exists between my wife and his."

Mr. Grex polished his horn-rimmed eyeglass. Selingman nodded sympathetically. They neither of them looked at Draconmeyer. Finally Selingman heaved a sigh and brushed the crumbs from his waistcoat.

"If one were assured," he murmured thoughtfully, "that Hunterleys' presence here had a real significance —"

Draconmeyer pushed his chair forward and leaned across the table. His tone was stealthily lowered:

"Let me tell you something, my friend Selingman, which I think should strengthen any half-formed intention you may have in your brain. Hunterleys is no ordinary sojourner here. You were quite right when you told me that his stay at Bordighera and San Remo was a matter of days only. Now I will tell you something: Three weeks ago he was at Bukharest. He spent two days with Novisko. From there he went to Sofia. He was heard of in Athens and Constantinople. My own agent wrote me that he was in Belgrade. Hunterleys is the bosom friend of the English foreign secretary. That I know for myself. You have your reports. You can read between the lines. I tell you that Hunterleys is the man who has paralyzed our action among the Balkan states. He has played a neat little game out there. It is he who was the inspiration of Rumania. It is he who drafted the secret understanding with Turkey. The war we hoped for will not take place. From there Hunterleys came in a gunboat and landed on the Italian coast. He lingered at Bordighera for appearances only. He is here with the intention of breaking up our conference if he can. I tell you that none of you appreciate this man. Hunterleys is the most dangerous Englishman living ——"

"One moment," Selingman interrupted. "To some extent I follow you, but when you speak of Hunterleys as a power in the present tense, doesn't it occur to you that his party is not in office? He is simply a member of the Opposition. If his party gets in again at the next election, I grant you that he will be foreign minister and a dangerous one. But to-day he is simply a private person."

"It is not every one," Mr. Draconmeyer said slowly, "who bows the knee to the shibboleth of party politics. Remember that I come to you from London, and I have information of which few others are possessed. Hunterleys is of the stuff of which patriots are made. Party is no concern of his. He and the present foreign secretary are the greatest of personal friends. I know for a fact that Hunterleys has actually been consulted and has helped in one or two recent crises. The very circumstance that he is not of the ruling party makes a free lance of him. When his people are in power he will have to take office and wear the shackles. To-day, with every quality that would make him the greatest foreign minister England has ever had since Disraeli, he is nothing more nor less than a roving diplomatist, emperor of his country's secret service, if you like to put it so. Furthermore look a little into the future of which I have spoken. The present English Government will last, at the most, another two years. I tell you that when it goes out of power, no matter who comes in, Hunterleys will go to the foreign office. We shall have to deal with a man who knows, a man ——"

"I am not wholly satisfied with these data," Selingman interrupted, gazing into the dish, "*Maître d'hôtel*, come and listen to an awful complaint," he went on, addressing one of the head waiters. "Your éclairs are too small, your cream cakes too irresistible. I eat too much here. How, I ask you in the name of common sense, can a man dine who takes tea here! Bring the bill."

The man, smiling, hastened away. Not a word had passed between the three, yet the other two understood the situation perfectly. Hunterleys and Richard Lane had entered the room together and were seated at an adjoining table. Selingman plunged

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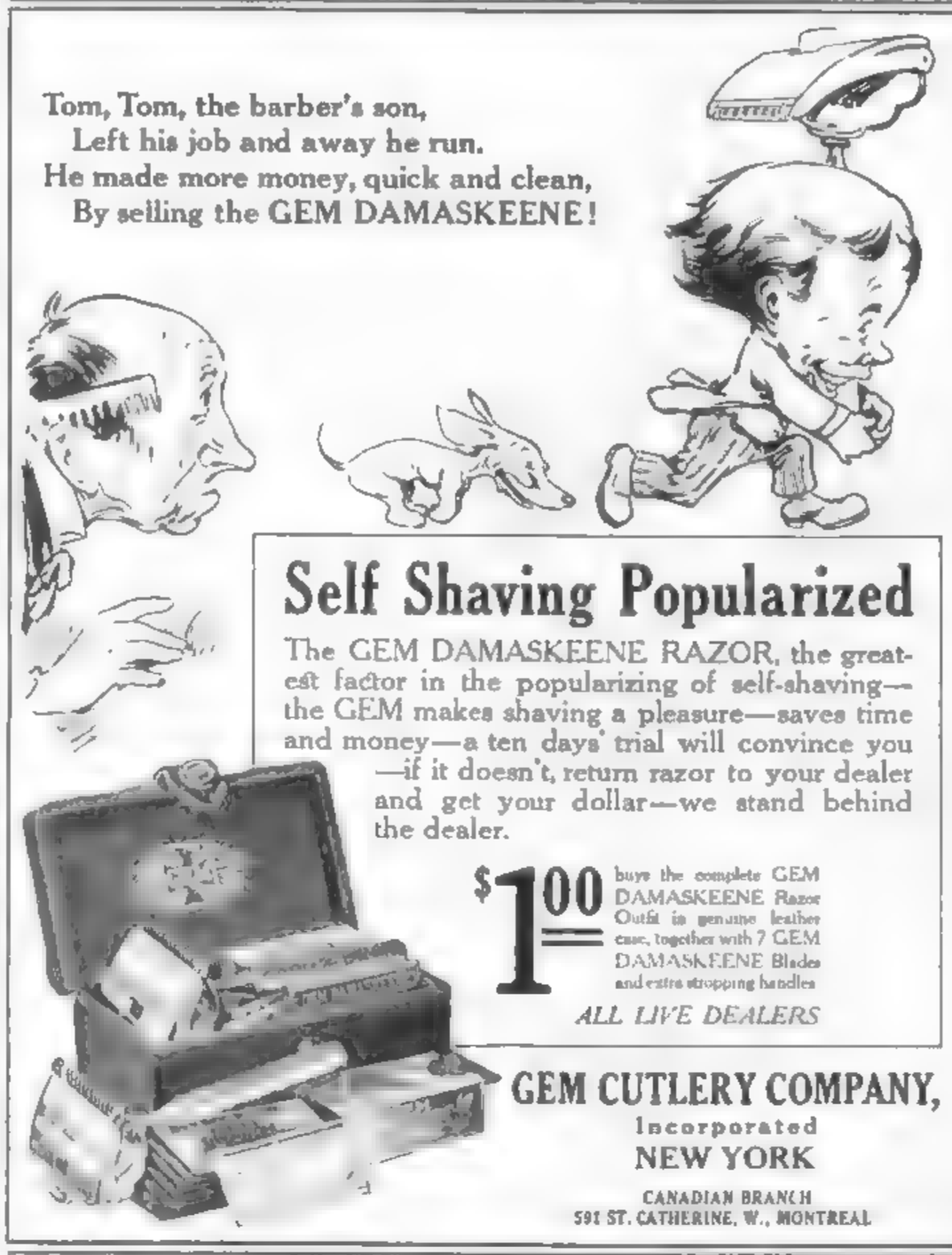

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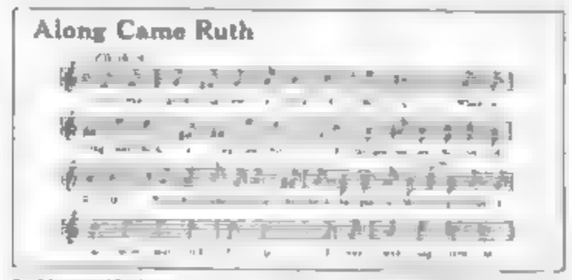

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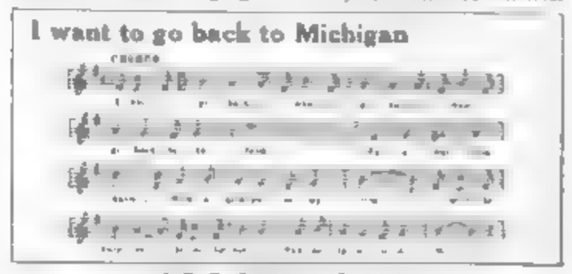
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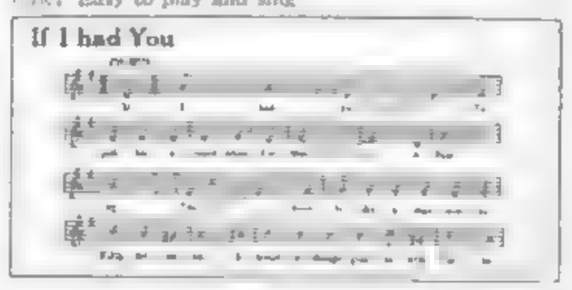

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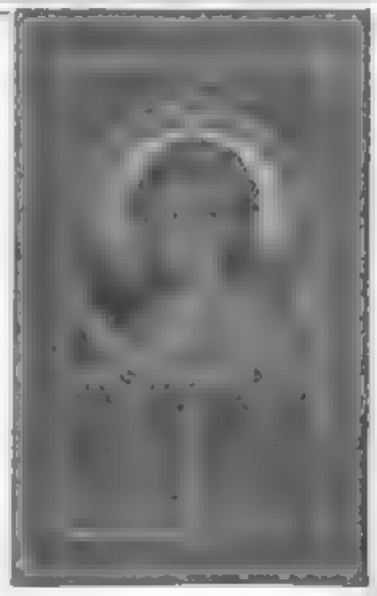

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THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, Philadelphia, Penna.

into a fresh tirade pointing to the half-empty plate of cakes.

"I will eat one more," he declared. "We will bilk the management. The bill is made out. I shall not be observed. Our friend," he continued under his breath, "has secured a valuable bodyguard, something very large and exceedingly powerful."

Draconmeyer hesitated for a moment. Then he turned to Mr. Grex.

"You have perhaps observed," he said, "the young man who is seated at the next table. It may amuse you to hear of a very extraordinary piece of impertinence of which only this afternoon he was guilty. He accosted me upon the terrace—he is a young American whom I have met in London—and asked me for information respecting a Mr. and Miss Grex."

Mr. Grex looked slowly toward the speaker. There was very little change in his face, yet Draconmeyer seemed in some way confused.

"You will understand, I am sure, sir," he continued a little hastily, "that I was in no way to blame for the question the young man addressed to me. He had the presumption to inquire whether I could procure for him an introduction to the young lady whom he knew as Miss Grex. Even at this moment," Draconmeyer went on, lowering his voice, "he is trying to persuade Hunterleys to let him come over to us."

"The young man," Mr. Grex said deliberately, "is ignorant. If necessary he must be taught his lesson."

Selingman intervened. He breathed a heavy sigh.

"Well," he observed, "I perceive that the task at which we have hinted is to fall upon my shoulders. We must do what we can. I am a tender-hearted man, and if extremes can be avoided I shall like my task better. And now I have changed my mind. The loss of that six louis weighs upon me. I shall endeavor to regain it. Let us go."

They rose and passed out into the roulette rooms. Richard Lane, who remained in his seat with an effort, watched them pass with a frown upon his face.

"Say, Sir Henry," he complained, "I don't quite understand this. Why, I'd only have to go over to Draconmeyer there and stand and talk for a moment, and he must have introduced me."

Hunterleys shook his head.

"Let me assure you," he said, "that Draconmeyer would have done nothing of the sort. For one thing, we don't introduce over here as a matter of course, as you do in America. And for another—well, I won't trouble you with the other reason. Look here, Lane: take my advice, there's a sensible fellow. I am a man of the world, you know, and there are certain situations in which one can make no mistake. If you are as hard hit as you say you are, go for a cruise and get over it. Don't hang round here. No good will come of it."

The young man set his teeth. He was looking very determined indeed.

"There isn't anything in this world short of a bomb," he declared, "that can blow me out of Monte Carlo before I have made the acquaintance of Miss Grex!"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Protecting the Ears

GUN deafness—the permanent injury to hearing caused by the noise from big guns—is getting much attention now from European doctors. The best protection against gun deafness is a matter of much dispute; but the London Lancet is advocating chewing a baby's teething ring and stuffing the ears with stiff wax.

Keeping the mouth open when a gun is fired near at hand is generally admitted to be some protection, as this prevents the sudden air pressure from coming all on one side of the eardrum; but the force of the explosion is likely to snap the teeth together unless there is something held between them. For this reason British officers are accustomed to chew toothpicks when they are close to big guns in action.

Packing the ears with cotton may help, but the benefits from this practice are disputed. The use of a waxy material about as stiff as jewelers' wax has proved more successful.

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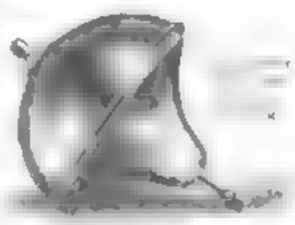
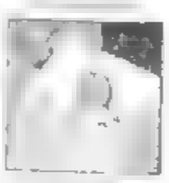


Concealed in base is a **clamp** that clamps or hangs lamp anywhere instantly. An "iron grip" rubber **suction cup** that sticks lamp securely to mirror, window pane, or any non-porous surface. Shade and bulb tilt to any angle by a simple movement of the hand. (See cuts.)



Folds, complete, into a top-like ball (see cut). Takes up no more room in a grip than a hair brush. Strongly made of high-grade brass, beautifully nickeled. An ornament in any home.

We want you to try this lamp. **Once used, you'll never be without it.** Sent by parcel post, prepaid, on receipt of $2. Satisfaction guaranteed or money promptly refunded. Write today.

E. P. Wallace Novelty Co.
18-20 East 41st St., New York

Big Opportunity for Agents

Must be hustlers with means to carry stock required. Write

NEVERBIND Boston Garter

No Rubber in Leg Band

Real Year Round Comfort

NEVERBIND FITS like your collar, hat or shoes. It can't choke your leg—always lifts on the sock just enough to keep them smooth.

If you don't find it at your dealers write send sample pair postpaid, for [illegible] send; 45c double [illegible]

George Frost Co., Sole Makers, Boston, Mass

$1 DOWN FREE TRIAL

BURROWES

Home Billiard Table

$1 or more down, according to size and style, balance amount each month. [illegible] adapted for expert play [illegible] home table or on its own legs or folding stand. Quickly set aside—requires almost no room when not in use.

Send for Illustrated Catalog

explaining free trial offer, with prices, terms of payment and testimonials from thousands of owners.

THE E. T. BURROWES CO., 301 Centre St., Portland, Me.
Mfrs. Burrowes Rustless Faucet Screens and Folding Card Tables

San Diego Panama California Exposition

California's Great Exposition, Celebrating the Opening of the Panama Canal

HIGH on the imposing mesa overlooking the sea, looking back over valleys of orange and olive and grape to the snow-capped sierras and the low tablelands of Mexico, San Diego has created the Exposition Beautiful, and crystallized therein the realities and the possibilities of the great West.

The lavish beauties of the coast country, the fragrance of rose and lemon, the triumphant splendor of palm and acacia and bougainvillæa, with the rare old Spanish buildings rising from the kaleidoscope of color—these are ever present [illegible].

But there is much more. Just as San Diego waved a magic wand and created its dream city on a site which four [illegible] was waste land, so the great West is converting desert into fairyland, into garden, into ranch. It is an empire in the making.

The grow[illegible] citrus orchard on the Exposition grounds, the intensive farm adjoining it, the area where large-scale farm machinery [illegible] how[illegible] [illegible]ent crops, the first bona fide tea plantation in the United States, [illegible] and like exhibits in the six hundred acre Exposition Beautiful are hints of what is going on in the millions on millions of acres of the West there represented.

The old order is changing. Education, which has been moving westward since time began, has reached the Pacific, and today, grown stronger, is marching back to the East—an education of beauty, of health, of utilization, of opportunity. It comes not as tottering graybeard [illegible]nt as Youth, firm of step, clear of brain and buoyant of spirit, [illegible]d lips in song. San Diego has a message, convincing and [illegible] you will [illegible] with profit.

The West's great Exposition, scarce twenty miles from Mexico, has abandoned old ideas and old architecture. No Greek or Roman temples are there, but the dulcet romance of old Spain, a renaissance of the days of discovery, when Spain was in her glory, in arms and arts and letters.

There are quaint towers and tiled domes, many plazas and cool patios filled with troubadour and caballero and sloe-eyed dancing girl of Andalusia. There are long colonnades overgrown with flowering vines, corridors where you who dream can hear the slow tread of the Spanish friars who built the old missions stretching northward from San Diego to Sonoma, to those who will believe in fairies can see the shadowy [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] bearing through the arches of [illegible] of [illegible] centuries ago.

Five hundred miles to the north lies San Francisco. During the greater part of 1915 San Francisco's Panama-Pacific International Exposition will be open; in no way similar to the Exposition Beautiful at San Diego. The two are complementary. Your railroad ticket will carry you to both, without extra charge, and you should attend both. The San Diego Exposition is open from New Year's to New Year's for 365 wonderful days.

By land and sea, all routes in 1915 lead to San Diego and the Panama-California Exposition. Special rates will be announced by all railroads and normal rates are guaranteed, under bond, by San Diego hotels and apartments. Full information should be available from your nearest ticket agent.

1915—ALL THE YEAR *ALL THE YEAR—1915*

See That Your Ticket is Routed via San Diego

PATIO OF THE CALIFORNIA COUNTIES BUILDING

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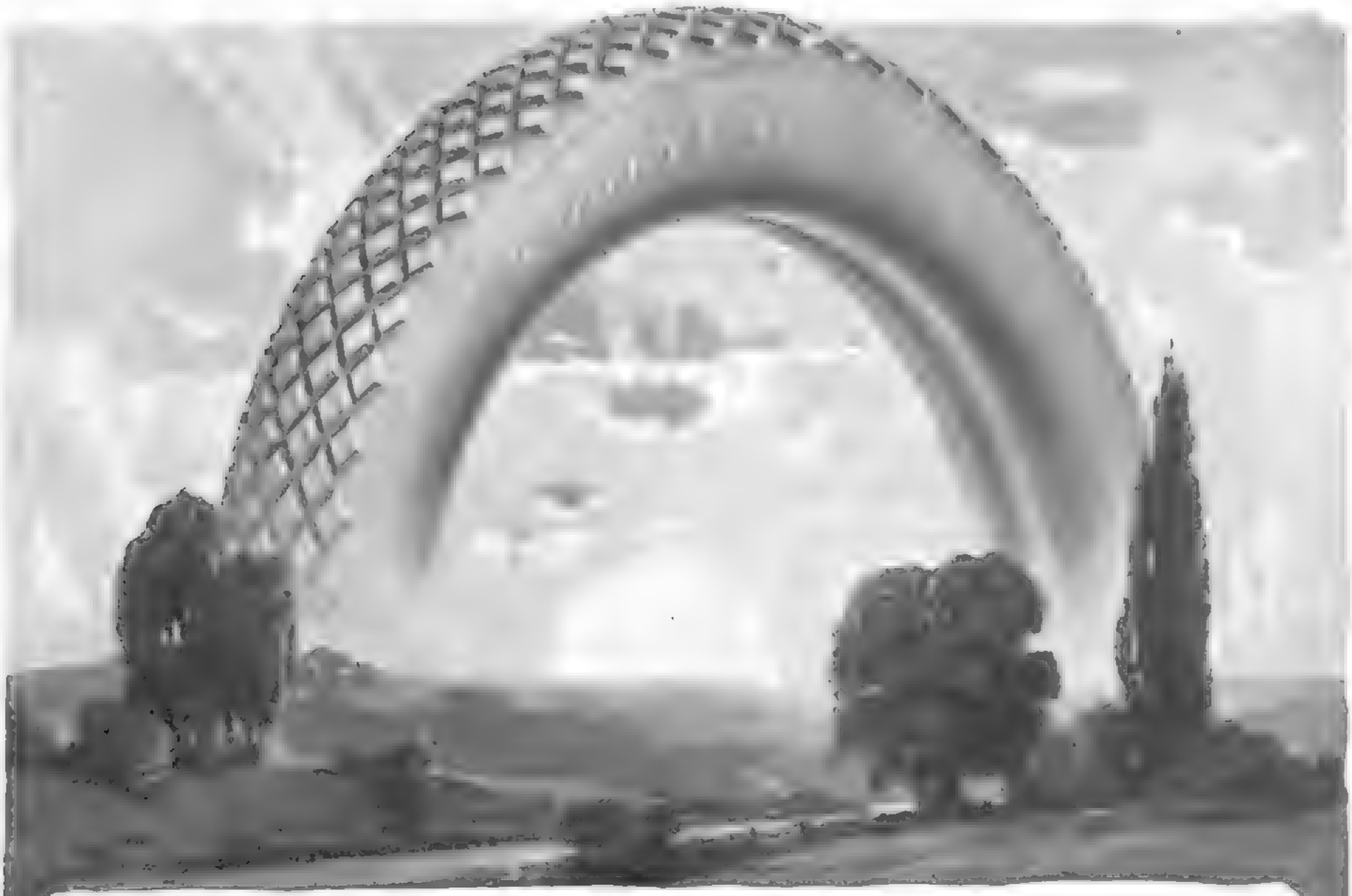


Goodyear No-Rim-Cuts
Brought the Dawn of Better Tires

This is what they brought you:

Tires of ultra quality—built by unvarying standards. Tires perfected to the limit by years of research and experiment. We still spend in our laboratory—in efforts to better them—$100,000 yearly.

Four Exclusive Trouble Savers

And they brought you these:

One-third of all old type tires were being ruined by **rim-cuts** according to our statistics. We ended that waste completely by a method which we control.

You had too many **blow-outs.** Our "On-Air" cure—used by no other maker—wiped out a major cause. That one exclusive process costs us $450,000 yearly.

You suffered **loose treads.** By a patent method—employed by us alone—we reduced that risk 60 per cent.

All-Weather Treads

Punctures and **skidding** were dreaded. We supplied you this All-Weather tread.

We made it double-thick. We toughened it by a secret Goodyear process. Thus we resisted—to the limit—wear and puncture both.

We made it flat and regular, to run as smoothly as plain treads. We made the grips deep and enduring. We made them sharp to give a bulldog grip. Thus we gave you, in this matchless anti-skid, the best tread for all wheels at all seasons.

No Care-Free Tire

Pneumatic tires can't be made care-free, with all they must contend with. But Goodyear efforts have minimized the troubles. They are saving tire users millions of dollars yearly.

So many men know this—so many have proved it—that Goodyear outsells any other tire. And new users—by the thousands—adopt it every week.

Remember these things when you seek safety, strength, endurance. The features cited are exclusive Goodyear features. They must indicate to you our infinite care, and the verdict of users confirms it.

When you call for Goodyear No-Rim-Cut tires you will get tires like these. Any dealer will supply you.

(1898)

THE GOODYEAR TIRE & RUBBER CO., AKRON, O.
Toronto, Canada London, England Mexico City, Mexico
DEALERS EVERYWHERE
Branches and Agencies in 103 Principal Cities
Write Us on Anything You Want in Rubber

GOODYEAR
AKRON, OHIO

No-Rim-Cut Tires
With All-Weather Treads or Smooth

THE TAMING OF AMORETTE

(Continued from Page 23)

"And I want to tell you that I was never so proud of you, dearest, as I am at this very minute, and never so colossally happy—never, never, never!" Girard rejoined.

Amorette couldn't understand why, under all the circumstances, he should be what he said he was, and she told him so. "I think," she added, "that I deserve a great big scolding. I have been ungrateful, unreasonable, revengeful, vicious, hateful, and about everything else that is mean and despicable. I don't deserve that you should forgive me or ever love me again the very least little bit." And then before he could say a word she had pulled his head down to reach his lips, and was adding between kisses: "But—I—should—just—die—if—you—didn't."

They sat quiet and motionless for a little while in a sort of rapturous, blissful peace. Then Amorette said:

"You haven't a bit of curiosity, have you, dear?"

"I'm too happy for curiosity."

"Wouldn't you like to know everything I did from the moment I saw you last to the moment I saw you again?"

"If you want to tell me I'd love you to, but I don't ask it. And I shall not mind in the least if you don't."

"I didn't have a bit good time," she began poutingly.

"That's too bad. Next time you'll take me with you," he laughed.

"It was stupid. I didn't see a soul I knew from —— Did you know Mr. Sprague was arrested?" she veered suddenly.

Girard nodded. "Yes, I heard that. Burrows wired me."

"Well, from the time he was arrested until after five o'clock this afternoon."

"Why not? Why didn't you look some one up? De Vourcy, for instance?"

She drew a little away from him. "I've forgotten I ever knew De Vourcy. He's the last person I'd look up. He may satisfy such creatures as Gladys Penwell, but ——" She broke off under a swift rush of revelation. "Why it was"—she cried irrelevantly it seemed to Girard—"it was De Vourcy! I never for a moment thought. It was De Vourcy in the pearl-gray suit of clothes! De Vourcy with the peacock feather and the bamboo cane, and '*Pst! Pst!*'"

"And '*Pst! Pst!*'" her husband quoted, amused. "What are you talking about, Amorette?"

"De Vourcy, of course," she added. "But what on earth was he doing there? And what could have made him act so strangely?"

And at that Girard roared with laughter.

"I'm just trying to picture the thing," he explained when she stared at him questioningly in the moonlight. "Do tell me about it."

Then she told him, and he laughed the more.

"And Captain Cayley was there too," she went on. "He was waiting just outside the hotel, as if he were on sentry duty. I'm sure it was he who sent a scrap of paper up to me with the words 'On Guard' printed in pencil."

Girard laughed so uproariously at this that she feared apoplexy. "It was funny, wasn't it?" she said when he'd quieted. "I can't imagine how they knew I was there. And then—do be careful, dear!—Clovelly came in his car as though he expected to carry me off."

And for a third time Girard exploded, and laughed until a pain at the back of his head made him stop.

"Can you explain it?" she asked innocently.

"I'm blest if I can," was his reply. "Why didn't you ask them?"

"I hadn't a chance. I never thought of its being De Vourcy until just now. Clovelly I didn't see at all; and I was so embarrassed at facing Captain Cayley ——"

"But why embarrassed?" Geoffrey pressed. "You were alone, weren't you?" He strove to make the inquiry appear casual, yet so much hung on her answer that he feared she might detect in his tone an unwonted interest. His face, turned toward her, was in shadow, or she must have read something of this in his eyes.

She seemed a long while answering. Then: "N-no, I—I wasn't alone, that was just it."

With his relief came the impulse to hold her closer; but he restrained it. It would never do now to let her guess that he knew, or at least suspected, all the while.

"Oh, you weren't?" he said with an air of indifference that was very well simulated.

"N-no, I—I wasn't. Edgar Carlisle was with me."

He smiled now, because he was so delighted at her honesty. But he accounted for it on other grounds. "Edgar Carlisle too," he exclaimed. "That was odd. I don't remember ever hearing of such a combination of coincidences. All four of your old lovers in a group, so to speak. And all there by the merest chance, I suppose."

She hesitated again. But she was in for it, she realized, and might as well make a clean breast of the whole matter and have it over with.

"No, Edgar wasn't there by chance. I wired for him."

Girard very nearly shouted "Brava!" It was all he could do to keep from it and from smothering her with appreciative kisses.

"That was indeed an act of Christian charity," he commented. "After the way you treated him the night we were in Paris together last you owed him some amend. The letter he wrote you showed how he felt. It proved he misunderstood, and it was perfectly proper that you should set matters right."

The osculatory inclination was now Amorette's. And she saw no reason to deny herself; so she didn't.

"Oh, you dear, dear, wise, wise thing!" she praised. "You are a veritable Solomon among husbands. If other men were like you there'd never be any unhappy marriages."

But Girard was too modest to accept such unlimited credit. "The husband is only one of the constituents, remember. Just as much, if not a little more, depends on the wife, my dear. If all women were like you, and the men had a little wit, matrimony would be paradise."

"Every day I'm with you I learn something," she said.

They talked until three o'clock in the morning, and even then they hadn't said all they wanted to say. It was a great night for Girard, because it seemed to mark the completion of his final lesson in the domestication of a wife. And they were married only three months! They had been silent for a moment when Amorette suddenly threw her arms around Geoffrey's neck.

"I had a dream last night," she said. "I dreamed we were back in Mrs. Carruthers' house and I was very happy. I don't think I like Chinon."

"We'll go home to-morrow—I mean to-day," said her husband.

XXI

OCTOBER had come, and they were three months more on the way to a wedding anniversary. And their happiness grew by the day. It was the season of drooping marigolds, garnered sheaves, empty folds, dripping orchards, as more than one poet has sung. The world without was melancholy indeed; but within Mrs. Carruthers' house each morn brought a new brightness and a new joy. And it was never humdrum.

Breakfast was over. Girard, with cigarette alight, was reading the newspaper. Amorette sat on the floor beside him, one dainty outstretched slippered foot almost touching the fender, behind which a cheery fire crackled.

"By Jove!" the man exclaimed as his eye ran over a cable. "They've convicted your friend Sprague principally upon the testimony of Mrs. Paul Burrows."

Amorette reached for the paper. "Do let me see," she begged.

He held it halfway, and she got to her knees, so they could read it together.

"Poor man!" she sighed. "He was so handsome!"

"I wonder how the Earl of Enderby will take it," Geoffrey mused aloud, and so seriously that his wife actually protested.

"You know he wasn't related. Fancy his saying that his great-grandmother was an Enderby, as though Enderby was a family name!"

"I never heard that before. How did you come to miss telling me? It's too humorous to have been kept so long."

But Amorette didn't answer. "I am mortified," she said instead. "I'll never seek acquaintance with a strange man again. One never can tell, can one?"

To Show is to Sell

Let This
McLean Display Case
Increase Your Sales

WHEN your customer is in your store, *then* is the time to display your merchandise. She may enter to buy only one item, but *if you show her other articles* she'll *remember that she needs them.*

The McLean Display Case will show her *more articles in one minute than you can in an hour* By actual store tests it has increased specialty sales from 25% to 300% over old-style cases. The

McLean Display Case

For All Kinds of Stores

is handsome, inviting in appearance and designed scientifically to *show the largest variety of merchandise in the smallest space.* Entire front is made of frameless plate glass doors. Adjustable shelves made made of esther wood or plate glass. Slanting front permits customer to look squarely through glass at merchandise. All selling and trimming done from front, thus saving space formerly necessary for aisle behind.

The McLean Display Case is made up in sectional units 6 feet long, 8 feet 3 inches high, occupying floor space 2 feet wide. Each unit complete in itself. You can use as many as desired. All are uniform. No fitting necessary. Price per unit, complete with equipment, only $150. Write for catalog and complete information.

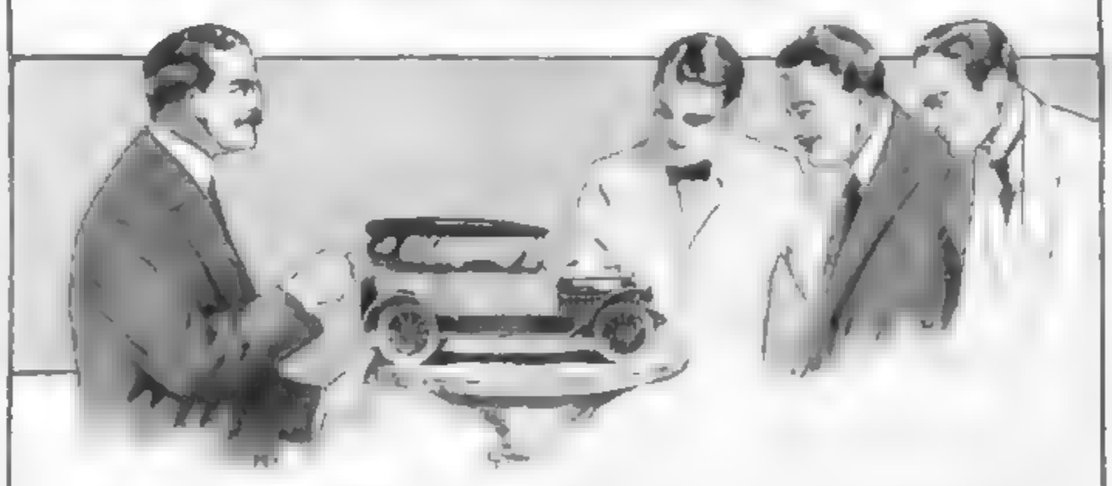
Have You Seen SNUG-SEATS?

They occupy only ⅔ space required for ordinary table set. Neat, dainty, comfortable, economical. Ideal for soda fountains, grill rooms, card rooms, etc. Any finish—only $25 a set of table and four chairs.

W. B. McLEAN MFG. CO., 1005-31 Herron Ave., Pittsburgh, Pa.

Since 1877 we have designed and manufactured entire equipments for stores

The Manufacturer says to his Dealers—



"In considering equipment this season we have given special attention to the top. We were determined to get a top with real beauty as well as wearing quality—a top that would be a credit to the car. We want you to be proud of these cars for years after you have put them in the hands of purchasers.

"We selected Neverleek Top Material as a standard equipment after testing all other kinds.

"Not only did we test them in the laboratory, putting them under tremendous water pressure, and subjecting them to light and heat tests, but we made up trial tops and gave them the hardest kind of usage on our service cars.

"Neverleek stood up splendidly. It retains its smart, handsome appearance. It does not crack or flake. And it is *guaranteed waterproof without time limit.* The manufacturers will replace without cost any Neverleek Top that ever leaks through the fabric."

Write for samples of Neverleek Top Material in the new semi-bright and dull finishes. Ask your dealer for a Neverleek Top on your new car. If your old car needs a new top, write us for the name of a top-maker who will re-cover with Neverleek

F. S. Carr Company
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TRADE MARK
NEVERLEEK
Top Material

"I Refused to be the Goat!"

Written by an Office Manager

Papers used to get lost in filing. Even when they were filed properly it took forever to find them. It was costing too much for office detail work. Being office manager, I was the official goat, a distinction I am temperamentally unfitted for. One day, I read this book, "The Signal System," which showed me the trouble exit. I put in the system at once. The idea was to use a different color of paper for each office form, for each branch office form, and for different form letters. Filing was done in a quarter the time—and accurately.

Executives said it saved a pile of their time—*valuable* time, they called it.

What made the system possible was the fact that I was able to use one grade of paper throughout—a fine, tough, quality-feeling stock, good enough for form letters yet cheap enough for billheads and office forms.

HAMMERMILL BOND

"The Utility Business Paper"

Envelopes to match

Sold by Paper Jobbers in Every Large City

Also sold in 10c tablets

Ask Your Stationer

This paper is Hammermill Bond and comes in twelve standard colors and white. It has saved us a lot of money and time and I am no longer the goat.—*An Office Manager.*

Send for the above book, "The Signal System" and for a big new portfolio of samples. Please mention your business and position.

HAMMERMILL PAPER CO., Erie, Pa.

Investigate Hammermill Safety Paper used by the United States Government

We'll Provide Your Christmas Money

JUST a year ago an advertisement appeared in *The Saturday Evening Post* in which we offered to provide Christmas money for anybody willing to give us a part of his or her time during the following eight weeks. Several thousand people answered the advertisement, and all of those who accepted our suggestion earned the money promised. Now we repeat the offer.

Right now we require the services of a lot of people all over the country to look after the renewals and new subscriptions of *The Saturday Evening Post, The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman.* Hundreds of thousands of these subscriptions will expire during these two months and must be renewed. Almost as many more subscriptions will come from those who will subscribe for the first time. Many of them will come from acquaintances of yours, or from people in your neighborhood. They will be glad to be relieved of the trouble of personally sending.

If you will look after this business for us locally, we will pay you liberally in commission and salary; if you like the work, we will afterward give you the appointment as our permanent agent.

Write a note of inquiry today and let us tell you all about the plan

Agency Division
Box 656
The Curtis Publishing Company
Philadelphia, Pa.

"Poor Gilbert! That's what I say," Girard pursued. "He gave the fellow two thousand pounds—the only American he ever liked."

"And that would come in so useful now for Ermentrude's wedding. Still, she might not have had a wedding but for that. I'm sure it was only because Gilbert and Edgar were fellows in misery that Gilbert ever consented to the marriage. I don't envy any girl being Edgar's wife. He has a perfectly atrocious disposition, and—and ——" But there she hesitated.

"And—and what?" asked her husband.

"And such a long, stringy neck," she answered. She blushed, but her head was turned away and Girard didn't see it. She couldn't bear to think of that awful day at the Hôtel de Rome.

For a moment Geoffrey puffed away at his cigarette and exhaled volumes of white smoke. Then he said.

"I rather feel that we're in a way responsible for Ray's loss. If it hadn't been for our scraped acquaintance with Sprague he'd never have seen the man. I'm wondering how we can make it good."

This brought Amorette to her feet.

"Make good two thousand pounds!" she cried in horror. "Why, we couldn't think of such a thing. We're not rich enough. Besides, I don't see ——"

It is certainly a fact that sometimes women, no matter how good, have a less fine sense of honor than men. Amorette couldn't see; but Geoffrey saw very plainly. Moreover, he thought he saw a way, only this particular moment was not the proper time to speak of it. So he merely said:

"No, that's very true. We are not rich and we have uses for our income."

But the next time he went up to town he visited a number of jewelers and got competitive bids on a very fine ring. The best of these was not two thousand pounds, but it was near enough to be satisfactory.

The following evening husband and wife, with a lamp between them, comfort round them and blissful contentment in their hearts, were reading in Mrs. Carruthers' library. Having discovered that Rabelais was a native of Chinon—which, now that she was away from it, had once again become a spot of romantic interest—Amorette had taken voraciously to the devouring of that eminent if coarse writer's epic of the sixteenth century. Just now she was deep in the "Astounding Life of the Great Gargantua." Suddenly she lifted her eyes from the book and bent them, as was her not infrequent habit, across the table at the adored gentleman amusing himself with one or another of the romantic bards.

He felt her eyes upon him and met them. Whereupon she said: "I don't wish to interrupt you, dear; but I think I have found here in Rabelais the true secret of managing a husband. Will you listen?"

Of course Girard listened gladly and appreciatively; and this is what she read:

"'Because men that are free, well-born,' well-bred and conversant in honest companies have naturally an instinct and spur, which is called honor, that prompteth them unto various actions and withdraws them from vice—because of this, those same men, when by base subjection and constraint they are brought under and kept down, turn aside from that noble disposition by which they were formerly inclined to virtue, to shake off and break the bond of servitude. For it is agreeable with the nature of man to long after things forbidden and to desire what is denied.'

"Now that is exactly my method in managing you," Amorette added.

Geoffrey smiled lovingly, said that Rabelais was more of a sage than he ever imagined, and then dared to conclude with:

"I wonder how that same rule would apply to the management of wives."

"Oh, wives don't have to be managed," his wife returned. "They are just naturally good and obedient."

"But husbands ——" Girard began.

"They are very different," Amorette cut in. "Even you, dear, who are perfect in a way, are very remiss at times. I remember one time in particular. And though I said nothing I was really very much hurt."

Geoffrey's surprise was manifest, though he did not speak.

"I mean in not following me to Paris that time from Chinon. It was your duty to have looked after me."

"Wouldn't that have been base subjection and restraint?" he asked appositely. "I preferred to give you a free rein. If I had tried to check you you might indeed have bolted."

She saw his point, saw that she was arguing directly against the rule for husbands she had just read, and then made a somewhat pitiful effort to creep out.

"But suppose in my folly I had fallen into danger. You should have been there to meet the emergency."

Girard stood up and looked at her.

"I was there," he said impressively, "for just such an emergency."

He had never seen her more astonished. She had no words.

"I was there—vicariously," he added.

"Vicariously?" She didn't in the least know what he meant.

"I was there in the persons of De Vourcy, Cayley and Clovelly. I sent you messages through them all. Had you uttered a cry, I, in their bodies and with their six strong arms, should have rushed to your defense."

Then she got a glimmering: but it was not until he took a rough draft of a telegram from his desk and placed it in her hands that she fully understood.

"Directly I got your address from Burrows," he told her, "I sent a copy of this to each of your three former devoted cavaliers. It is unquestionably a great tribute to the potency your name still holds in their regard that not one of them failed you."

While he spoke Amorette was reading: "'Before this reaches you I shall be at the Hôtel de Rome, Paris. I may require your aid at any moment. If possible give me a sign that you are at hand. But be careful.'" The signature was: "Amorette."

She sprang up, laughing, and threw her arms about him.

"You are perfect!" she cried. "You are never-failing. And a little lifetime is not enough to love you in."

A day or so later he came to her in contrition.

"I remember where I have failed you," he said. "Long ago I promised you that Gilbert Ray should paint your portrait. I never thought of it again until a week ago. Now, though, it is all arranged. He will do it any time between this and Easter."

"But he charges tremendously," Amorette countered. "I've known him to get two thousand pounds for his portraits. We can't afford it."

"He's going to do it for less. Besides, it will be like an investment. Think of it; it will be worth a fortune—a 'Portrait by Gilbert Ray of Mrs. G., the most beautiful woman in England.'"

At that she smiled, but only half yielded.

"Besides," he said, "Carruthers is paying for it."

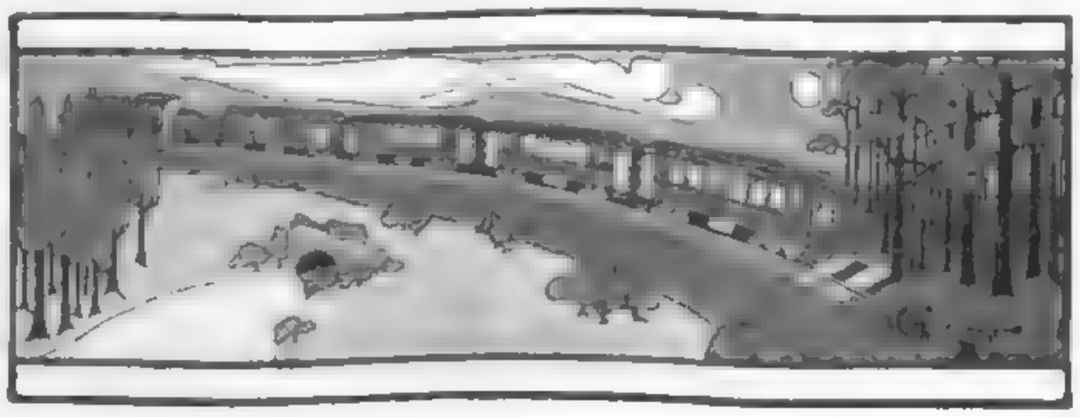
"Carruthers! What do you mean?"

"I've sold that ring of his. I couldn't think of letting you wear it again."

And then she consented.

It is true that the money might have been expended to advantage on Mrs. Carruthers' house. But the portrait hangs in the hall now, the same hall in which they had their first and last little quarrel over the Cayley kiss. And when it comes to houses, haven't they that enchanted Castle of Merlin, invisible and indestructible, in which they live, "without—to their knowledge—growing old, or parting, or ceasing to love one another"?

(THE END)



Running 100 miles on Low Gear,

these 116 Franklin Sixes make nation-wide demonstration of air cooling

Each of these Franklin dealers on September 24th ran his Franklin Six-Thirty car 100 miles *all the way on low gear without once stopping the engine*

This unparalleled feat was performed in 116 different localities under all sorts of road and weather conditions. The object—which was brilliantly accomplished—was to demonstrate the absolute superiority of direct air-cooling.

Certified Records

Name of City	Dealer's Name	Time in Hours and Minutes	Gallons of Oil Used	Temperature	Weather and Road Conditions
[illegible]	[illegible]	8 56	.6	60	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	9 15	.4	64	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	8 03	.9	62	[illegible]
[illegible]	A. Aschenbrenner	9 57	.8	65	Clear
[illegible]	W. M. Hull	8:45	.7	64°	Heavy
[illegible]	Geo. H. Leonard	8 40	.8	58°	Muddy
[illegible]	[illegible]	9 46	1.8	82°	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	10 04	5	80	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	9 07	1 3	80	[illegible]
[illegible]	S. H. Lewis	9 00	.8		Muddy
[illegible]	O. A. Lawton	8:48	1.6	87°	Clear
[illegible]	Arthur L. Clark	8-18	1 2	84°	Clear
[illegible]	[illegible]	8 35	2	56	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	8 50	.3	80	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	9 30	7	65	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	9 00	1 2	62	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	8 57	1 5	75	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	8 30	1 6	66	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	8 50	9	56	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	8 24	1	58	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	7 42	1 2	67	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	7-57	.9	68	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	9 50	9	65	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	8 18	1.3	80	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	8 19	.8	54	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	7 44		92	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	8 12	1 3	57	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	9 30	1 3	67	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	9 30	1 2		[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	9 30	.7	64	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	9 45	1	63	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	7 55	2 5	55	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	9 28	1	44	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	9 45	1.3	62	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	8 34	1 5	86	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	9 40	1 2	80	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	8 12	.9	88	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	10 00	1	75	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	9 15	.8	52	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	8 45	2	58	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	8 45	1 3	70	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	8 42	1 3	70	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	8 40	1 2	58	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	8 10	1.2	73	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	9 00	1	54	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	8 40	1.1	76	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	8 53	2	65	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	8 11	1 9	76	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	9 08	2 5	82	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	9 07	1.2	80	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	8 30		60	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	8 57	1 5	75	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	11 08	1	56	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	8 26	.6	74	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	8 34	2	71	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	9 29	1 6	70	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	9 18	.7	66	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	8 52	.7	78	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	9 57	.7	78	[illegible]

Certified Records

Name of City	Dealer's Name	Time in Hours and Minutes	Gallons of Oil Used	Temperature	Weather and Road Conditions
[illegible]	Frederick Ryan	10-00		70	[illegible]
[illegible]	R. C. Hamble	10:00	1.5	62	Clear
[illegible]	[illegible]	8 27	1	68	Muddy
Louisville, Ky	G. M. Younger	9:30	1	67	[illegible]
Milwaukee Wis.	Wm. F. Sanger	9:09	.9	54	Dry
Minneapolis, Minn	L. A. McKay	9:30	.8	58	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	9 22	2	67	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	8 55	1	59	Muddy
[illegible]	[illegible]	8 52	1.2	67	[illegible]
Newark, N. J.	W. L. Mallon	9:10	.9	81	[illegible]
New Bedford, Mass	[illegible]	8:00	1.2	75	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	8 56	.9	74	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	8 52	1 2	80	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	8 35	.8	81	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	8 58	3	58	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	7 36	.9	56	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	9 35	.4	74	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	11 30	1	72	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	9 15	.6	56	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	8 59	1.2	75	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	6 55	1	82	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	9 02	1	78	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	8 32	1.3	69	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	8 25	1	80	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	8 48	1 2	74	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	9 00	1 3	80	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	8 05		86	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	7 13		92	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	8 10	1 2	80	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	8 40	1 1	68	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	10 32	1 1	72	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	9 05	1 5	48	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	9 02	8	62	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	8 58	1 2	86	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	9 30	1 8	76	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	8 45	1 6	70	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	9 20	1 2	60	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	8 40	1 4	61	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	9 22	1 2	56	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	8 38	1.2	60	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	7 30	2 1	66	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	8 55	1 0	85	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	8 58	1 2	73	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	10 00	1 0	85	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	7 40	.5	86	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	9 34	9	70	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	8 58	2 0	58	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	10 10	1.0	58	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	9 05	1 2	56	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	9 40	1 3	57	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	9 00	1 2	72	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	8 20	1.4	60	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	9 30	1 2	71	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	9 20	1 1	86	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]		.8	70	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	8 37	1 2	71	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	9 00	1 2	80	[illegible]
Average		8 54	1 2		

Every car was absolutely stock, without special attachments of any kind. No extra lubrication was employed. The sworn average consumption of oil during the run was 1.2 gal. per car. Each run was witnessed and attested by disinterested observers.

Throughout the country the severest roads known to automobilists were chosen. At Colorado Springs the route led by way of Dead Man's Canyon and Ute Pass to Cripple Creek. The finish was at the top of Tenderfoot Hill, 10,500 feet above the sea.

In Denver, Mr. F. C. Cullen, four hours after he started, was 11,500 feet above sea level. The worst roads and mountains within 100 miles of Denver were traversed and the finish was at the top of Lookout Mountain. Elevation lowers the boiling point of water, but has no effect on the cooling ability of air.

At Wilkesbarre, Pennsylvania, Mr. W. S. Lee finished a hard run by climbing Giant's Despair, the well known testing ground.

At Pittsfield, Massachusetts, the demonstration finished at the top of Jacob's Ladder.

At Springfield, Mass., at the top of Mt. Tom.

At Newburgh, N. Y., at the top of Storm King Mountain.

At Los Angeles, Cal., at the top of Wilson's Peak, 5,800 feet above the sea.

At Kingston, N. Y., the Catskills were climbed.

Norwich, N. Y., used three gallons of oil. The reason was a broken sight feed pipe.

Of the 119 cars starting, only three failed to finish.

Pittsburgh, Pa., and Tulsa, Okla., had temporary ignition trouble, which barred them, though Pittsburgh had run 95 miles.

Beaumont, Texas, did not finish, due to running out of oil, which, before noticed, resulted in burning out a connecting rod bearing. It occurred near the end of the 96th mile.

This unheard of 100 mile low gear demonstration was possible because of the direct air-cooling system of the Franklin. The primary advantages of direct cooling are: (1) nothing to overheat in hard running, (2) nothing to freeze in winter, (3) the elimination of more than 100 unnecessary parts and the amount of attention necessary, (4) sheer engine efficiency and power.

With no weight of water, pump, radiator, piping, etc., the engine is not only lighter, but less weight is required in the frame, axles, and other supporting parts.

Economy Built on Light Weight

Thus comes economy. The Franklin is easy on tires, and uses little gasoline. In the National Economy Test last May, 94 stock Franklin touring cars averaged 32.8 miles on one gallon of gasoline. Tire average for four years 8000 miles.

With Franklin light weight goes flexibility—resilient instead of jarring. Franklin flexibility is obtained by a chassis frame of laminated, shock-absorbing wood instead of rigid steel, by full elliptic springs, front and rear, and by the absence of strut rods and torque bars.

Not only is the superiority of Franklin direct air-cooling absolute, but upon it, it has been possible to build a car which combines highest efficiency, economy, durability, comfort and beauty.

The Standard Light Car

The dominance of the Franklin is due to fixed principles of construction unchanged through 13 years. Always easy riding, always light and flexible, it is today recognized as the *standard light car*.

Send for the striking eight-page, newspaper size, Illustrated Supplement, with its unusual photographs which give a panorama of the interesting features of these runs. Also booklet of telegraphic stories by men driving the cars.

Franklin Automobile Company

Syracuse, N. Y.

Weights and Prices

Touring Car,	2750	Pounds . .	$2150
Roadster	2610	" . .	2150
Coupé	2890	" . .	2600
Sedan	3045	" . .	3000
Berlin	3242	" . .	3200

Prices are F. O. B. Syracuse, N. Y.
Ask your dealer to weigh the car for you.

HUDSON Six-40-$1550

The Class Car Now at Top

Last Month, $3,875,000

Buyers of class cars paid in September $3,875,000 for the HUDSON Six-40 alone. To meet their demands, we built in September five times as many HUDSONS as last year at this season. Yet we could not build enough. If the verdict of buyers shows the car which excels, these sales give to HUDSON, we believe, top place in the quality field.

Further Evidence

Another fact is that thousands of men waited weeks to get this car. On August 1st—with this new model only one month old—we had 4000 unfilled orders.

Plenty of cars could be delivered at once, but these men wanted HUDSONS. They considered this car worth the wait.

But this evidence is most convincing: In a single year this HUDSON Six-40 has multiplied our sales by five. Yet the HUDSON was last year, and for years before, a leader among class cars. A model which quintuples such prestige is a model to marvel at.

Its Chief Attractions

This HUDSON Six-40 holds the record for lightness in a 7-seat car. And lightness—secured by better materials and better designing—is a major attraction in class cars today.

It is economical. Its new-type motor has reduced operative cost about 30 per cent. Its lightness cuts down tire cost. It is refined to the last degree. The HUDSON engineers—48 of them—have studied and perfected every part and detail. This entire corps has worked four years on this model.

The lines are appealing, the finish, the new ideas in equipment. To beauty lovers and luxury lovers this car has resistless attractions. And the price—a new price for a class car—brings higher-priced cars into question. Men see in this model what modern efficiency and HUDSON big output can save them.

Howard E. Coffin's Four-Year Car

But the main attraction in this HUDSON Six-40 lies in its famous designer. Many thousands of men who have watched motor car progress consider Howard E. Coffin the genius of this line. They feel that for ten years he has led the advances.

This HUDSON Six-40 shows his latest and best. In a hundred new ways it shows his final conceptions.

He has devoted four years to this model, and he had 47 able engineers at work with him. Every item and detail has been developed by specialists in their various lines of motor car building. Whatever you see here is Howard E. Coffin's approval of what is the best in these experts.

A man feels pretty content with a model on which Mr. Coffin has passed his approval.

This is New-Car Time

This is the time to buy a new car. All the new-year models are out now. The 1915 improvements are on show. These are fine months for driving and you don't want to miss them.

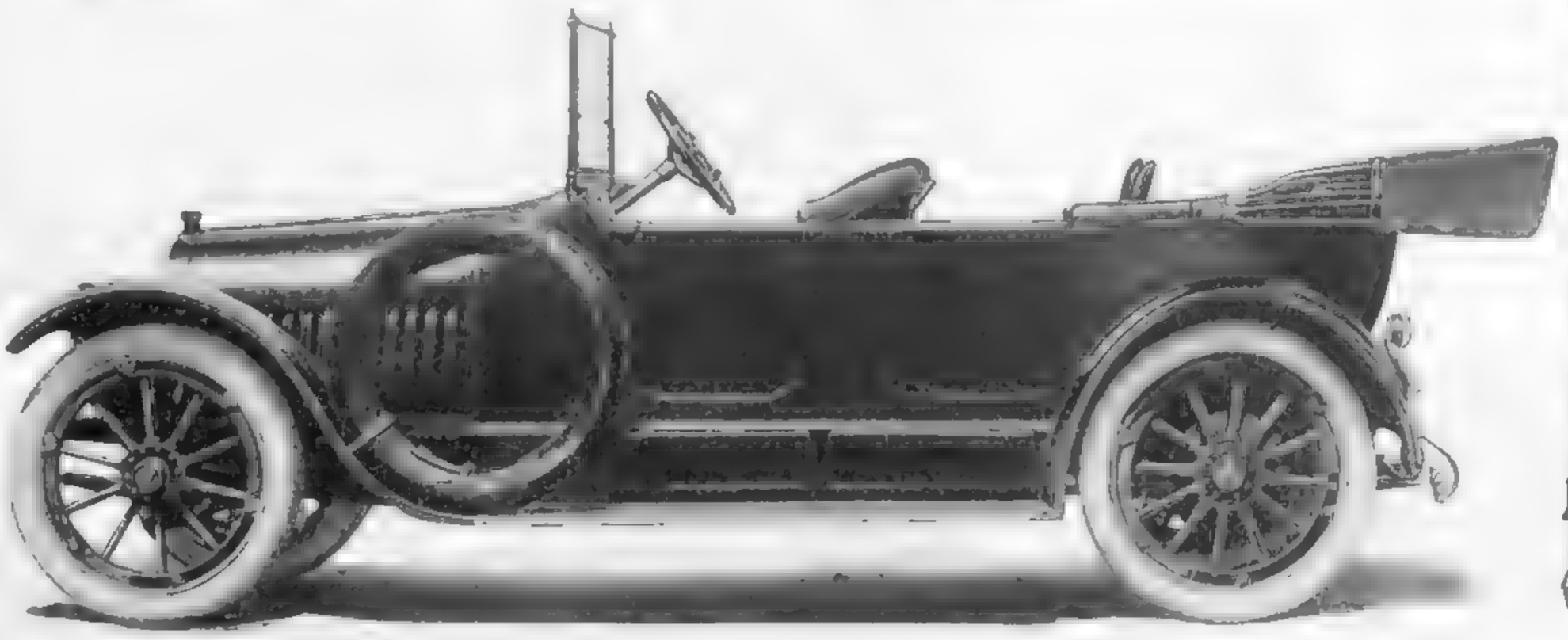
If you want an enclosed body, it should be chosen early. We build luxurious closed cars, but not a great many. The demand for open cars taxes us to the limit. Late comers, we fear, will find the closed models sold.

Go to your local HUDSON dealer this week and see which style best suits you. We are shipping by express now to save delays when a dealer can't deliver promptly.

Five New-Style Bodies

Seven-passenger Phaeton, $1,550; 3-passenger Roadster, $1,550; 3-passenger Cabriolet, $1,750; 4-passenger Coupé, $2,150; new Town Car, $2,550. All f. o. b. Detroit. Canadian Price: Phaeton or Roadster, $2,100 f. o. b. Detroit, Duty Paid.

HUDSON MOTOR CAR COMPANY
8336 Jefferson Ave., Detroit, Mich.



THE KRIS-GIRL

(Continued from Page 20)

"He's not such a cub as you think," said Cristina; and I was so annoyed by this that I did not speak until we reached Torrestown again.

There was little pleasure for me in Cristina's society during the days that followed the trip to Michaelmas Island. The weather was hot, despite the strong trade winds; but she scarcely left her room. She seemed to be busy with papers all the time—uninteresting chronicles of the doings of North Australian towns, barren, I should have supposed, of all possible interest for any created being. Once or twice she honored me by sending me about Torrestown to look for more.

"North Australian papers—any you can get," she said, "up to six months old if you like; only get them."

She was exceedingly pleased when I came in one evening with a bundle of weekly newspapers covered in raspberry pink. They were stout and stodgy, and had columns and columns about sheep; also pages on puges of the minutest gossip about many obviously minute people.

"I like the look of those," said Cristina; and we saw nothing more of her that night.

I was fain to occupy myself with Mrs. Ash, for the want of anything better. The old lady, who seemed as usual to be vibrating between an odd liking for and an equally odd distaste toward me, received me rather better than usual.

She was knitting with insatiable fury beside a lamp on that veranda of the hotel which came nearest to being cool. It was dark; there were stars in the sky, but no moon. A flying fox, stealing bananas out of the back yard, made a drumming noise with its wings. The smell of dust and goats came up from the road below.

"How's the inquiry getting on?" I asked, finding a chair.

"Cristina doesn't talk," was the reply—"not to me. The mule-driving man was up here an hour ago and told her there had been some more things stolen. Seems they or it stole a pair of shoes this time."

"A pair of shoes!" I said.

Something in the nature of a memory was wandering darkly about my mind, but I could not drag it out into the light. Shoes? Shoes?

"How much longer are you and Miss Raye going to travel?" I asked, to change the subject.

"About eighteen months now. No; you needn't ask. Don't know anything more than I did. Never will know. Don't care. I'm not curious."

"But I am—more than curious," I said, drawing my chair nearer. I recognized something propitious in the moment and did not mean to let it slip. "I mean to know one of these days why Miss Raye will not marry. I—I have a—a right," I said, getting a little breathless; "I have a notion—it seems preposterous ——"

"So have I. I really think she does," replied Mrs. Ash, answering what I had not said, after the manner of women; "but that makes no difference. She's set in her own way. I'm honest. I don't pretend to be sorry. Why should I give up a year and a half's income to you?"

"Why should you, indeed?" I asked, seizing at the opportunity. "I'm a business man before anything else; I expect 'nothing for nothing, and uncommonly little for sixpence.' Naturally, as a business man, if I deprived you of a year and a half's income I should wish to make good the loss."

I waited anxiously for the reply. There was never any knowing as to how Mrs. Ash would take things.

The stabbing needles stopped; the wooden yet kindly face turned toward me. In the orange glow of the kerosene lamp I saw, or thought I saw, a light of hope dawning on it.

"You—you could go right back to London," I said unsteadily. "You could take the B. I. boat that calls here every week or two. You might be in your own house in six weeks."

There was a pause—a long one. Then Mrs. Ash answered.

"It's not a bribe," she said. "I've seen plenty of that. It's what you say—business. Justice. Nothing more. . . . I'll tell you all I know. If you or any one else can get Cristina to take off that ring the thing's done. Don't ask me why. I don't know; but from things she's dropped I know that. Of course ——"

The door of Cristina's bedroom opened and she came out. She was carrying a huge pile of newspapers. I sprang to relieve her of them.

"Give them to the boy to throw out," she said.

She busied herself, when her hands were free, with scissors and a small piece of paper.

"Is the knot cut, Kris-Girl?" I asked.

Cristina lifted a tired, small face, with a faint smile playing over it like a breeze over a silver lake.

"We'll know to-morrow," she said. She put the slip of paper carefully up her sleeve, having, of course, no pocket. "Good night, all!" she said and disappeared.

I thought to please the Kris-Girl on the morrow by ordering the sloop again; and I must confess to an attempt at kris work, on my own part, in arranging that it was to go to the native village. You see, I was quite certain she meant to look up the mysterious and impertinent young man. I told her so when we were ready to start.

"I do mean to," she agreed. "That's why I am going to Michaelmas Island."

"But he isn't living there."

"He is not living there," she echoed, pulling on her long, loose gloves.

"You think he is the thief?" I asked, giving up the island question.

"He is not the thief," she answered mischievously. "If you will kindly give me your hand I can get over the gunwale."

She seemed unusually thoughtful on the way over; I fancied that something was troubling her; but, once the boat had touched the white sand of Michaelmas Island, she was herself again.

"The toy raft is gone," I said as we walked up the beach, leaving Mrs. Ash comfortably seated in the sloop.

"Yes," said Cristina. "That wouldn't happen twice—finding it, I mean."

I did not understand her in the least, but that mattered nothing. The errand we were on mattered nothing either. Mr. Belleville Hobbs and the distresses and curiosities of Torrestown were of no conceivable importance. The only thing that mattered in the world was the fact that Cristina and I were walking about Michaelmas Island by ourselves, and that she seemed inclined to be amiable.

Yet she was preoccupied too—preoccupied and sad. That touched me, though the troubles of Torrestown did not. I asked her what was distressing her, and she said she could not tell me—yet.

"It may be nothing at all," she said; "or it may be very much something. Perhaps I shall have to deliver over a common sort of pilferer to Torrestown ——"

"I can understand you wouldn't like policeman work of that kind."

"I should. It is the least thing I have to fear. I'm afraid of something with much more cruelty in it."

"Cruelty to you?"

"No—to the person who lives on this island."

"Then you think," I said, pacing beside her through the soft, hot sand—for we were slowly circling the beach—"that he really does live here, and that he took the goods?"

"I can only answer that he does not and he did not. Nevertheless, we are going to look."

"Well, I give it up," I said contentedly. It was enough to have the walk with her.

"Walk quietly," warned Cristina, though it was hardly necessary. "We were heard coming the last time. I think we weren't wanted on the other side of the island, somehow, where all the big rocks are, and probably caves as well. Now we had better not speak for a little while."

I began to think less about Cristina and more about the interest of the hunt on which we were engaged. I had none of her obvious sympathy for the young waster we had seen; nothing would have pleased me better than to see him handcuffed.

We must have been nearly halfway round the island when we came in sight of the great white pinnacle we had seen in the distance a few days earlier. Seen near at hand it was an imposing sight. At its base was a rubble of broken, creamy rocks, overgrown with green vines; its forefoot seemed to break off in deep-blue water, where a stream had made a passage in the coral reef.

I think our eyes—Cristina's and mine—were both badly dazzled by the glaring sand, for we did not at once see that there

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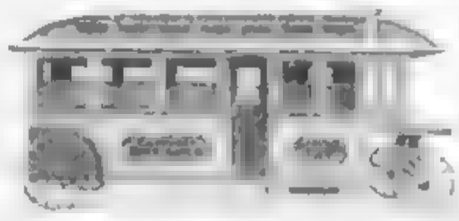
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Rubbers usually give out at the heel first. We have overcome this in Top Notch Rubbers by strengthening the heel so that it resists the gritty grind of walk, gutter and pavement. It withstands strenuous service before even beginning to show signs of wear.

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Top Notch Rubber Footwear

Gives equal wear at every point from heel to toe. Sturdy and strong all over. Just as stylish, comfortable and perfect-fitting as durable.

Buy one pair of Top Notch Rubber Footwear—rubber boots, sportsmen's leather tops, rubbers and arctics for men, women and children. Note how long it lasts. Then you will realize that the few cents additional cost is a real economy.

Write for Booklet and names of Beacon Falls dealers in your town. The booklet tells you how to save money on rubber footwear. It is well worth reading—ask for Booklet "S."

BEACON FALLS RUBBER SHOE CO.

Beacon Falls, Conn.

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Dealers—If you are not handling the Top Notch line, write us for proposition. We can help you get the most profitable, permanent rubber footwear trade in your town.

THIS DOLLAR AWL for 50c

This Awl is superior to all others. It is of immense value for repairing all kinds of leather, harness, bags, belts, etc. *Threaded direct from the tool.* So simple a child can use it. Regular price $1. For a limited time only we will send it postpaid, with curved and straight needles, waxed thread and directions, for ONLY 50c. Outside U. S. 10c extra. Extra Thread or Needles, 10c.

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Do you want to go to college and are you without Funds? We will gladly arrange for you a Curtis Scholarship. Any course at any reputable educational institution in the country may be selected. Five of our young people earned scholarships at Conservatories of Music last month, several at Correspondence Schools and Business Colleges. Right now we have Curtis Scholarship men and women at many of the larger Universities. More than 1200 scholarships have already been given.

If you are genuinely interested in an education, we will supply the means. We have just published our new book, "To Any College Without Cost," a copy of which we will send you, together with all other details, if you will write us. You will find it mighty interesting reading. Address *Educational Division, Box 654,*

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

was something on top of the pinnacle. I saw it first and pointed it out, shading my scorched face with a banana leaf as I looked up. Cristina looked, too, and clutched my arm tight. There was some reason, for the thing on the pinnacle was a human being, roughly dressed in a garment of calico.

As we looked an incredible thing happened. The figure, which was standing with its face turned away from us, suddenly spread out its arms, leaped into air and flashed down through eighty feet of empty space into the sea.

"What a dive!" I breathed. "I was at the Olympic Games at Stockholm two years ago, and I'll be shot if there was anything better than that."

Cristina's hand slid from my arm, leaving the world suddenly emptier. I saw, with some astonishment, the white distress of her face.

"I've got to; but it is dreadful!" she said, half to herself. "If it weren't for those innocent creatures in Torrestown, the women and the little children ——"

"I suppose you know that my small remnant of intellect is fast giving way," I observed. "Was that a real thing we saw? And where do the innocent women and children come in?"

"I dare say you can understand the raft now," she said, hurrying me on as fast as we both could go. "Hush! Don't speak. We must follow and get there before we are seen or heard."

We came out in another minute at the far side of the pinnacle. For the moment there was nothing to be seen. Cristina imperiously motioned me to duck behind a rock with her.

Some rays of light were beginning to dawn on me. I did understand what a miniature raft might be used for if towed behind a man who could dive like a fish hawk and doubtless swim like a fish. What I could not understand was how she had known it for days past. Nor could I fathom the meaning of her last sayings.

Presently she touched my arm and pointed; and I saw a small, sleek head cutting through the water. It went at a rate that surprised me, in spite of the many surprises I had had that day. It was making for the shore, a good way off; but we saw it come to land; saw a slim body, covered with a yard or two of calico, land among the bowlders; saw it disappear into what looked like a crack between two projecting buttresses of rock.

"There is a cave there," pronounced Cristina, with confidence. "Mr. Garden, will you promise to do just what I ask for the next few minutes?"

"Certainly," I agreed.

"Then let me go there alone."

"Where that young cub has gone? Certainly not!"

"You promised."

"Then I take it back," I said coolly. "He would simply insult you if his behavior the other day is any guide."

Cristina hung on one foot, puzzled, yet not—it seemed—angry.

"I see I shall have to," she remarked. She felt in one of her sleeves and pulled out two newspaper cuttings. "Read those!" she said, keeping her eyes on the crack in which the swimmer had disappeared. "You know that I agree with the proverb about unfinished work, as a general rule"—the unpleasantness of the implication showed me that she was rather angry—"but if you take up that position ——"

One of the slips, a fairly old one, told of the illness of a certain famous woman swimmer—Miss Jane Mortimer, of Sydney, commonly nicknamed Mermaid Jane. Mermaid Jane, it said, was never likely to swim or dive in public again. She was seriously ill. Nothing was said as to the nature of the illness, but a good deal about the girl celebrity—how she had broken all the women's records in the world; how she had competed at ——

"Why, I saw her at Stockholm!" I exclaimed, finishing the slip. "She and that fellow dive just alike—Australian style, I suppose. It seems a sad story; but ——"

"Read the other," said Cristina impatiently.

The other slip was quite different. It was a cutting from a fairly recent number of the raspberry-pink paper, and it told of the escape of a leper from Compass Island, off the Queensland coast.

There are a good many lepers in Australia, and the Health Department makes short work of them wherever found. Black, brown or white, they are taken off to one island prison or another, and there their lives must drag through to the inevitable, terrible end. There is a gruesome sort of secrecy maintained about these lazarets and their life prisoners. Names are often not known; the feelings of families must be spared in all possible ways. Sometimes a man or woman reported dead is not dead at all—only gone to Compass Island.

Escapes seldom occur, but when they do they make a sensation. It is no joke to have an officially certified leper, who may present no visible signs of the disease, wandering about in the midst of an unprotected community. The Queensland papers had fairly spread themselves over the matter. The fugitive was a woman, name not mentioned, who had got away from the island by swimming ——

At this point I looked up.

"You see?" said Cristina.

"I do, at last," I answered her. "She played her game well, poor soul! Yes; I suppose you must. There are all those folk in Torrestown to think of."

"She didn't think of them," said Cristina. "That's the only thing that gives me courage. One knows a lot about Jane Mortimer; she was a famous person once. Everybody said she was the incarnation of selfishness; she seemed to have concentrated herself, body and soul, on her swimming and diving, and cared for nothing else.

"You know there was never a woman swimmer like her. She swam at Torrestown once; she must have remembered these islands and got to them by stowing away on a steamer—or going simply as we saw her, disguised. She might have lived here for years. Poor thing!"

"If you think of the risks she has made the town run already ——" I said.

"Yes; there was no excuse."

"I see now how you found it all out," I said. "It seems simple enough after all."

"Everything is simple when you look into it sufficiently," replied the Kris-Girl. "Now I have got to do what I hate, and that is tell poor Mermaid Jane that she is discovered and must go back."

I looked round at the beautiful, peaceful island.

Every one has seen pictures of barren, desolate Compass Island and its prison lazaret. I thought of them as I looked. I thought of the confinement, the living death among those other creatures who had trod the lepers' Via Dolorosa almost to its bitter end; I thought of Mermaid Jane, with her defiant, dark face and tameless spirit, mewed up on that rock of death—Mermaid Jane, who had spent her life in the arms of the clean salt sea!

Cristina was gone. I watched her as she walked slowly and unwillingly, it seemed, down the beach and into the opening in the rocks. She was gone some time, and when she returned she was alone. I saw that she was white with emotion. She sat down on a rock without speaking.

I gave her a minute to recover, looking out the while at the wide, sweet, free world of sun and sea, which was free to her and to me, though not to others. Presently she pulled herself together and spoke:

"I've seen her. Poor soul, she is brave! She says she will let us take her away; she even said we could tow her behind us on her little provision raft, so that there should be no trouble about the boat afterward. You would never know anything was wrong. She asked me one favor—to let her take one more dive from the big rock. 'You know,' she said, 'I shall never again ——'"

Cristina's voice failed her.

"You did right," I said, "to give her time. Poor Mermaid Jane!"

We said nothing more until the small, sleek head appeared again in the sea, swimming to the base of the giant pinnacle. Then the slim figure in its swathing of calico began to climb. We watched it go up and up against the lowering sun—up to the very crest. We saw it poise on the verge in the inimitably beautiful attitude of the swallow dive. We saw it spring out and down—not toward the sea, but on the landward side!

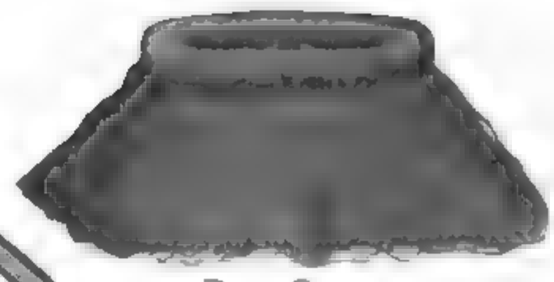
Cristina cried out and flung her hands over her eyes. I could not move.

I saw it all. The beautiful little figure came through the air as I had seen it come at Stockholm, in the matchless flight that all Europe had applauded and admired. It struck the cruel rocks just as a diver strikes the sea—hands and head. It rolled over and lay still.

Mermaid Jane had made her dive!

Editor's Note—This is the fifth of a series of stories by Beatrice Grimshaw. The sixth and last will appear in an early number

Oil Swat O-SO-EZY Mop



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Learn Simplified Mopping

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Here's just the mop you've been waiting, watching, longing for. It's really ***two mops*** — an oil mop and a dust mop — ***for the price of one.*** The exclusive, patented O-SO-EZY Lock enables you to slip on the oil swat or the dust swat in an instant. And the O-SO-EZY Oil Mop is the ***only Self-Feeding Mop*** on the market. 15 holes perforate the top of the lock plate. Through these holes the O-SO-EZY Cedar Polish seeps evenly and economically down the mop fibres and onto the floor just as needed. The O-SO-EZY Self-Feeding device eliminates the need of soaking your mop in oil the night before and saves you from soiling your hands and clothing. Ask your dealer for the O-SO-EZY Mop, the mop with oil and dust combination, two mops for the price of one, $1.50.

Use Your Oil Mop Once a Week

Then use your dust mop the rest of the week. That's the economical way—gives your woodwork just the right amount of oil. And your floors always look bright and clean. There's no oil wasted with the O-SO EZY combination. Polish your floors once a week, then use the dust mop to keep them bright. With the O-SO-EZY it's possible because the mops are interchangeable. The O-SO-EZY is self-feeding. Through the perforated top comes the O-SO-EZY Cedar Oil soaking evenly and economically into the mop, then down the cotton fibres onto the floor. The pivoted handle sets the mop at any angle. No more stooping. No more kneeling. No corner is inaccessible to the tri-corner shaped mop. It's the real mop that mops.

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The Mop with Exclusive Features

There are a dozen mops on the market. Each lays claim to some especial virtue. But there's ONLY ONE MOP that combines all the features proved best and in addition incorporates two distinct and exclusive features. This mop is the O-SO-EZY—the only mop with interchangeable swats, the only mop with a Self-Feeding device. When you buy an O-SO-EZY you get DOUBLE VALUE for your money.

O-SO-EZY Cedar Oil A Polish of Highest Quality

For months we tested and experimented to get the best oil it was possible to manufacture. We wanted an oil that would actually "nourish" finishes and really beautify woodwork, furniture and enamel. AT LAST WE ACHIEVED IT. We named it the O SO EZY Cedar Oil Polish. It's an oil fragrant with the perfume of cedar. It drives out moths and, as if by magic, removes all dust marks, scratches and blemishes and imparts a wonderfully rich, lasting lustre. In all sizes, full measure, half-pint 25 cts., pint 50 cts., quart $1, half-gallon $1.50 and gallon $2.50.

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You naturally want to give your customers the articles they want and the greatest possible value in those articles. In the mop line you can frankly assure your customers that the O-SO-EZY Mop is without a superior on the market. It is really TWICE AS GREAT VALUE. For it has twin features. Selling such a mop simply means more mop business, quick sales and quick "turn-overs." Send in coupon today.

This is a part of a nation wide advertising campaign that will tell ten millions of people the exclusive features of O-SO-EZY Mops. Send in special offer coupon today.

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Get the O-SO-EZY combination in yellow triangle tin can.

Best of all for giving a fine, lasting lustre O-SO-EZY OIL

Special O-SO-EZY Features

Interchangeable, Oil and Dust Mop fit on same handle.

Only Self-feeding Oil Mop. Clean, Sanitary, no soiling of hands or clothes.

Adjustable handle enables you to get under radiators and furniture of all kinds without stooping.

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Please send us the details of your O-SO-EZY Mop Special Introductory Offer.

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Enclosed please find $1.75 in return for which send me your O-SO-EZY Mop (Dust Mop and Oil Mop), price $1.50, and full size 8 oz. can of O-SO-EZY Cedar Oil Polish (price 25c).

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Cadillac
Standard of the World

The Eight-Cylinder Cadillac

is a revelation to the man who has never been satisfied with anything short of the highest excellence

The more a man knows of art, or music, or literature—or motor cars—the more profound his appreciation of true greatness.

A novice in motor cars will be quick to distinguish the unique sensations evoked in driving the Eight-Cylinder Cadillac—sensations which differ from any he has experienced before.

But the keenest, liveliest appreciation will come from the man whose sense of what constitutes luxurious motoring has been developed to the highest pitch.

As between two cars of superior riding quality, he is connoisseur enough to recognize even slight and fine distinctions.

And his cultivated sense of value will immediately recognize that the difference between the smoothest, steadiest car he may have driven and the Eight-Cylinder Cadillac is not merely a slight or an indefinite difference.

With a shock of pleasant surprise it will be brought home to him that he must reject his previous ideals and standards, and must formulate a new conception of luxurious motoring.

Every enjoyment he has ever experienced will be intensified.

It will not be necessary, in a demonstration, to elaborate upon the fine points of the Cadillac performance.

The car will reveal itself without a word being spoken.

Before the car has been driven a mile he will find that the qualities by which he sets greatest store have been developed to a point that is absolutely new to him.

For example, it may be that he has held in high esteem the quality of quietness.

And straightaway he discovers that the Eight-Cylinder Cadillac has given a new significance to this quality.

He finds that neither the engine nor any other part of the marvelously efficient mechanism *intrudes itself upon him.*

He relaxes into forgetfulness of the means by which the Cadillac is carried forward.

Again, he finds that he is traveling more continuously on high gear than he had dreamed possible in any car.

Acceleration, from a very slow to a very rapid rate of speed, is actually accomplished with so little apparent effort that he is scarcely conscious of the period at which the transition occurred.

He knows only by looking backward how steep was the hill the Cadillac has surmounted, because the engine gave so little evidence of effort or labor.

"The writer must admit that prior to some actual road work with the new Cadillac he was somewhat inclined to be in the skeptical division and questioned the appreciable advantage of tacking on two extra cylinders. A 60-mile run over rolling country where hills abounded, some quite steep, resulted in complete conversion to the 'Eight' and great surprise at its performance, however.

"Gear shifting proved to be almost an unnecessary operation, speeds anywhere from 2½ to 55 or 60 miles an hour being attainable on high gear. The quick acceleration from slow running to passenger train travel with no apparent effort whatever was truly remarkable. Bad stretches of road, turnouts for slow-moving vehicles and other traffic obstructions very rarely made it necessary to drop into second gear. Nor was this high-gear driving done with any effort; the car controlled with the throttle alone just as if it were an electric responding to a current-control lever. There was an undeniable feeling of security in driving the car, for the idea of killing the motor does not enter your mind—the reserve power is so great."

There have been no exceptions to the astonishment and delight of those who have ridden in the Eight-Cylinder Cadillac.

An interesting illustration of the impression which is invariably produced by the new car is furnished by an extract reproduced herewith from an article in "The Automobile" and "Motor Age."

The writer thereof is a mechanical expert and motor car critic. He makes it his business to dissect and analyze, without fear or favor, motor car design, construction and results.

His frank confession shows the skeptical spirit in which he approached the subject of the Eight-Cylinder Cadillac.

And we doubt, seriously and sincerely, if anyone can ride in the Cadillac without passing through a similar experience and coming to the same conclusion.

We do not believe that you can resist the added charm and zest and ease resulting from the continuous and constant application of power in this Eight-Cylinder V-type Engine.

And, as we said at the outset, we believe that the most enthusiastic admirers of the Cadillac will be those best equipped to judge what constitutes the supreme in motoring luxury.

STYLES AND PRICES

Standard Seven passenger and Five passenger cars, Four passenger Salon and Roadster, $1975.
Landaulet Coupé, $2500. Five passenger Sedan, $2800. Seven passenger Standard Limousine, $3450. Berline type Limousine, $3600. Prices F. O. B. Detroit.

Cadillac Motor Car Co. Detroit, Mich.

THE CAUSE OF FRANCE

(Concluded from Page 4)

Russia vainly attempted to make Austria listen to reason, but Austria remained deaf to her pleas; and finally Russia, in her rôle of protector of the Slavs, was forced to intervene on the side of Servia, threatened with annexation to Austria, just as Bosnia and Herzegovina had been annexed.

Russian and German mobilization took place simultaneously; France consenting to put off her own mobilization against Germany almost two days, in order to give England an opportunity to make a mighty effort toward the preservation of peace—Wilhelm II calling on us to pledge ourselves not to come to the assistance of Russia, to whom he knew we were bound by a treaty agreement.

In France we believe that a treaty is something which has weight, and that a nation's signature to a treaty has a moral value which statesmen must not ignore. We did not desire war. Our intention, in the interest of the peace of Europe, was simply to continue the upbuilding of France along the noble lines of her past, within such limits as were imposed on us by the Treaty of Frankfort.

I have cited five war-provoking attempts instituted by Germany against France. It would be impossible to cite a single instance of such an attempt on the part of France against Germany. I defy anyone to cite a single hostile act on our part!

Competition in the matter of armament had produced such a situation in Europe that a general war implied a calamity so terrible that no statesman could contemplate it without fear and trembling. And so it is that we and all Europe have gone on for forty-four years under the menace of the Kaiser's dry powder and sharpened sword.

Each nation said of the other: "She will not dare!" Wilhelm II *has* dared!

And now villages in Northern France are in flames; the country is ravaged—held for ransom. The inhabitants, half-crazed, are fleeing. The innocent and the harmless fall without number under the sword of massacre! Are we in the right or are we in the wrong?

It passes my comprehension how the question could be asked after reading the simple statement of facts, which I have made as brief as possible.

Together with us England and Russia have thrown away their scabbards. Henceforth the sword will decide. Let it decide! Neither London nor St. Petersburg nor Paris will ever make peace without the rest; for it is their very existence that is at stake.

We were making no demands on Germany when she declared war on us; and when Wilhelm II was seeking a motive for his own declaration of war he was obliged to charge that French aëroplanes had gone to Nuremberg to bombard it. This charge made even the Germans shrug their shoulders.

France is once again nothing more or less than a great battlefield. We accept our destiny. Our frontiers, unfortunately open near Lille, permitted the entrance of the tide of invasion. The object of German strategy was to terrorize everything in its path, to capture Paris by a swift stroke, and then turn against Russia.

Belgium heroically blocked the first phase of this plan. We, at this writing, are blocking the second; for, though the advance guard of the hostile army pressed forward almost to the outposts of the fortified camp of Paris, little by little the English and French in the course of battle have forced the enemy back.

The fortunes of war are various. We may suffer reverses; but one thing is certain - we shall not weaken. Pan-German newspapers have announced that, after having brought us to the verge of ruin, Germany will at her convenience capture all parts of the French territory and hold them for a ransom of thirty billion francs. Well, let them come and take them!

Braggadocio would be unworthy of the cause I defend, but I may say that the three Allies feel they are not defending their own interests alone, but those of every independent nation on the Continent of Europe; and that, having decided to abide by any issue rather than accept servitude under the German saber, they will never—no matter what may happen—sign a treaty of peace the terms of which are not of their own making!

THE NEW WARFARE

By Norman Draper

TWO years ago this fall several army officers, as many ordnance experts and a squad of engineers gathered at a railroad siding outside the German city of Hannover and watched six hundred full-grown sheep driven from two cattle cars. The sheep were herded at the far end of a large field adjoining the tracks, where they were placed in an inclosure containing a little less than an acre of ground. After they had been fastened in, the army men returned to a little shanty near the siding.

Not long after there was a puff of smoke at the center of the inclosure, and a two-foot cube of steel attached to a chain four feet long leaped out of the ground and exploded with a terrific roar.

Three hundred and seventy of the sheep were dead before the army men reached the inclosure. Twenty-seven were so badly wounded they had to be shot immediately. Only nine were entirely uninjured.

That experiment was one of the most important of its kind the German Government had ever conducted, for it showed the worth of its new earth bomb, which, next to the fire of the modern machine gun, is considered by many German ordnance experts to be the most effective method known of killing many men, and killing them quickly. Indeed, the earth bomb is more to be feared than the machine gun.

The position of a machine gun can be fixed by an enemy when the first shot is fired from its muzzle, but the location of an earth bomb, which will rise from its hiding place at the touch of an electric button a mile or so away and hurl seven hundred bullets and thousands of fragments of steel in all directions, cannot be determined until it is too late. A number of these bombs placed in a line and exploded simultaneously are capable of wiping out a whole regiment of soldiers in almost the time it takes to tell it.

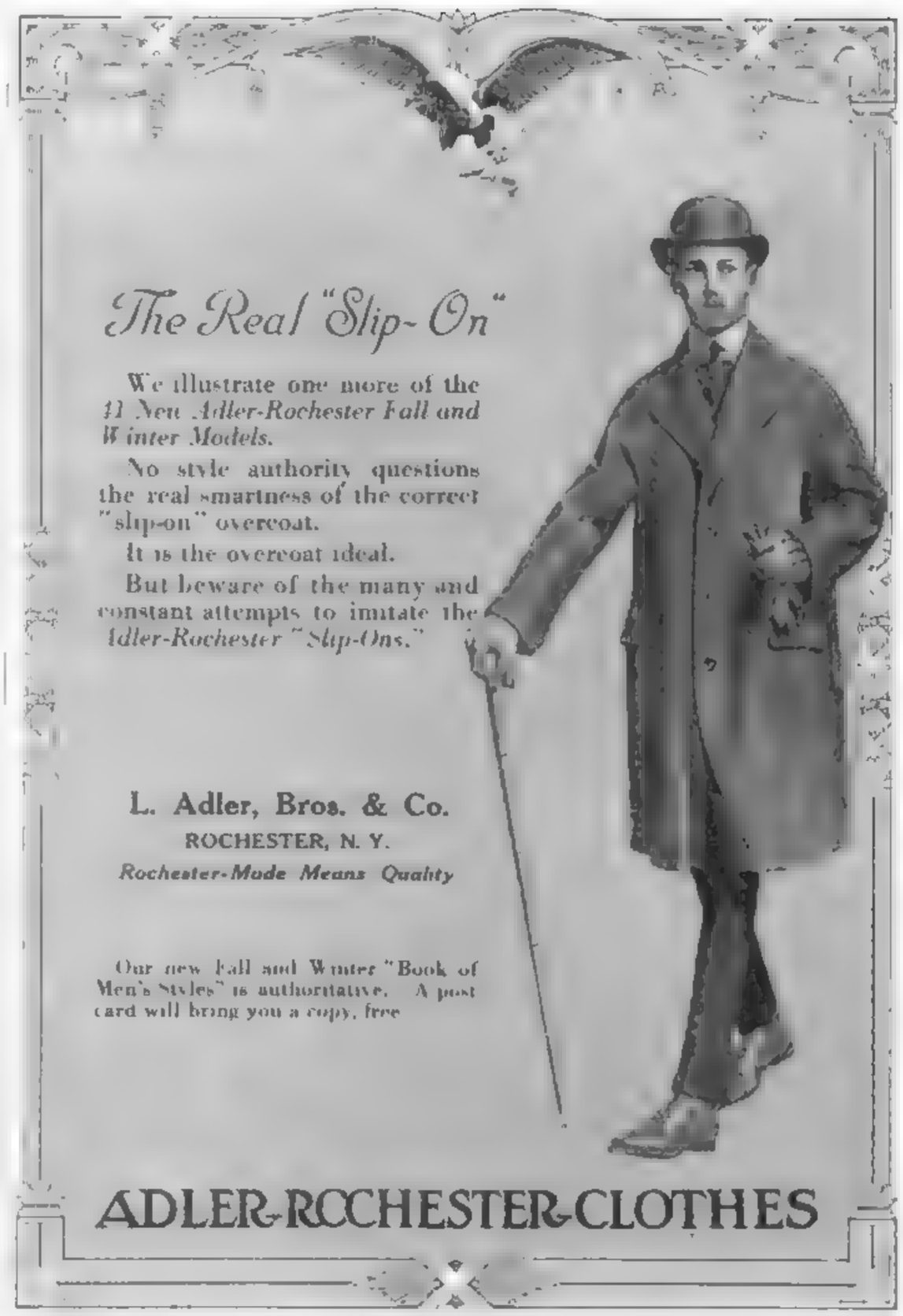
Another earth bomb known to the armies of Europe, and which is said to have been employed many times recently, is one used to destroy troop trains. This bomb, as it is generally used, is about three feet long, nine inches wide and one foot deep—just the size to allow it to be buried between railroad ties. It is filled with dynamite, and is also anchored with a chain, which usually is but eighteen inches long.

It is released from the ground by electricity. When it reaches the end of the chain a trigger is automatically pulled and the full charge of dynamite is set off. Experiments conducted in Russia have shown that the bomb is more effective if exploded just after the troop train's locomotive has passed it. Then it will blow the first car to pieces and the rest of the train will be wrecked.

The German army, since the beginning of this war, has brought into use a bomb, constructed on entirely new principles, to protect its railroads. This bomb is designed for burial under the track. The weight of a train will bear on the track sufficiently to establish an electrical contact that immediately sends a current from dry or storage batteries hidden near the bombs.

Bombs of this type have been placed in several parts of Belgium and France after German troops have passed over a railroad. The object of so placing them was to protect the rear from a hostile force. Several instances are known where following trains have encountered them with disastrous results.

The use of submarine mines in modern warfare is not new by any means, but since the war between Russia and Japan occurred many improvements have been made in them. For instance, one type of mine, loaded with guncotton, now being used by the German navy, has five triggers projecting from it in several directions. Others are anchored in pairs, with a corked rope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We illustrate one more of the 11 New Adler-Rochester Fall and Winter Models.
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It is the overcoat ideal.
But beware of the many and constant attempts to imitate the Adler-Rochester "Slip-Ons."
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Our new Fall and Winter "Book of Men's Styles" is authoritative. A post card will bring you a copy, free
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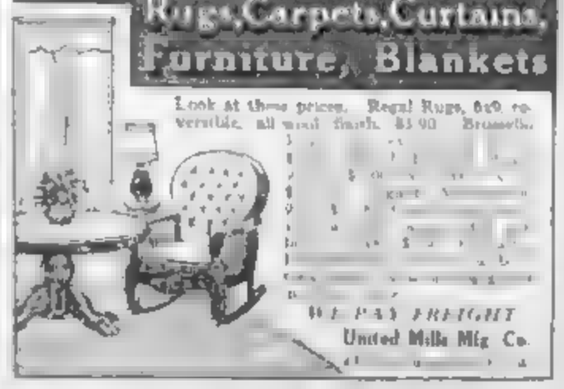
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The JEWELL HEAT CONTROLLER SAVES COAL
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Increase Your Salary!

A YOUNG MAN with fighting blood in his veins became a clearing clerk in an Iowa bank. He started work at eight in the morning and never finished before seven at night. The hard work he enjoyed. But the fact that he was earning only $30.00 a month, and that his position offered little promise of advancement, made him think.

He resolved to better himself. He enrolled as a student in one of the western colleges. Shortly after his graduation he secured a position in the drafting room of the Rock Island Railroad, at a salary of $75.00 a month

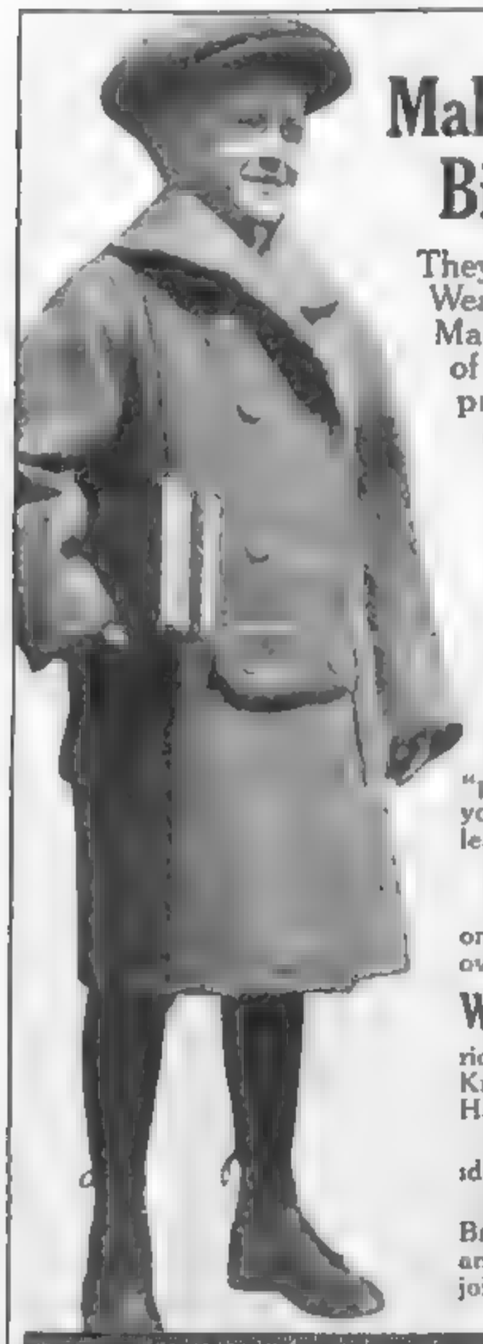
Promotion awaited him. He advanced from one position to another, each step bringing him an increase in salary. He is now chief draftsman for the railroad, and is planning a station which when completed will cost $800,000.00

To any one determined to fill a bigger position we offer this opportunity: *Enroll as a student of the work in which you want to specialize. We will pay your college bills.*

If you are one of those to whom this advertisement is addressed, write for our Scholarship booklet. It will explain which colleges offer the course you want, and why we will "finance" your education. Address your letter or postcard to

Educational Division, Box 657

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania



patrick is a pat name for mackinaw

Make the Boys and Girls Bigger-Than-Weather

They are members of the Bigger-Than-Weather Club when they put on Patrick Mackinaws. Give them the *health benefit* of outdoor life in all weather. "patricks" protect them from wind, cold and dampness.

Patrick Duluth — Mackinaw Products

Bigger-Than-Weather

are America's North Country woolens, made from sheep that thrive in the snow.

"patricks" are good looking and stylish and the young folks like them because they are warm and leave them leg-free to romp, skate, coast and play.

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stretched taut between them. Either will explode on contact.

If a warship misses them and strikes the rope the mines are torn from their anchorage, and the momentum of the ship will carry one or both of them backward until they explode against the after part of the hull. As much damage will be done as though the ship had run head on into a mine.

A new device never before tested in actual warfare is now being employed by the armies and navies of the warring nations in Europe. This is the aerial bomb. By an aerial bomb I do not mean the kind that resembles a grenade, which may be dropped from an airship on fortifications, a ship, or into a body of soldiers. That kind of aerial bomb, though it has been improved upon, is not untried in warfare. During the recent war in the Balkans and in Mexico these bombs were employed.

The newest aerial bomb is meant for use by one airship to destroy another; and the fast aëroplane has a great advantage over the big, uncertain dirigible. These bombs are attached to the end of a long silk cord. They are generally egg-shaped and have four triggers projecting outward.

An aeroplane, climbing more quickly than a dirigible, lowers one of these bombs and endeavors to bring the cord across the bag of the dirigible. Much then depends on speed. If the aëroplane can outrun the balloon the bomb dangling at the end of the cord will be drawn upward until one of the triggers comes in contact with the bulging gas bag, when it explodes. On the other hand, if the aëroplane is slow and the balloon fast, the latter can quickly run out from under the silk cord and escape.

The German army has a new device for its fleet of Zeppelins, which was first used effectively at the battle before Liège. This is an armored cage big enough to hold one man and about seventy-five hand bombs or grenades. The greatest peril a Zeppelin can encounter is from small balloon guns. To lessen this danger the Zeppelins are forced to travel at a high altitude. At such a height, however, bombs cannot be dropped accurately; so the Zeppelin, itself out of range, lowers the armored cage by a light wire cable to a point from which its single occupant is able to drop bombs with deadly accuracy. The airship above is kept in motion all the time, and in addition the cage is swung in circles. It is almost an impossibility for a gunner to hit such a swinging target.

The hand grenade, known to warring armies for centuries, has again come into its own. One of the most modern weighs a kilogram and contains between a hundred and ninety and two hundred and twenty bullets; but, as these fly in all directions, the grenade can be thrown only from shelter.

Another form of grenade, however, can be fired from a small gun, weighing twenty-six pounds, which may easily be carried in a boot attached to a cavalryman's saddle. This gun is capable of throwing a grenade weighing two pounds three hundred yards, where its two hundred bullets will be scattered over an area of approximately one hundred square yards. Still another type of grenade, which can be thrown almost as far, is attached to the end of a stick. The stick is shot from a rifle and the grenade pushed through the air before it.

Fortifications Not Shellproof

The action of a new German shell fired from siege guns has puzzled ordnance experts all over the world. At Liège and Namur these shells, which are apparently filled with an explosive of exceedingly high power, the formula for which is held a secret by the German Government, cracked the steel and concrete domes of the forts, a feat believed to be impossible.

Heavy shells fired at long range will penetrate as much as twenty feet of sand, which offers more resistance than any other kind of soil. Consequently, walls built for exposure to fire are constructed of concrete from seven to fourteen feet thick, reënforced with steel. Over such fortifications there are generally a few inches of dirt and sod, to hide their positions.

In practically every country of Europe such fortifications are crowned with revolving flat-top steel turrets and disappearing steel cupolas. These cupolas are raised above the fortifications by means of weights. After a shell has been fired the recoil forces the cupolas down out of sight behind the concrete walls. Big guns behind such fortifications are usually mounted on disappearing carriages, which also are raised to their firing positions by weights.

The new shells used by the Germans have battered down many such fortifications. At one of the forts at Liège one of these steel cupolas was completely demolished by a single shell, the gun crew of seven men inside was blown to atoms, and the gun was hurled to the rear of the fortification.

An exploding shell that is confined will cause much more damage than one that explodes in the air. The gigantic siege guns of the Germans, which are moved with heavy steam traction engines, are capable of hurling a shell with sufficient force to cause it to penetrate a concrete-and-steel fortification at some distance. Bursting there the shell will rip a piece out of the fortification. Several of such shells properly placed will force a garrison to abandon quickly its position behind a fortification.

After being battered for two hours, one of the Belgian forts at Liège was so badly wrecked that the invaders were unable to determine how many dead men or how many guns were buried under the great chunks of concrete which had been piled up inside the fortification by exploding shells from the siege guns.

Shooting With Less Sound

No World Powers have been at war since the invention of the Maxim silencer, though elaborate field trials have been conducted not only by the manufacturers but by the ordnance experts of the various armies. According to official reports one of the leading advantages of the silencer is that it permits the commands of the officers to be distinctly heard, which results in much better control of the firing.

The distressing noise of continuous firing places the soldier under a great nervous strain and consequently fatigues him. The silencer not only muffles the noise but reduces the recoil, so that the soldier feels only a gentle push on his shoulder instead of a strong blow. This naturally leads to better marksmanship.

The diminution of the noise of firing, together with the use of smokeless powder, makes it extremely difficult for an enemy accurately to locate the firing line. At night this difficulty is still further increased by the fact that the silencer completely suppresses the flash.

The value of operations at night has long been understood by military authorities. The armies of all the World Powers are well equipped with searchlights, which can be employed not only for discovering the enemy, be he on the surface of the earth or in the air above, but for protection against a surprise attack.

Several of the armies—notably the French—employ the searchlight at times in place of telegraph wires. A beam of light is turned straight up toward the heavens—if it strikes a cloud so much the better—and the dots and dashes of telegraph codes are formed by opening and closing a shutter over the face of the light.

Every army of any standing in the world is now equipped with a collapsible field wireless apparatus, which may be set up anywhere in less than half an hour.

Taken all and all, there is but one device that could make war more deadly than it is, and that is an instrument by which explosives could be fired at a distance, on the principle of the wireless. Experiments along this line are being conducted by the governments of many nations. Before the present war is over one of them may find a way to do it.

It costs more than twenty thousand dollars to kill a man in modern warfare. Russia spent twenty thousand four hundred dollars for every Japanese slain and France paid twenty-one thousand dollars for every victim of its operations during the Franco-Prussian War. General Percin, of the French army, compiled these figures. At the same time he found that death from disease was far more frequent than from shot and shell. He determined the cost of killing a soldier by the simple process of dividing the total cost of the war by the number of men killed on the opposite side.

In 1870–71 France spent four hundred million dollars in the actual expenses of war. Half as much was spent for repairing materials and giving aid to victims. In addition France paid a billion dollars as war indemnity and four hundred million dollars more as interest.

It is estimated that, with all the modern and expensive implements employed in this war, it will cost each nation, on an average, thirty thousand dollars for every hostile soldier its own troops kill.

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